

MARVEL

APRIL

10¢



COMICS

MYSTERY

NO.
30



THE JAPS STARTED THEIR TREACHEROUS
ATTACK— BUT THEY RECKONED WITHOUT
THE HUMAN TORCH— AND TORO!

MARVEL

at
THE WORLD'S
GREATEST
HEROES IN
THE MOST
EXCITING
ADVENTURES
YOU'VE EVER
READ!

MARVEL

at
CHARACTERS
WHICH WILL
TAKE YOUR
BREATH AWAY!
CHARACTERS
LIKE.....

The
SUB-
MARINER

TERRY

VANCE

JIMMY JUPITER

THE PATRIOT

THE ANGEL

THE
VISION

The
HUMAN
TORCH
and
TORO

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HUMAN TORCH

THEY CAME LIKE STEEL JUGGERNAUTS, THESE METAL CLAD MEN, WITH LOOT AND MURDER IN THEIR MINDS! EVEN THE HUMAN TORCH WAS STUMPED FOR A MOMENT AS HE MATCHED WITS WITH THEIR SINISTER LEADER, BUT THEN, EVEN METAL HAS ITS MELTING POINT!

and **TORO** in the March of the **METAL MOBSTERS**

TORCH AND TORO ARE COMPILING DATA ABOUT PAST CASES!

WHEW! YOU'D NEVER THINK THERE WERE SO MANY CRIMINALS IN THE WORLD!

Y'MEAN BEHIND BARS, TORCH!

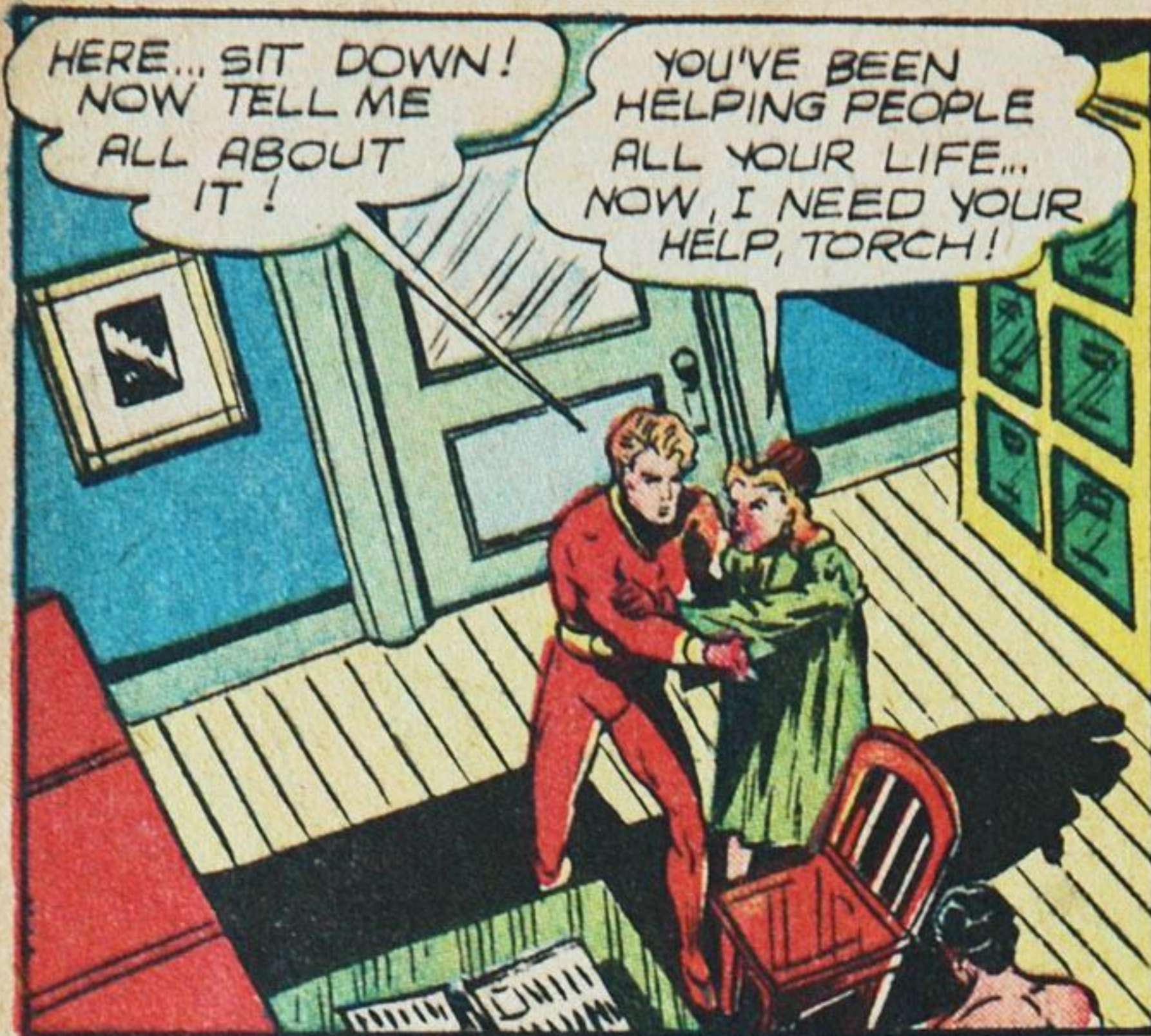
SUDDENLY...

FORGIVE ME! BUT I HAD TO SEE YOU, TORCH! I'M MARY ORCHID!

YES...

A GIRL!



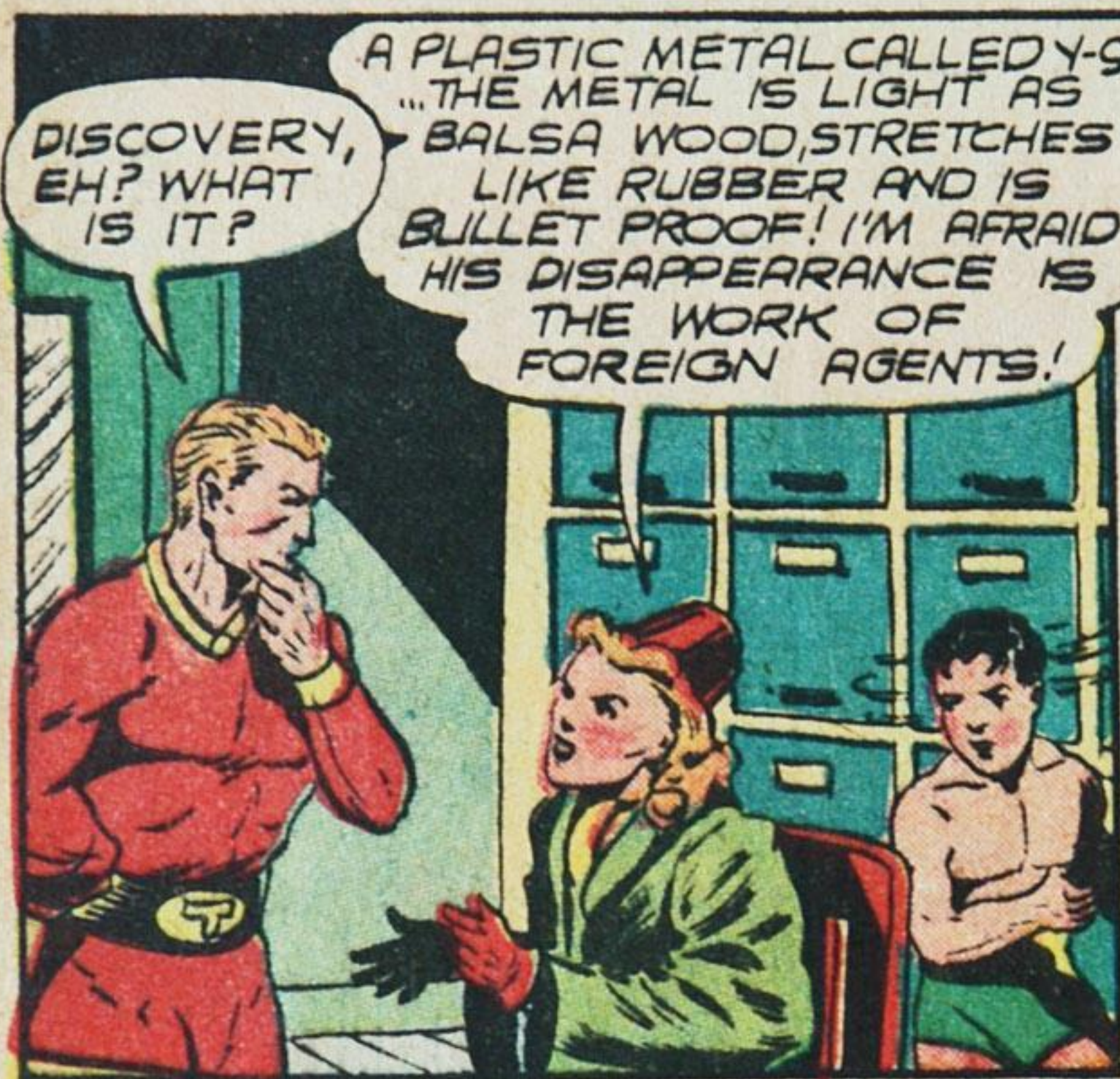


HERE... SIT DOWN!
NOW TELL ME
ALL ABOUT
IT!

YOU'VE BEEN
HELPING PEOPLE
ALL YOUR LIFE...
NOW, I NEED YOUR
HELP, TORCH!



MY FIANCEE IS MISSING! BEEN GONE
ABOUT THREE WEEKS. HE DISAPPEARED
RIGHT AFTER HE TOLD ME ABOUT
HIS NEW DISCOVERY!



DISCOVERY,
EH? WHAT
IS IT?

A PLASTIC METAL CALLED Y-9.
...THE METAL IS LIGHT AS
BALSA WOOD, STRETCHES
LIKE RUBBER AND IS
BULLET PROOF! I'M AFRAID
HIS DISAPPEARANCE IS
THE WORK OF
FOREIGN AGENTS!



SOUNDS LOGICAL!
A PLASTIC METAL
IS THE AIM OF
EVERY FOREIGN
GOVERNMENT !!

RIGHT! WELL, KEEP
IN TOUCH WITH
ME! I'LL SEE
WHAT I
CAN DO!

THANK
YOU!



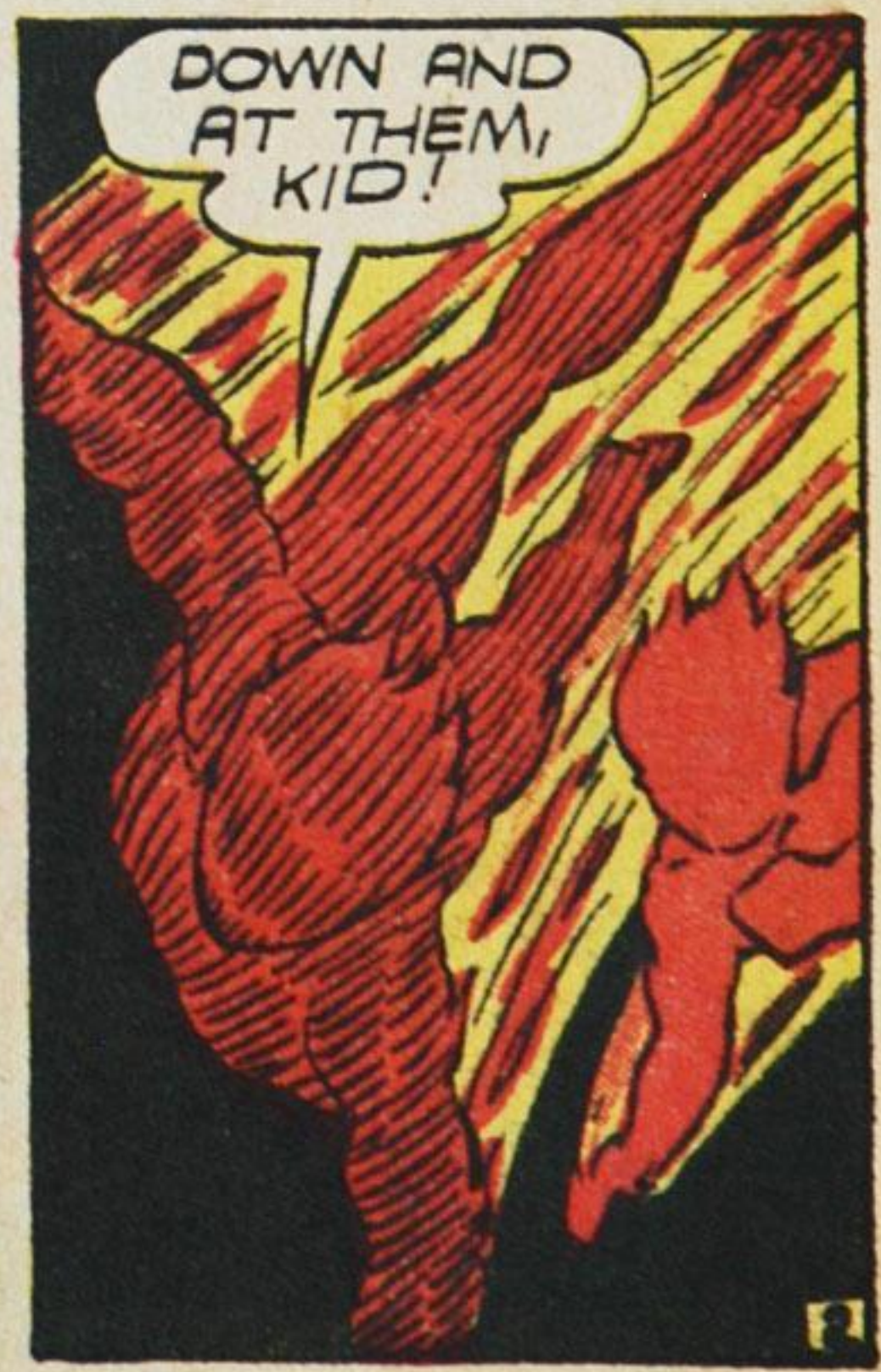
HMM...WHAT A METAL
THIS Y9 MUST BE!
SOMETHING BIG
BEHIND ALL
THIS!

GUESS
SO...
HEY, TORCH,
LOOK!



THEY'RE KIDNAPPING
MISS ORCHID!

LET'S
GO



DOWN AND
AT THEM,
KID!

THE FLAME MASTERS SUBDUE
THE BLAZE ON THEIR HANDS
AND CRASH THEM INTO
THE ABDUCTERS!

'NO KIDNAPPING
TODAY, MUG!

HEY, TORCH!
THEIR CAR IS
MAKING A
BREAK!

NEVER MIND!
WE'VE GOT THESE
TWO RATS!

T-THEY TRIED TO
ABDUCT ME!

ALL RIGHT, BOYS...
WHO SENT
YOU AFTER
THE GIRL?

URRAGH
...UR!

WHAT IS
THAT?
INDIAN
TALK?

I GET IT!
THEY'RE
MUTES!
WHOEVER
SENT THEM
MADE SURE
THEY WOULDN'T
TALK!

BUT THEY CAN READ!
HERE'S A CLIPPING I
FOUND IN THEIR
POCKETS CONCERN-
ING THE SPENCER
COLLECTION!

THAT COLLECTION
IS WORTH A
FORTUNE

TORCH, MY GUARDIAN,
STEPHEN COLE IS
DIRECTOR OF THE
DISPLAY!

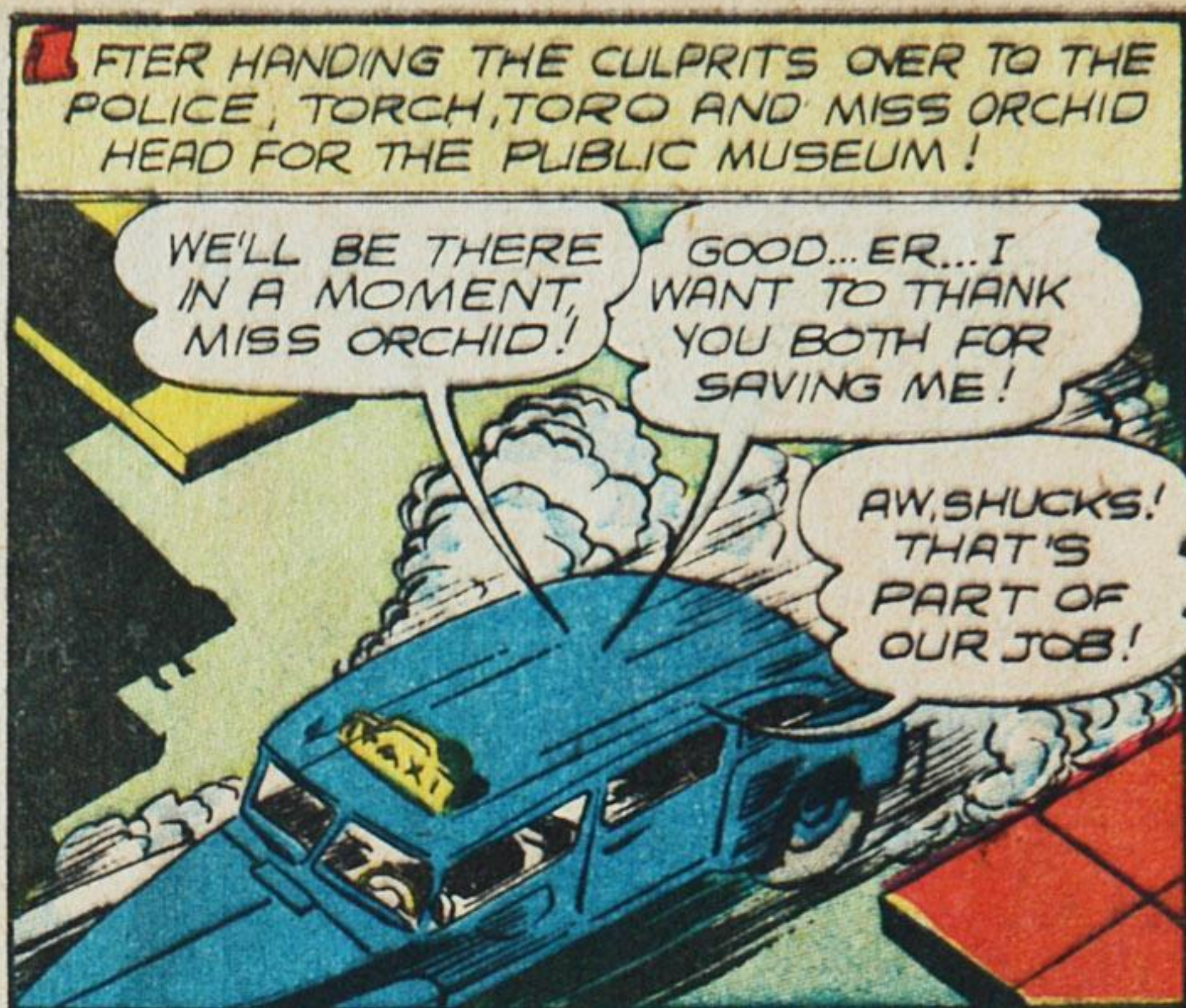
WHAT? C'MON!
WE'RE GOING
THERE!

...AND LEAVE
THESE TWO
GO FREE?
NOTHING
DOING,
TORCH!



OH! I FORGOT ABOUT THEM! AH! HERE COMES A PATROL CAR!

WHAT'S UP, TORCH?



AFTER HANDING THE CULPRITS OVER TO THE POLICE, TORCH, TORO AND MISS ORCHID HEAD FOR THE PUBLIC MUSEUM!

WE'LL BE THERE IN A MOMENT, MISS ORCHID!

GOOD...ER...I WANT TO THANK YOU BOTH FOR SAVING ME!

AW, SHUCKS! THAT'S PART OF OUR JOB!

LATER, AT STEPHEN COLE'S OFFICE IN THE MUSEUM, TORCH RELATES THE STORY OF THE ATTEMPTED ABDUCTION...



MARY, MY DEAR... YOU MUST BE CAREFUL!

I WILL... BELIEVE ME!

HOW ABOUT A PEEK AT THE DIAMONDS, NOW?



A SPLENDID REQUEST, SONNY...COME, WE'LL LEAVE MARY TO REST HERE!

SONNY! BAH!

LET'S GO!



...AND THIS IS THE FABULOUS "DIAMOND OF THE STARS", ALSO PART OF THE SPENCER COLLECTION!

WOW! WHAT A MARBLE THAT WOULD MAKE!

INTERESTING!



SUDDENLY!

MARY! SHE'S SCREAMING!

WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR?

LET'S GO!

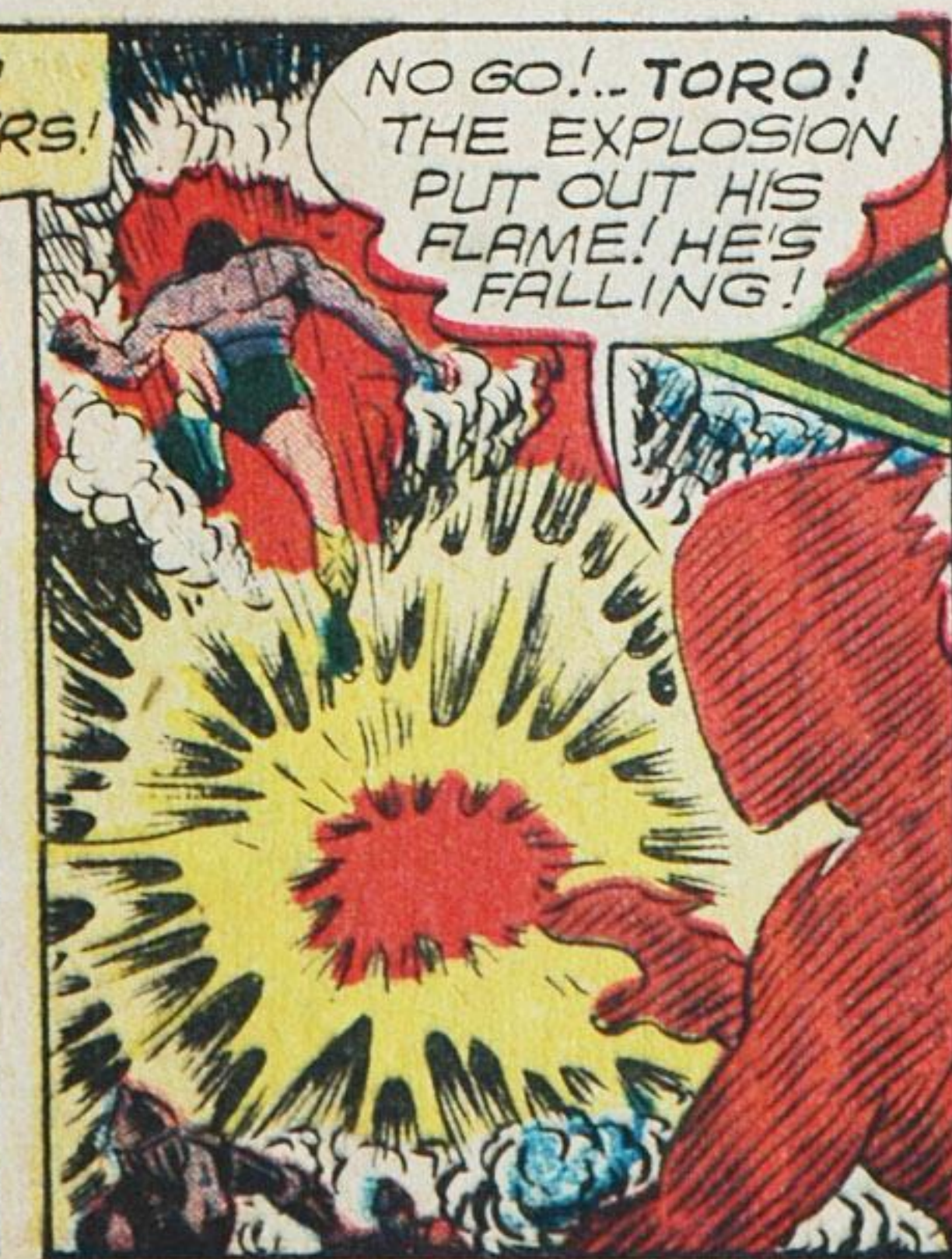
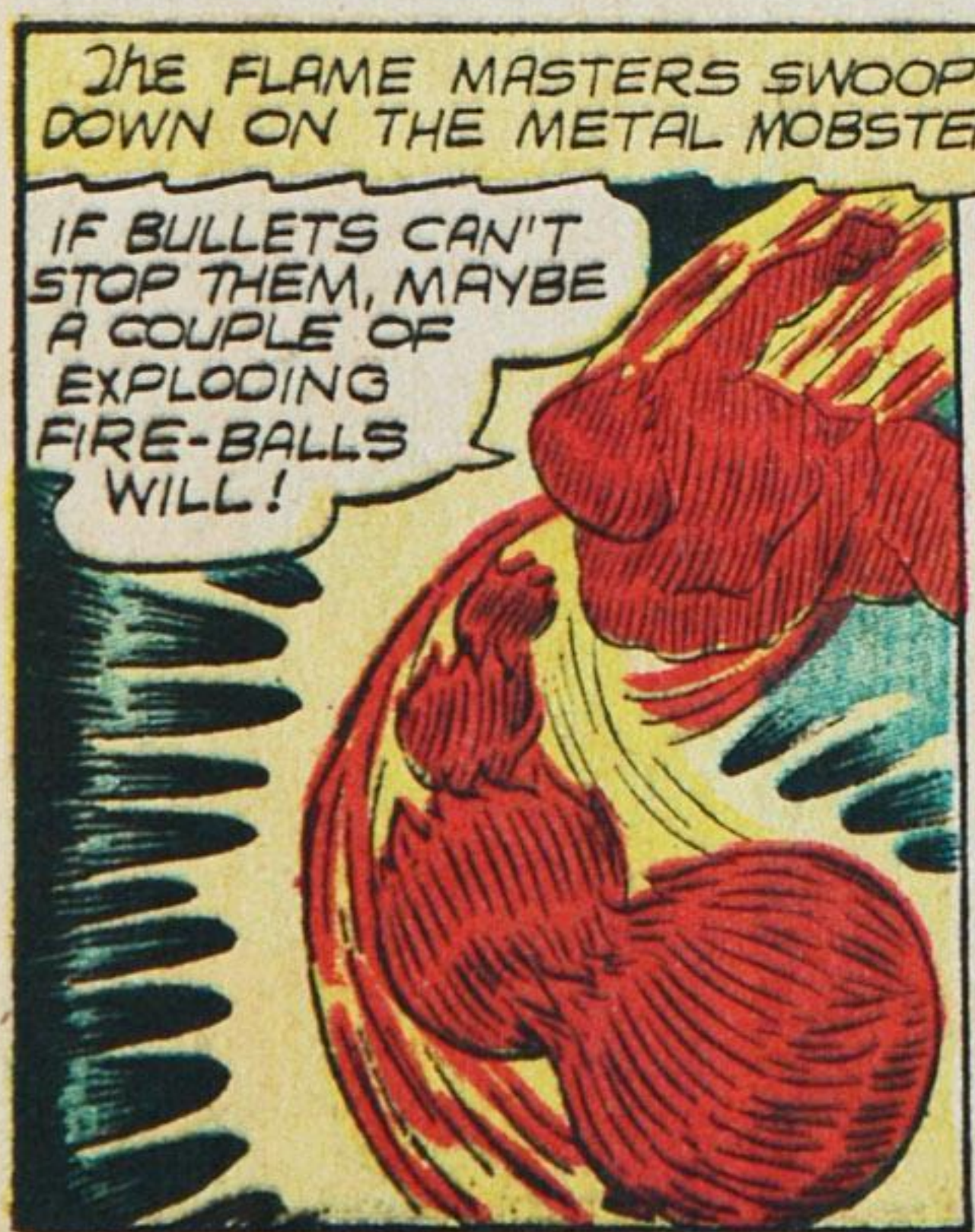
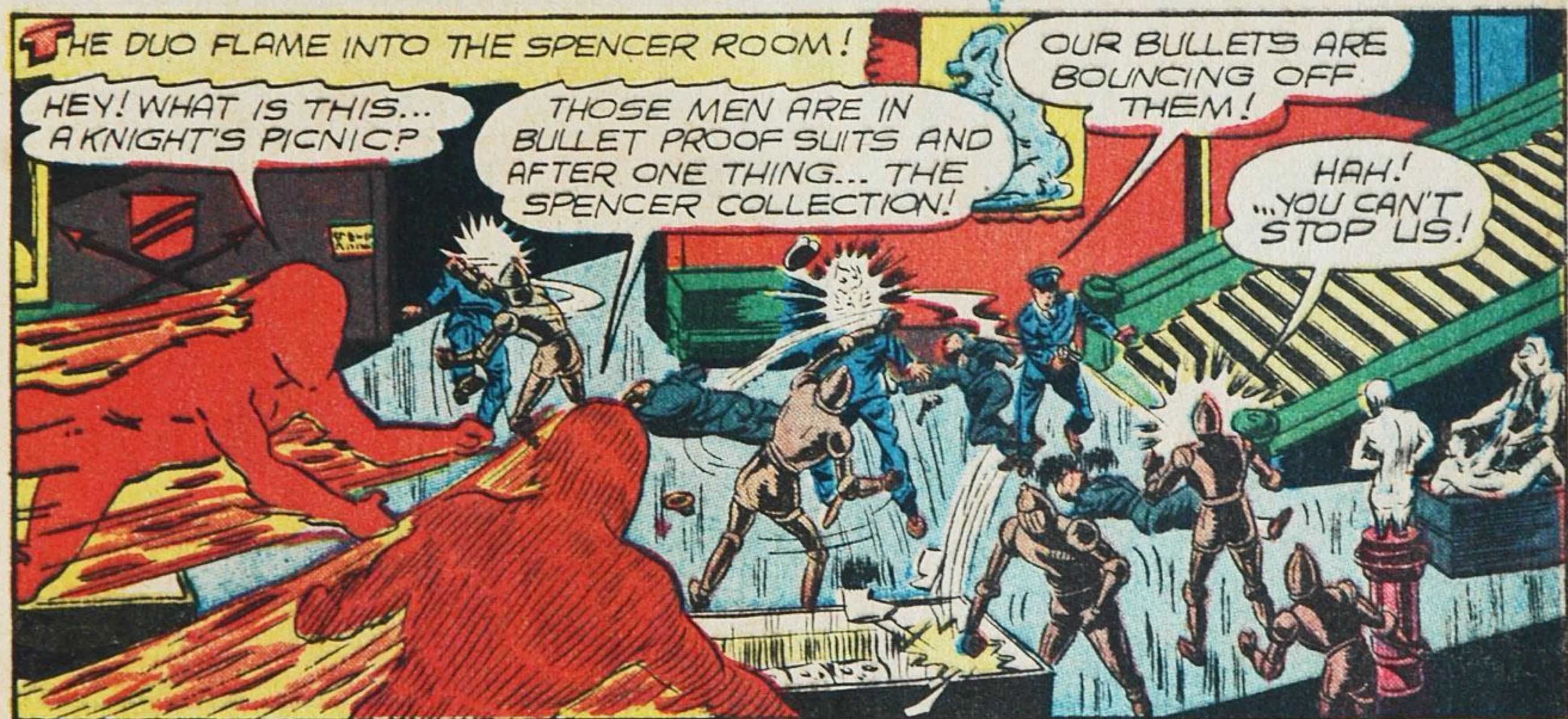


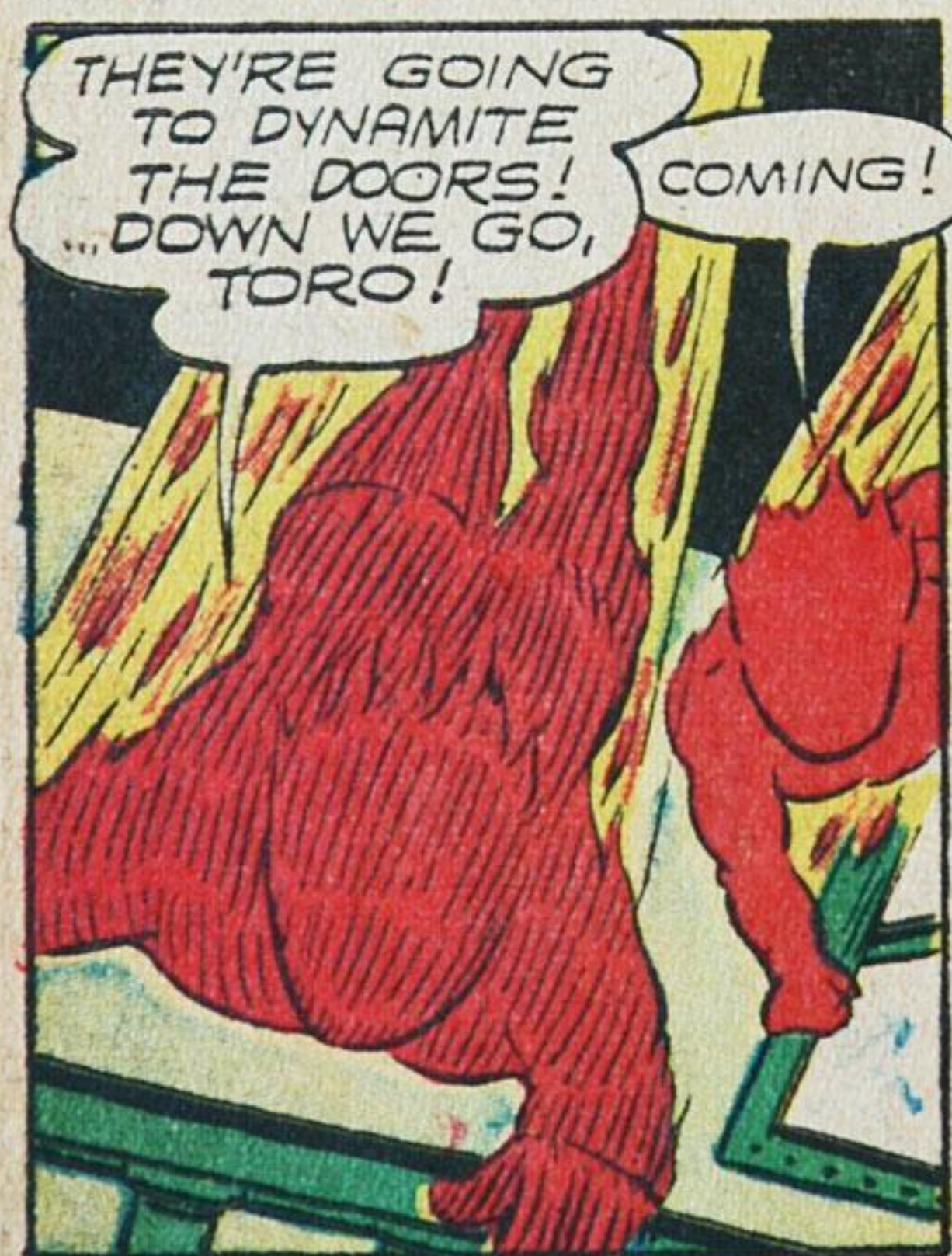
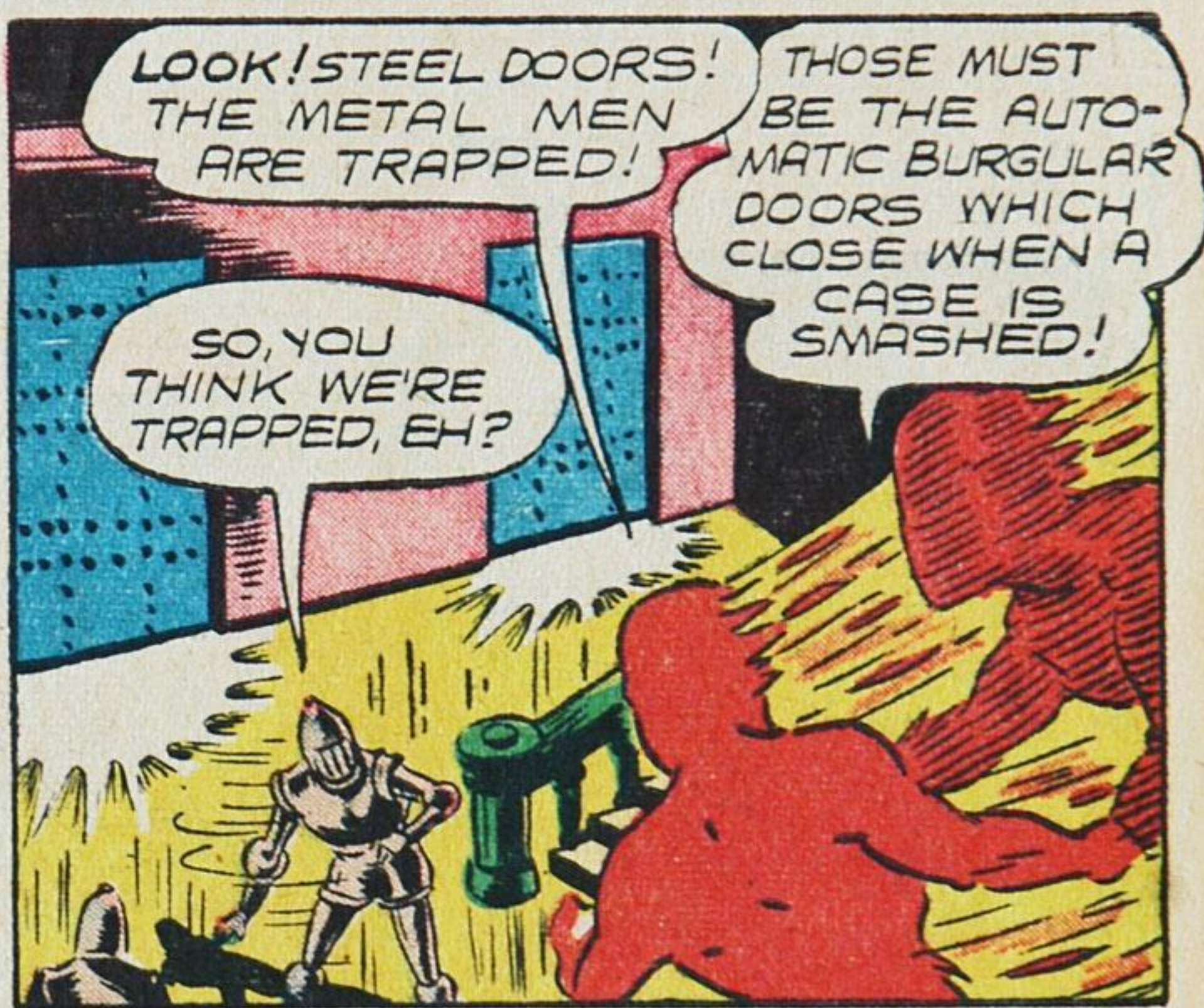
THE TRIO RACE BACK TO THE OFFICE!

SHE'S GONE! DISAPPEARED!

WELL, I'LL BE!

?







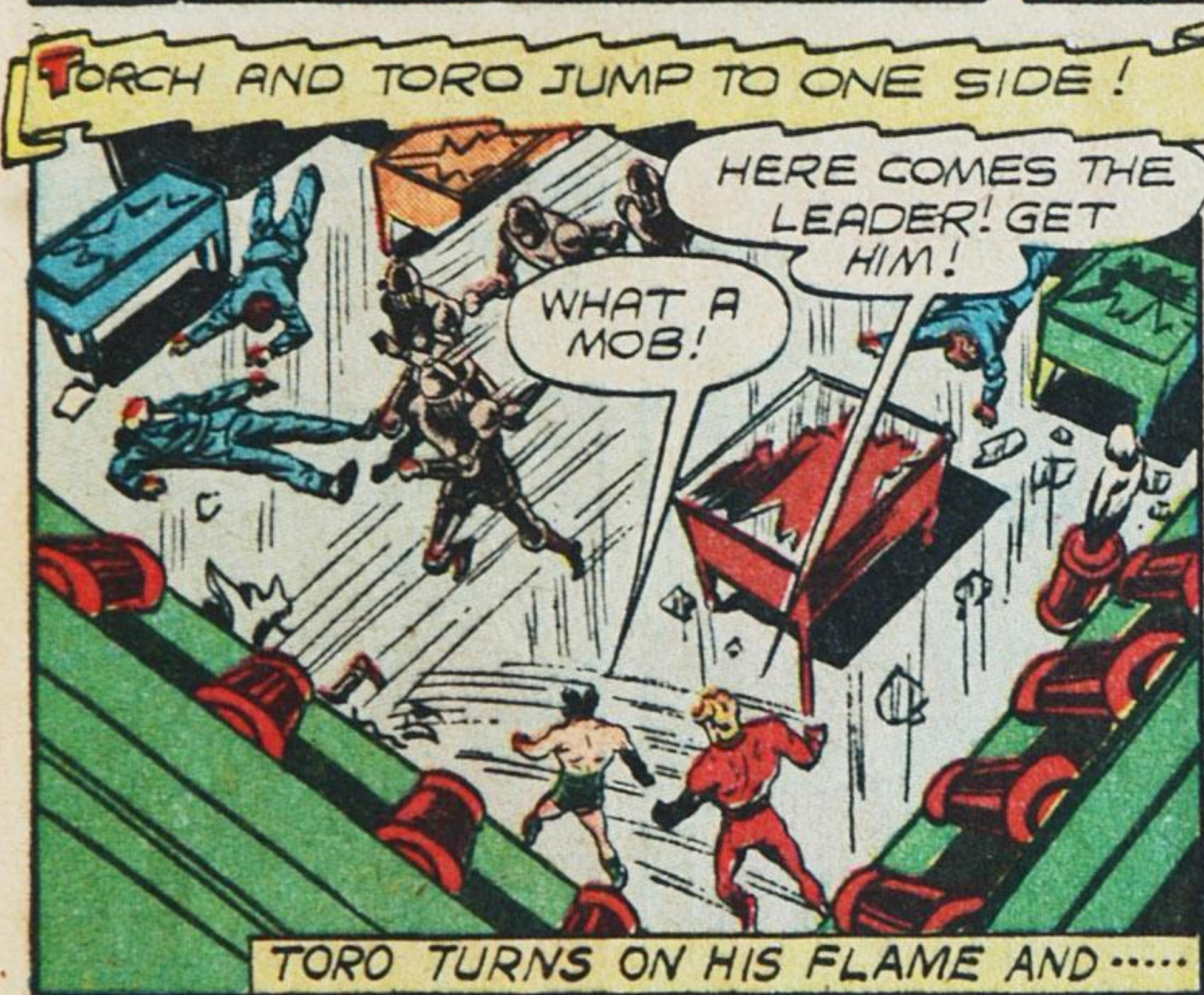
WHEW! RIGHT IN OUR FACES!

OUR FLAMES ARE OUT, OTHERWISE WE'RE OKE... I HOPE!



HEY... THEY'RE CHARGING US!

PROBABLY WANT TO SCRAM THRU THE HOLE... WE CAN'T STOP THEM, BUT I THINK WE CAN GET THEIR LEADER! HE'S THE ONE IN THE GREEN SUIT!



TORCH AND TORO JUMP TO ONE SIDE!

HERE COMES THE LEADER! GET HIM!

WHAT A MOB!

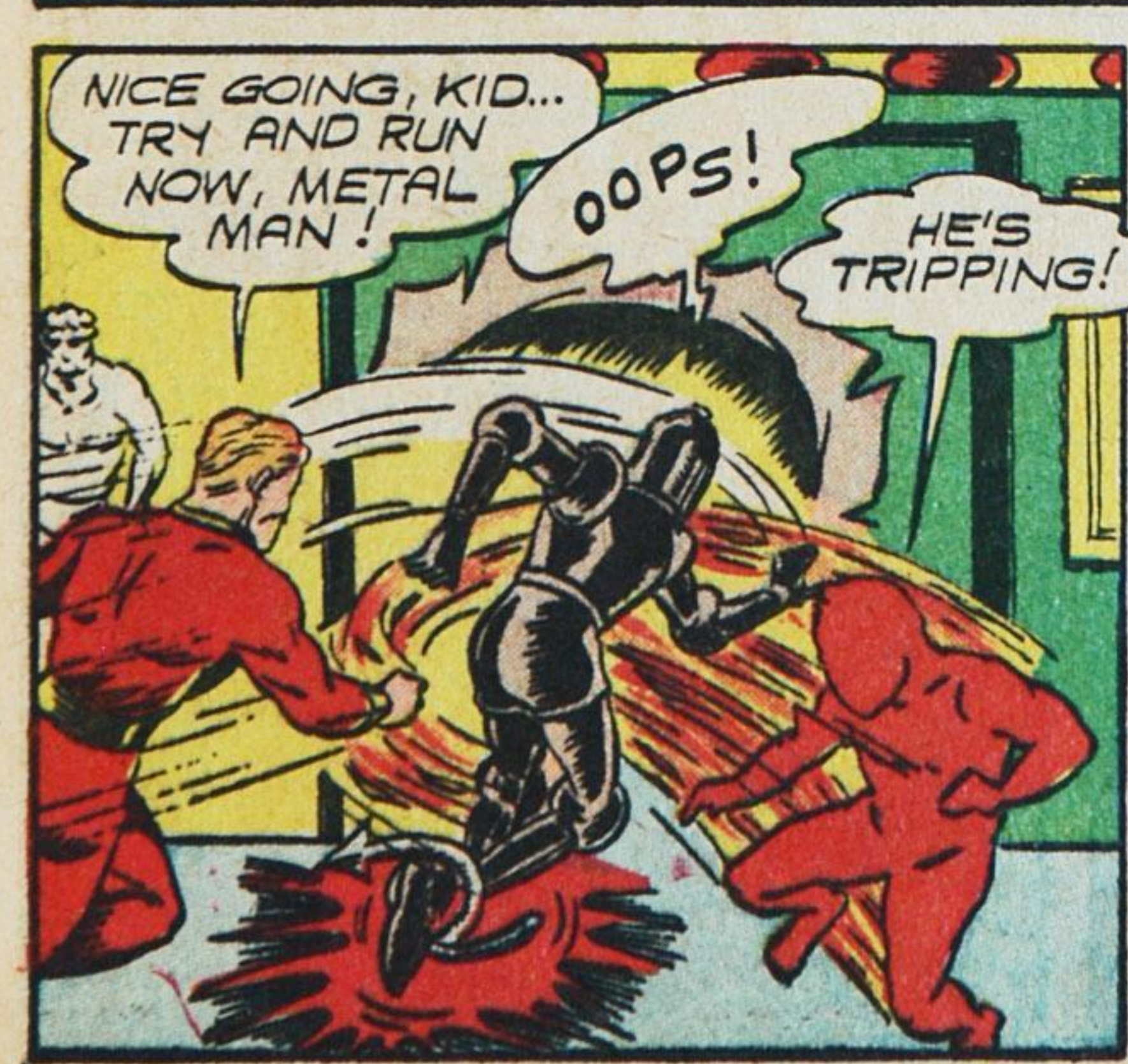
TORO TURNS ON HIS FLAME AND.....



IN A FLASH... HE WINGS TO THE WALL AND GRABS A SPEAR, THEN DIVES FOR THE LEADER'S FEET!

HEY!

HAH! THIS SPEAR MAKES A GOOD PAIR OF LEG IRONS!



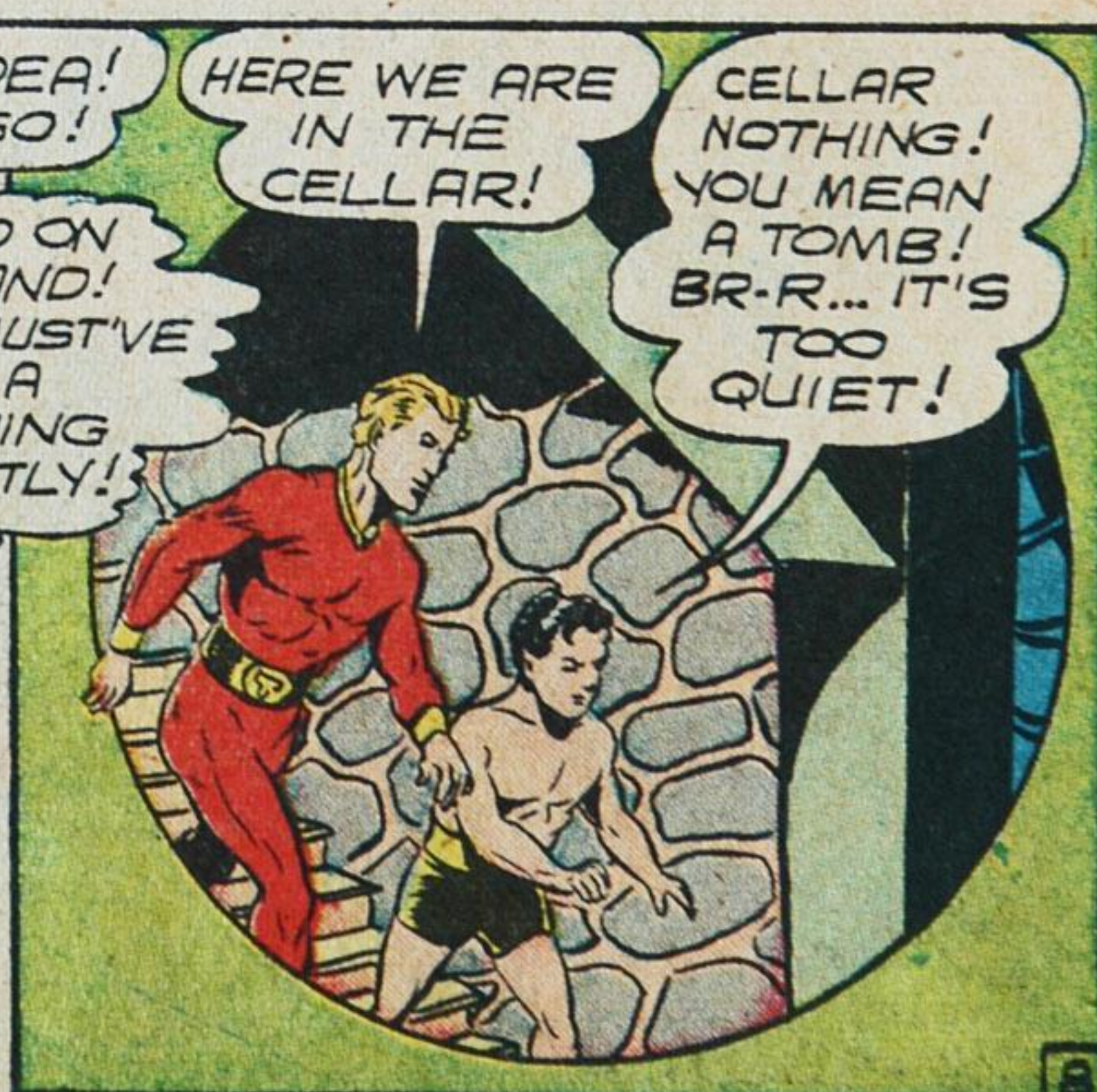
NICE GOING, KID... TRY AND RUN NOW, METAL MAN!

OOPS!

HE'S TRIPPING!



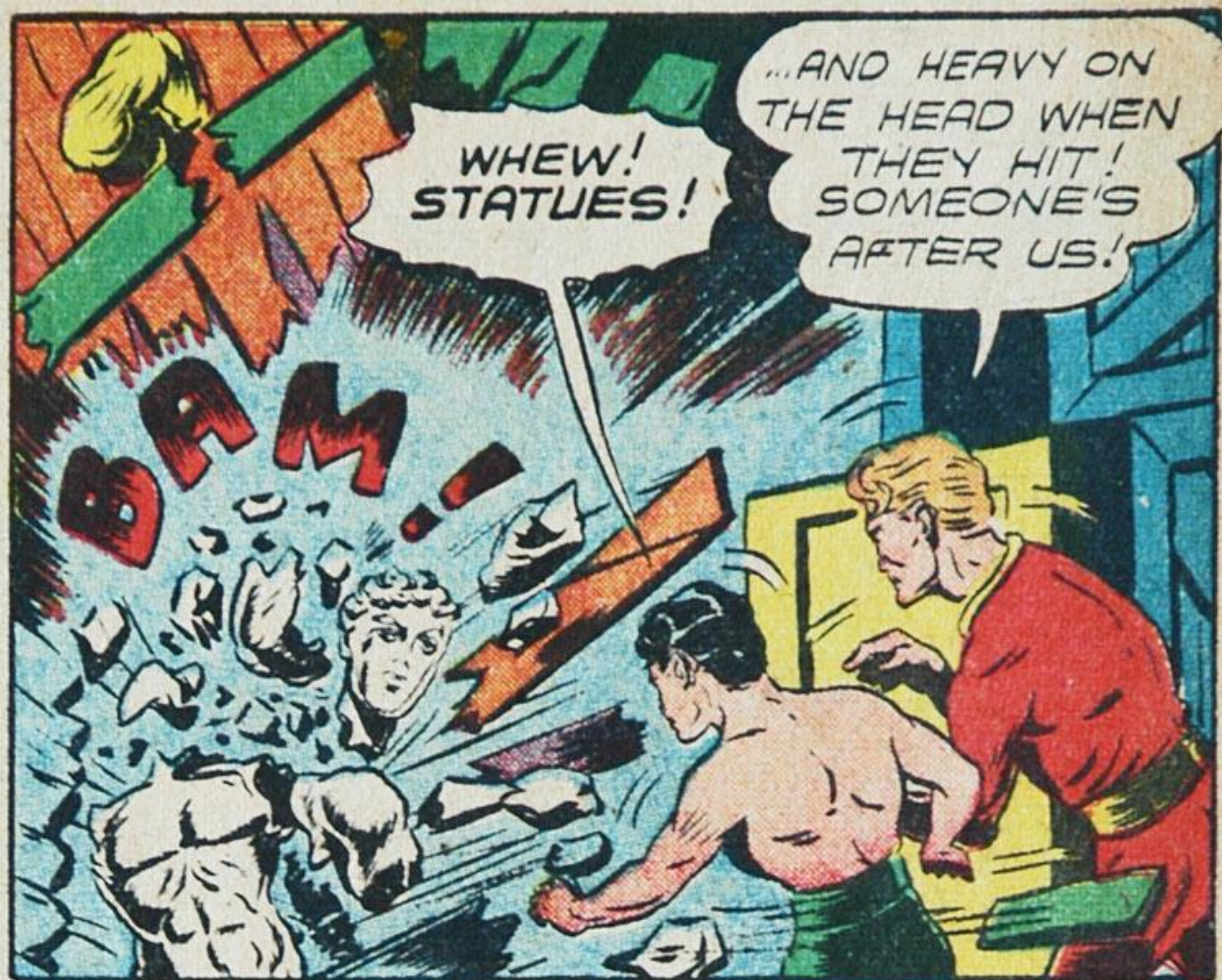
NOW TO SEE WHO'S INSIDE THIS HEADPIECE... IT HINGES BACK SOMEHOW...





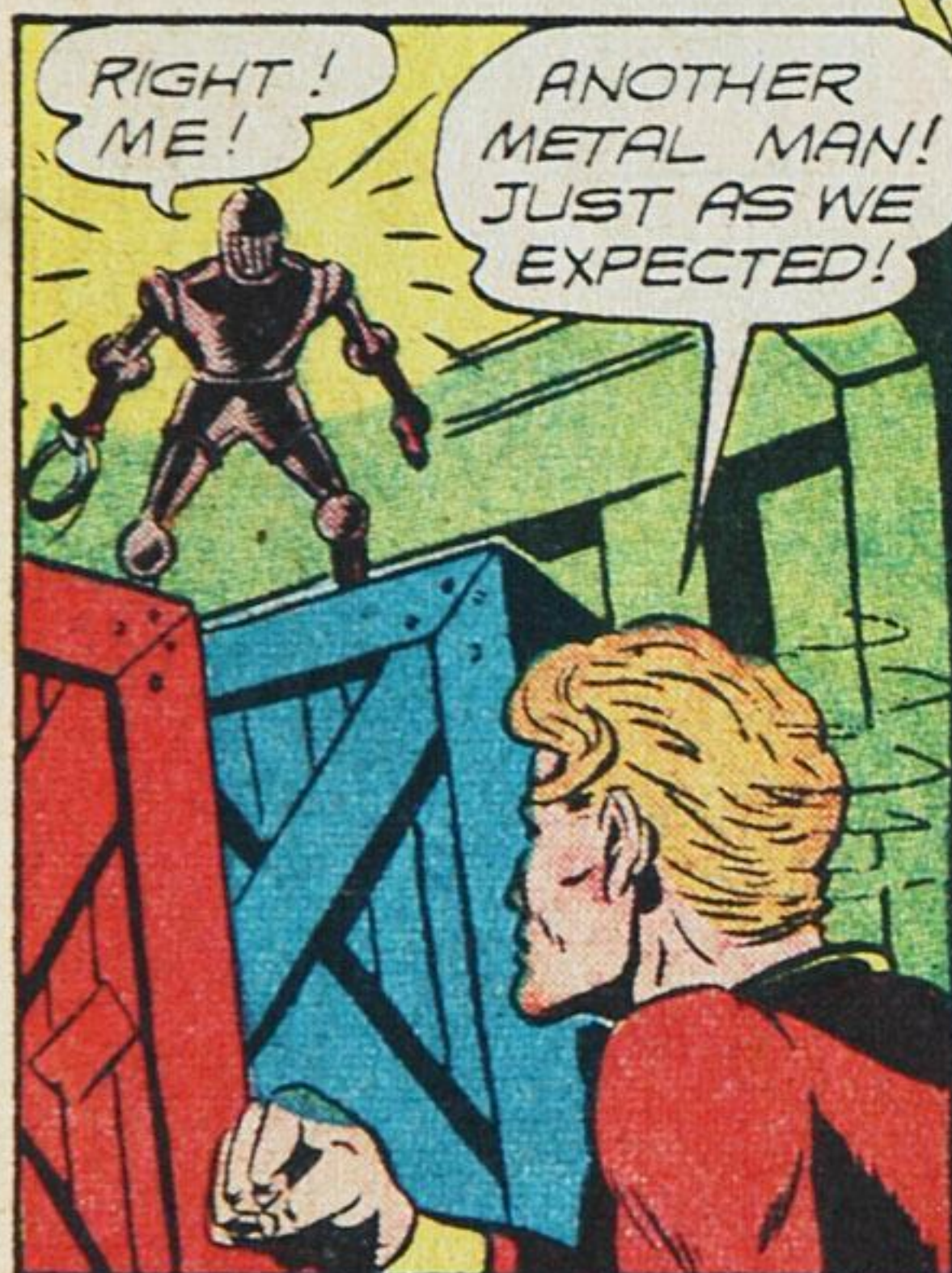
ONE SIDE, KID!
WE'RE BEING
BOMBED!

?



WHEW!
STATUES!

...AND HEAVY ON
THE HEAD WHEN
THEY HIT!
SOMEONE'S
AFTER US!



RIGHT!
ME!

ANOTHER
METAL MAN!
JUST AS WE
EXPECTED!



THE METAL MAN LASHES
OUT WITH HIS WHIP!

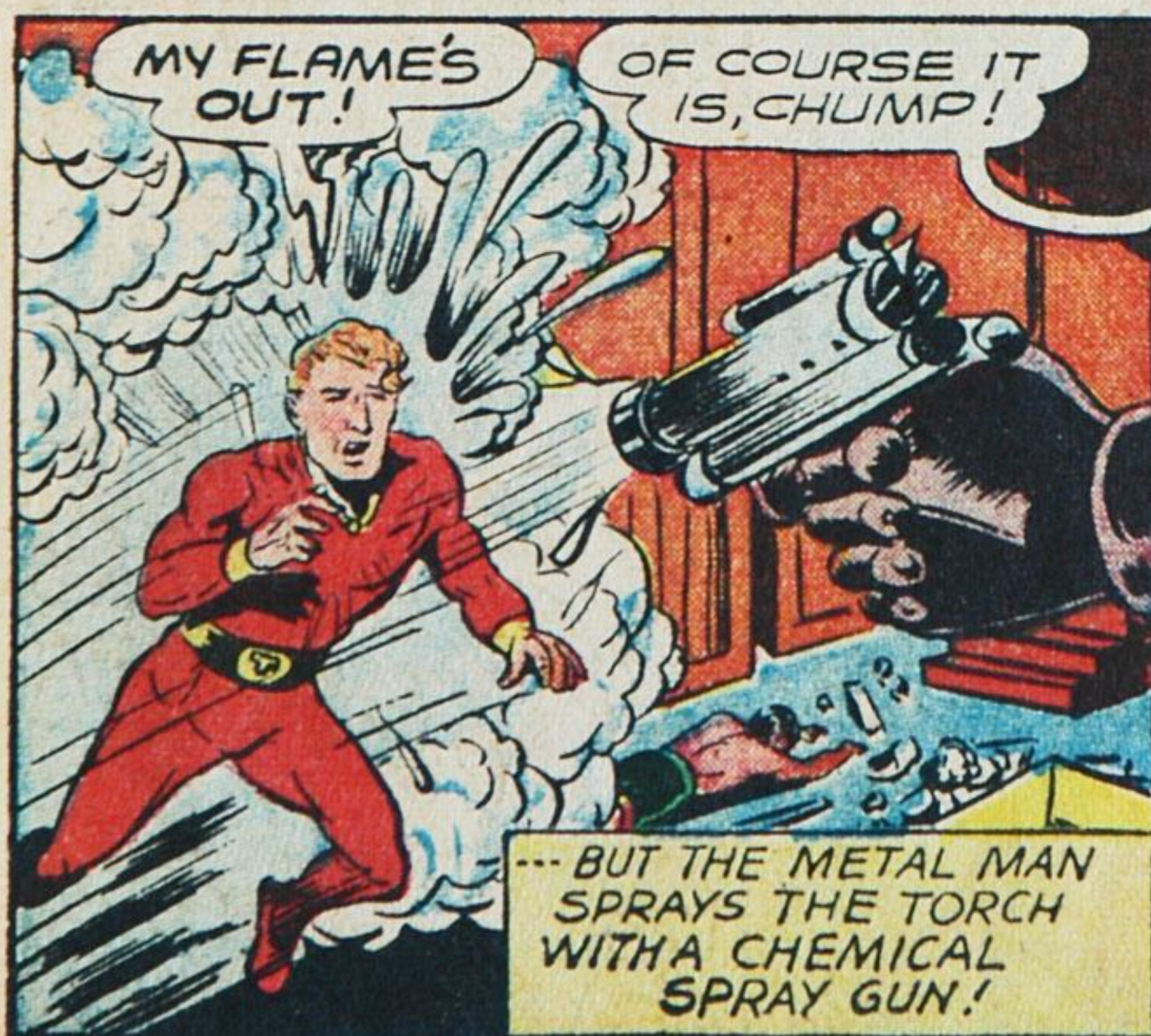
...SEE IF YOU
EXPECTED
THIS!

OWEEE!

WHY,
YOU!



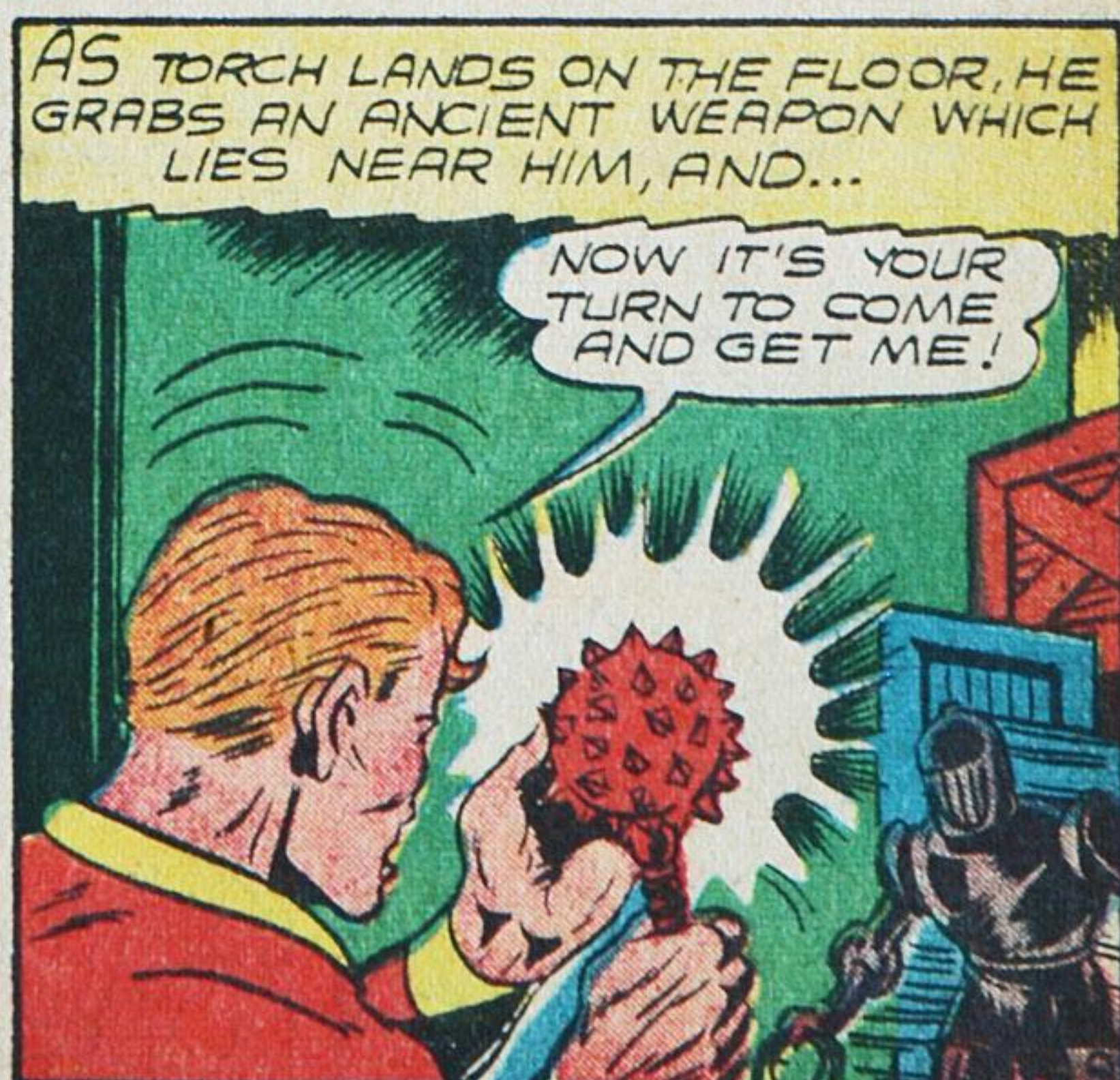
TURNING ON HIS FLAME,
TORCH LEAPS FOR THE
METAL MAN, AS TORO
SINKS TO THE GROUND.



MY FLAME'S
OUT!

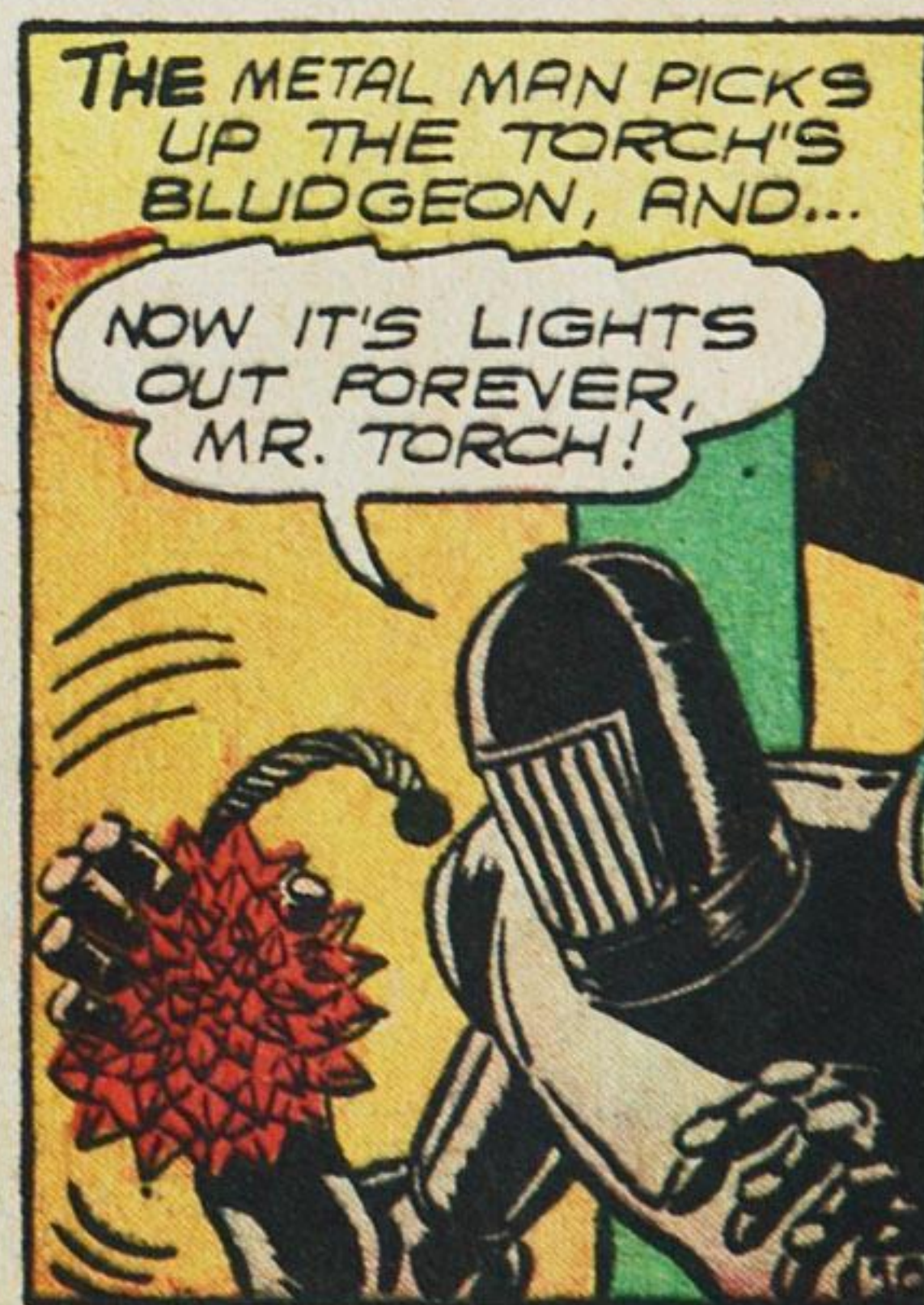
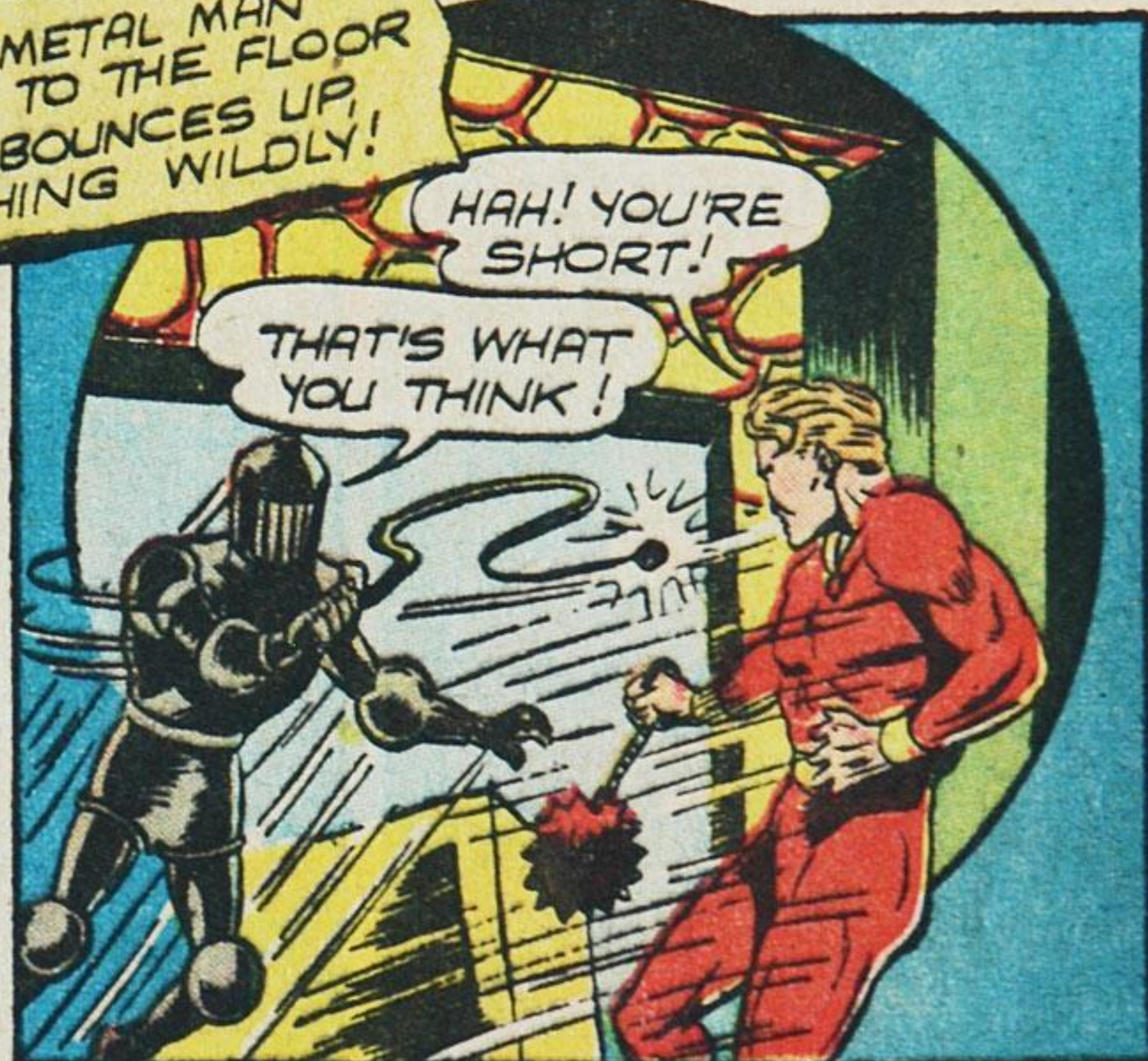
OF COURSE IT
IS, CHUMP!

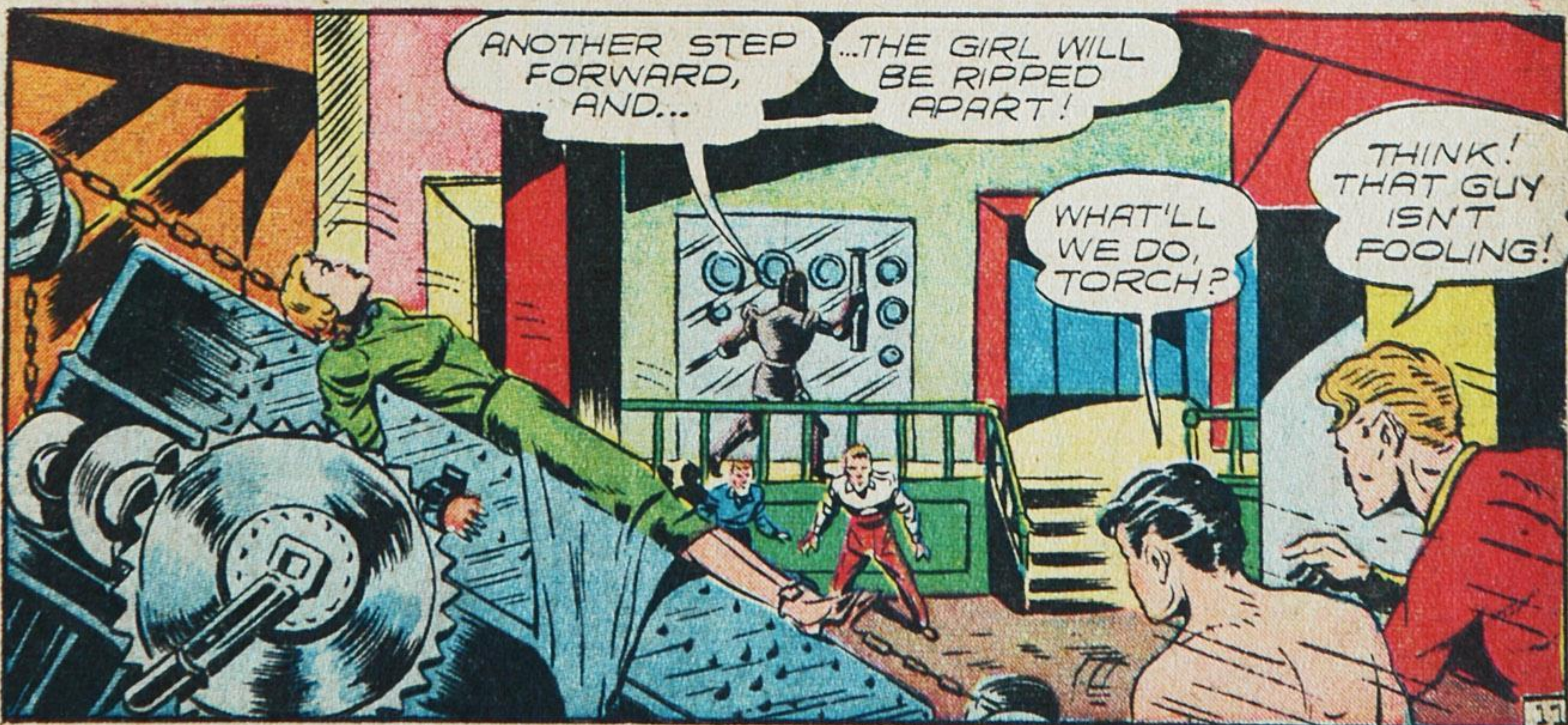
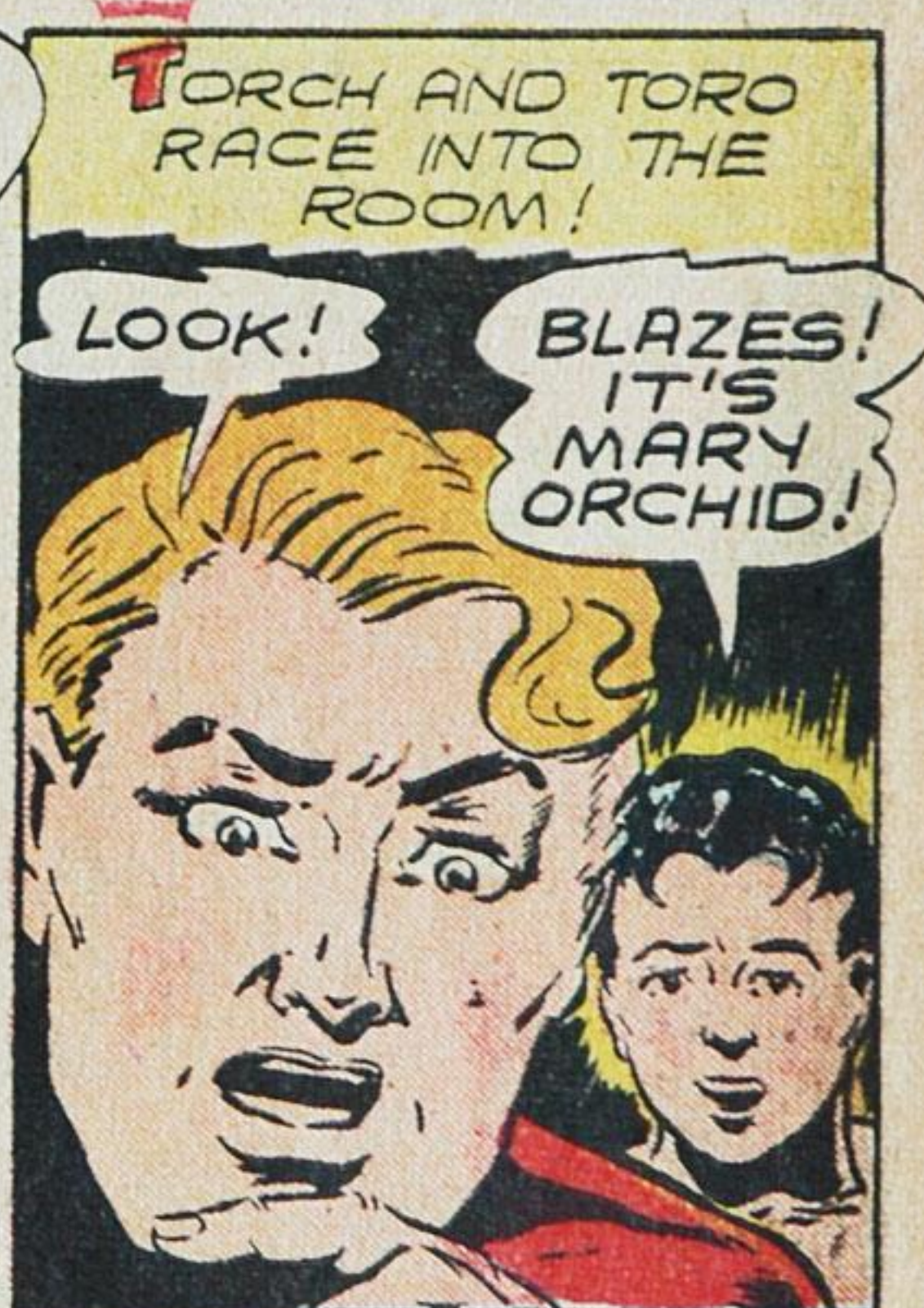
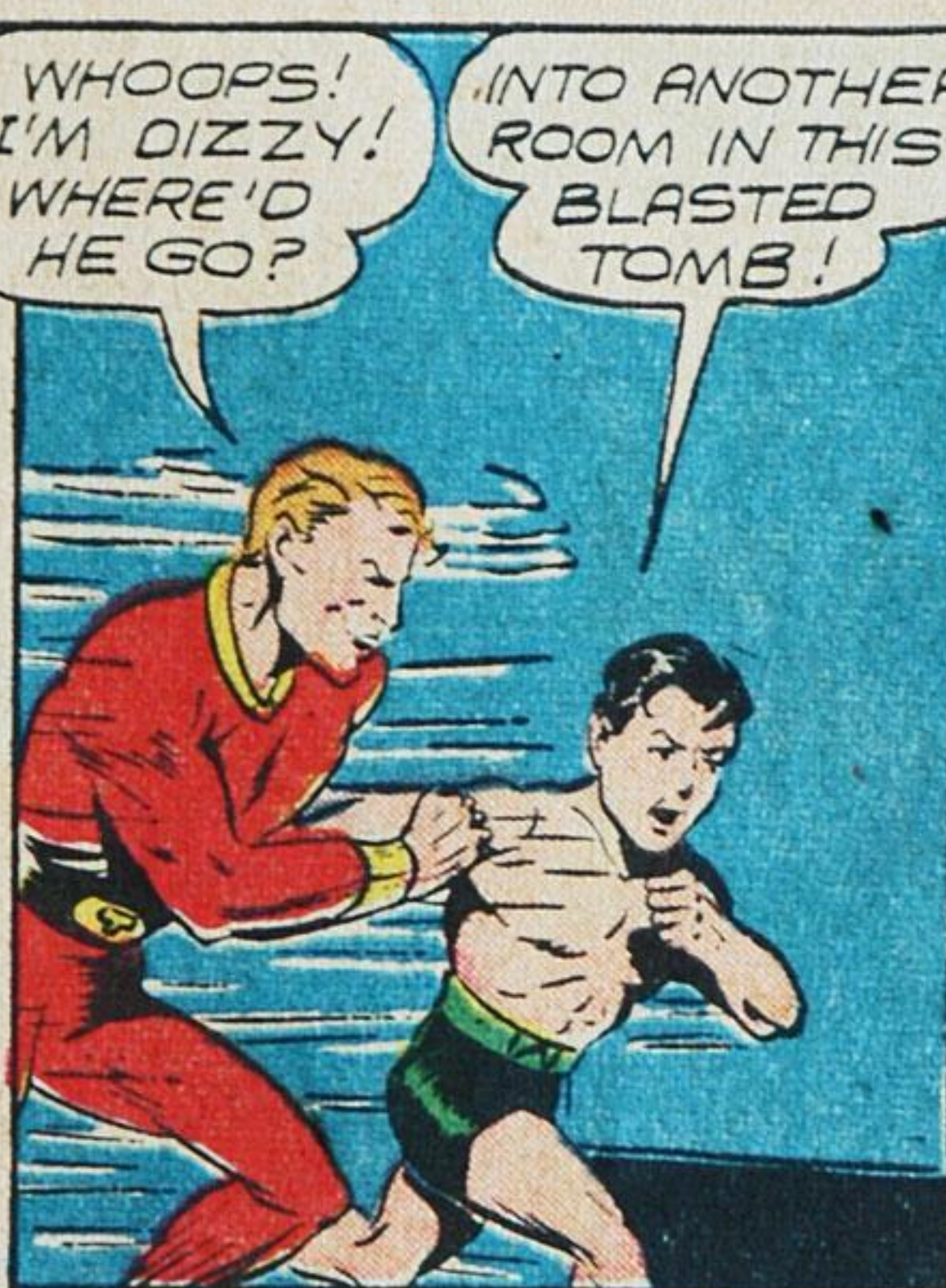
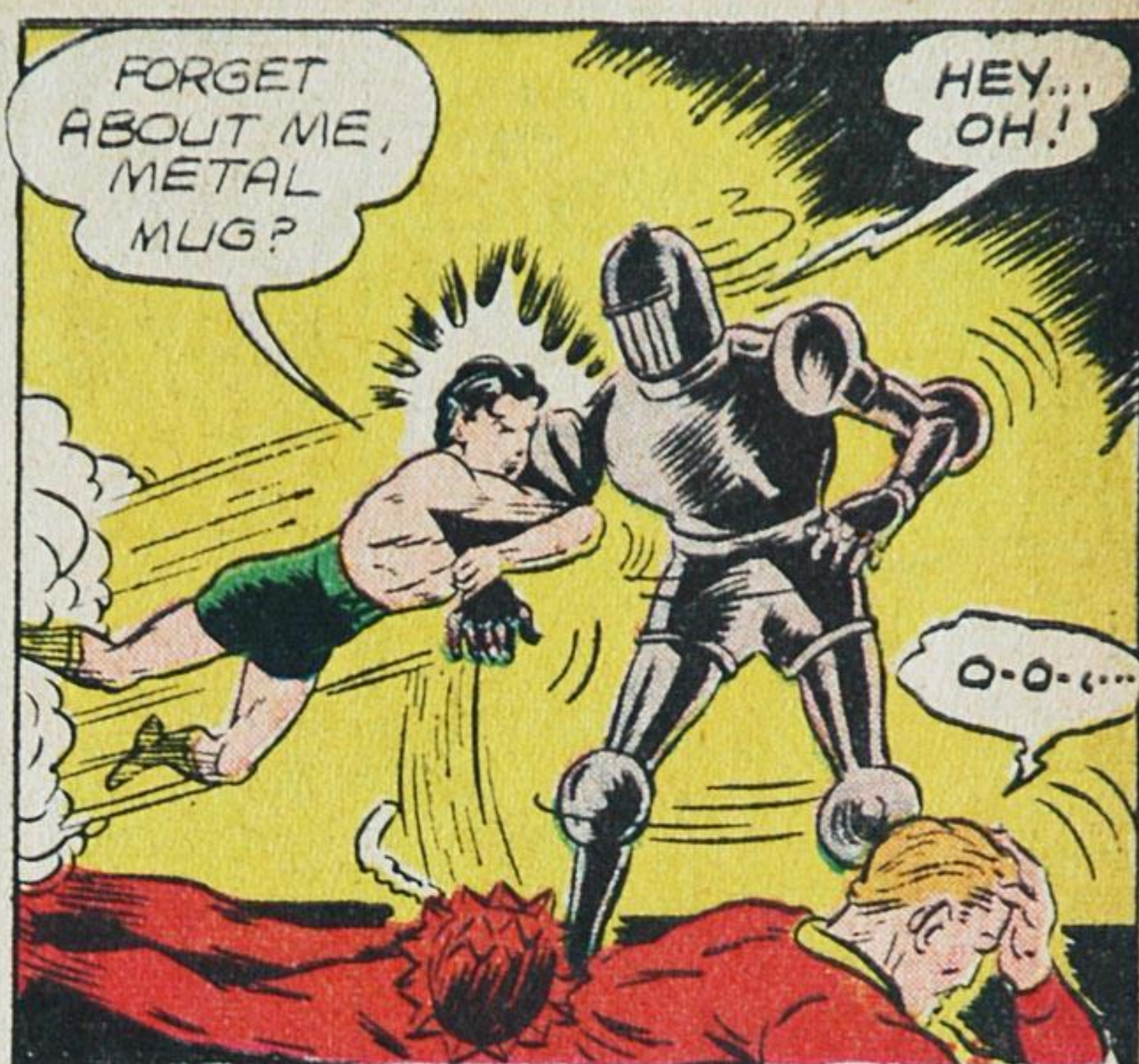
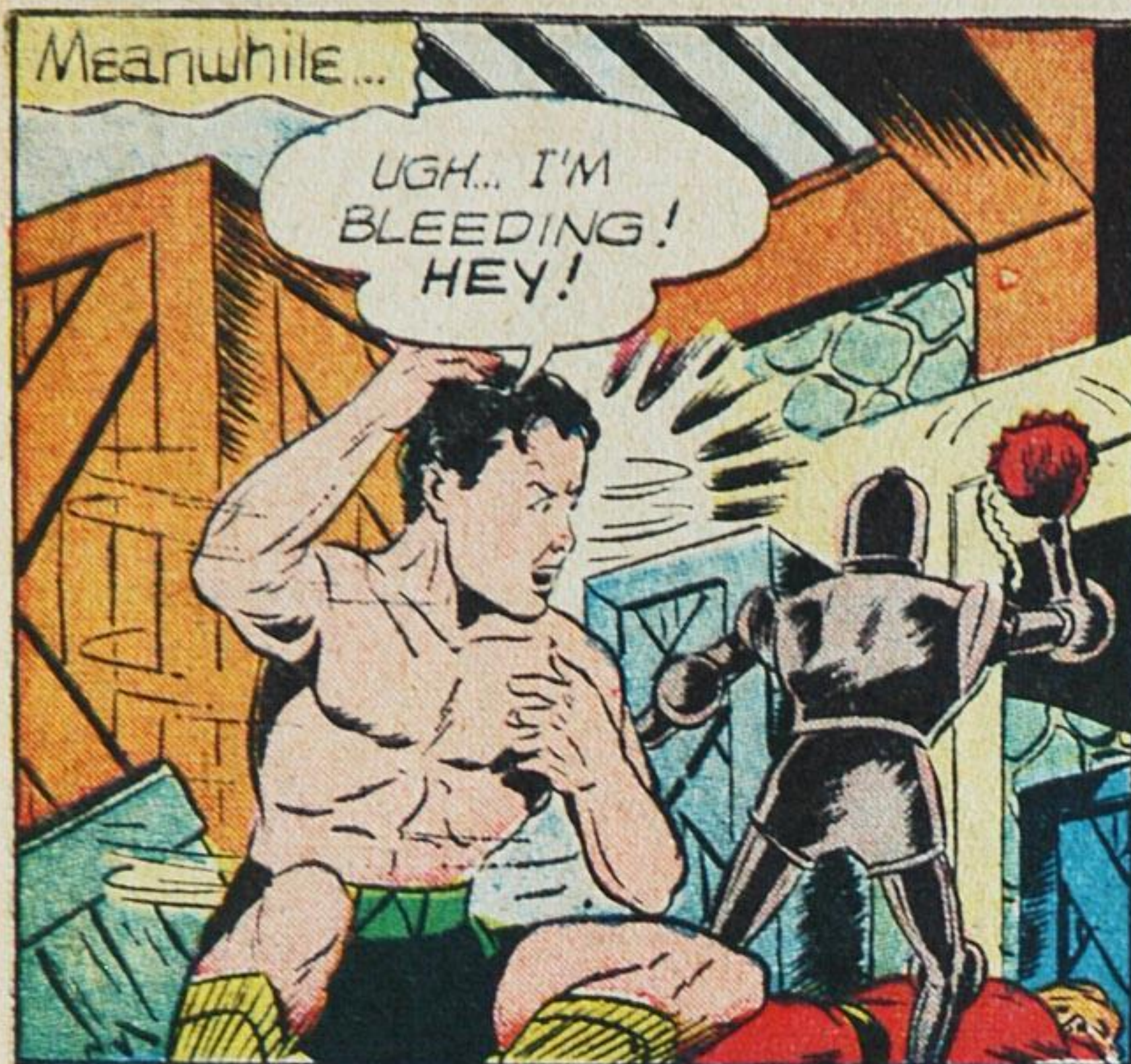
... BUT THE METAL MAN
SPRAYS THE TORCH
WITH A CHEMICAL
SPRAY GUN!



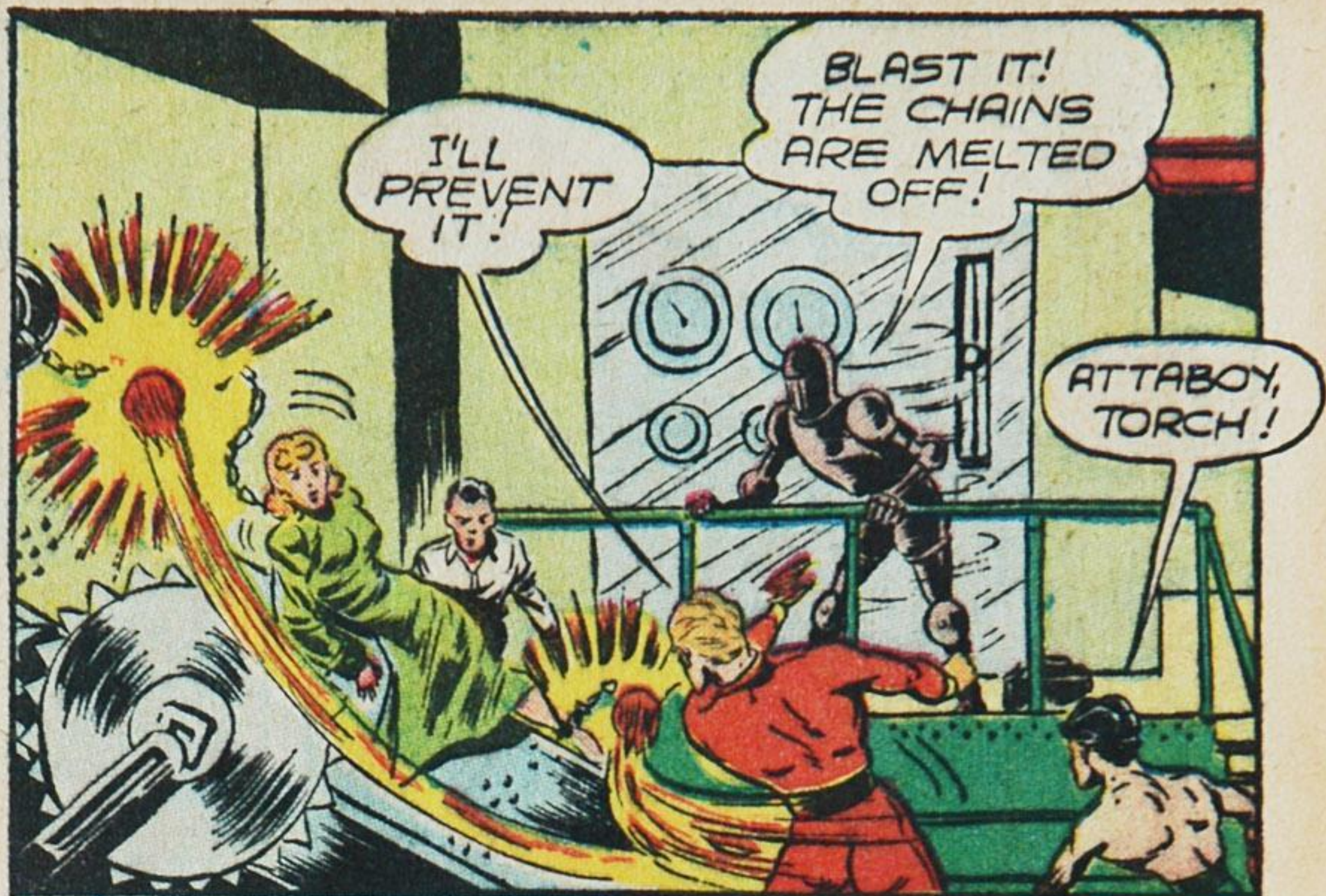
AS TORCH LANDS ON THE FLOOR, HE
GRABS AN ANCIENT WEAPON WHICH
LIES NEAR HIM, AND...

NOW IT'S YOUR
TURN TO COME
AND GET ME!





AS THE CHEMICAL SPRAY WEARS OFF TORCH WHIPS UP A FIRE BALL, AND HOLDS IT BEHIND HIS BACK!



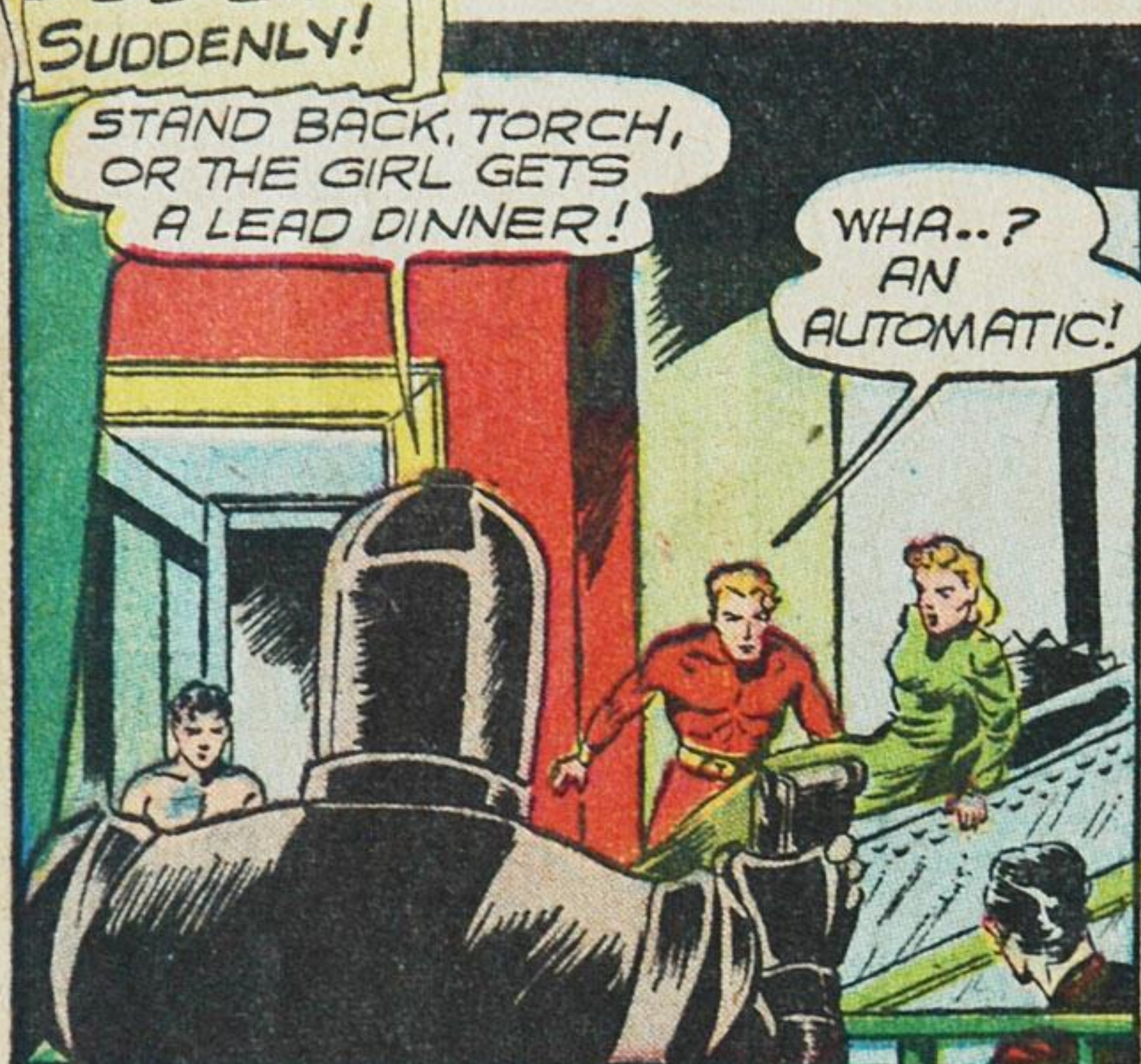
BLAST IT! THE CHAINS ARE MELTED OFF!

ATTABOY, TORCH!

SUDDENLY!

STAND BACK, TORCH, OR THE GIRL GETS A LEAD DINNER!

WHA...? AN AUTOMATIC!

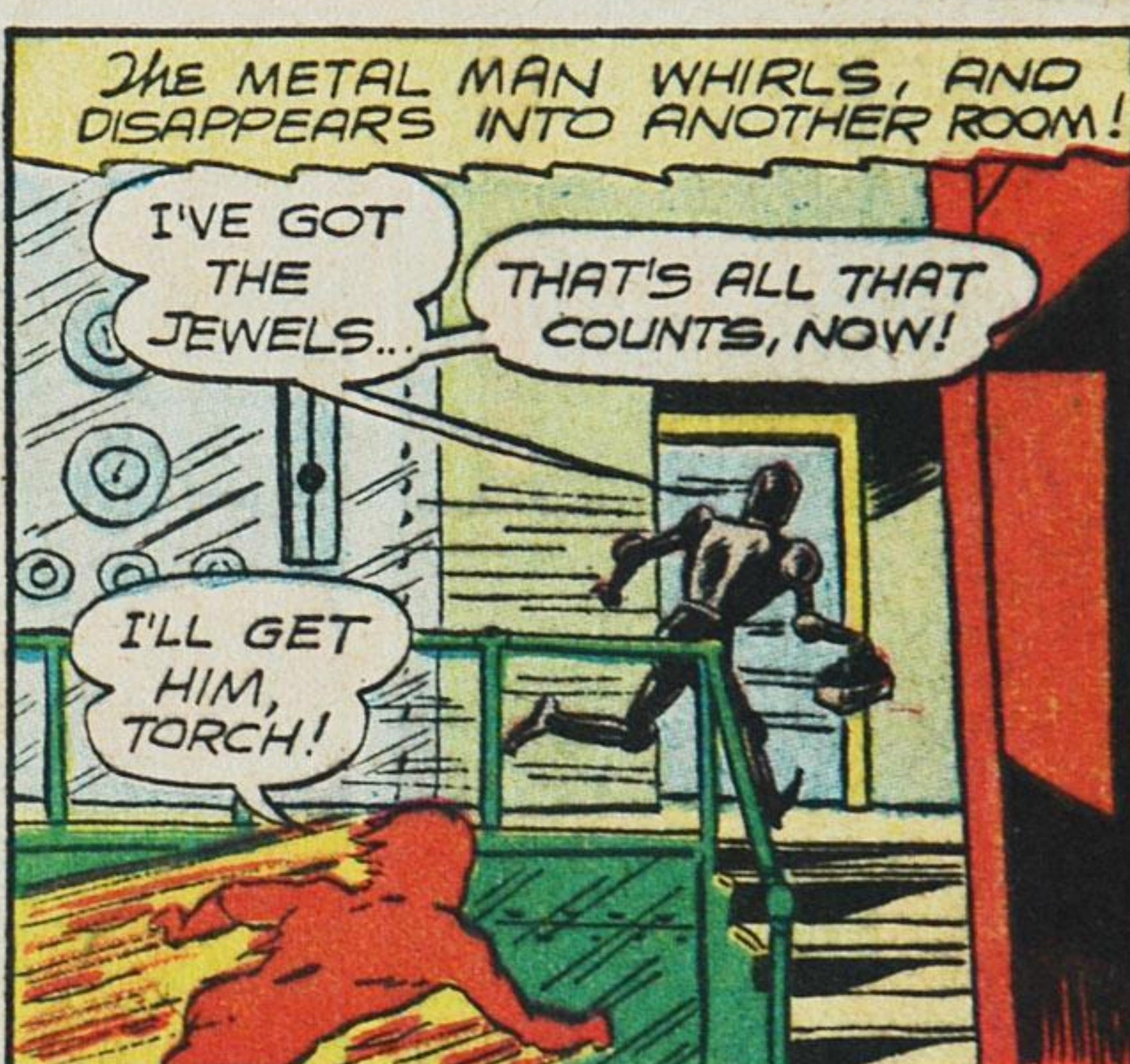


THE METAL MAN WHIRLS, AND DISAPPEARS INTO ANOTHER ROOM!

I'VE GOT THE JEWELS...

THAT'S ALL THAT COUNTS, NOW!

I'LL GET HIM, TORCH!



TORO RETURNS...

HE'S DISAPPEARED, TORCH!

FORGET IT! LOOK, HIS MEN ARE MAKING A BREAK FOR IT!



YOU BOYS AREN'T THINKING OF LEAVING NOW?

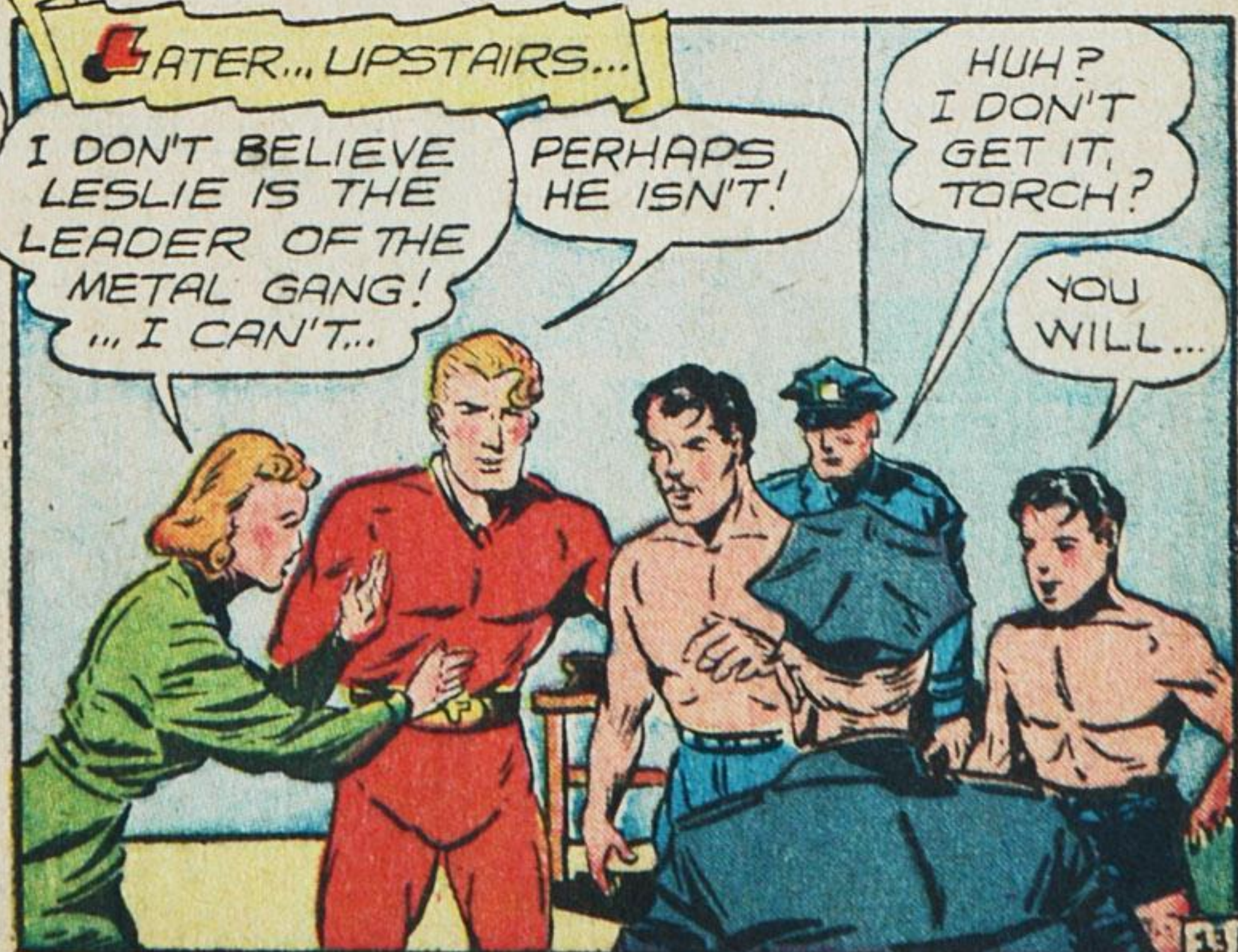
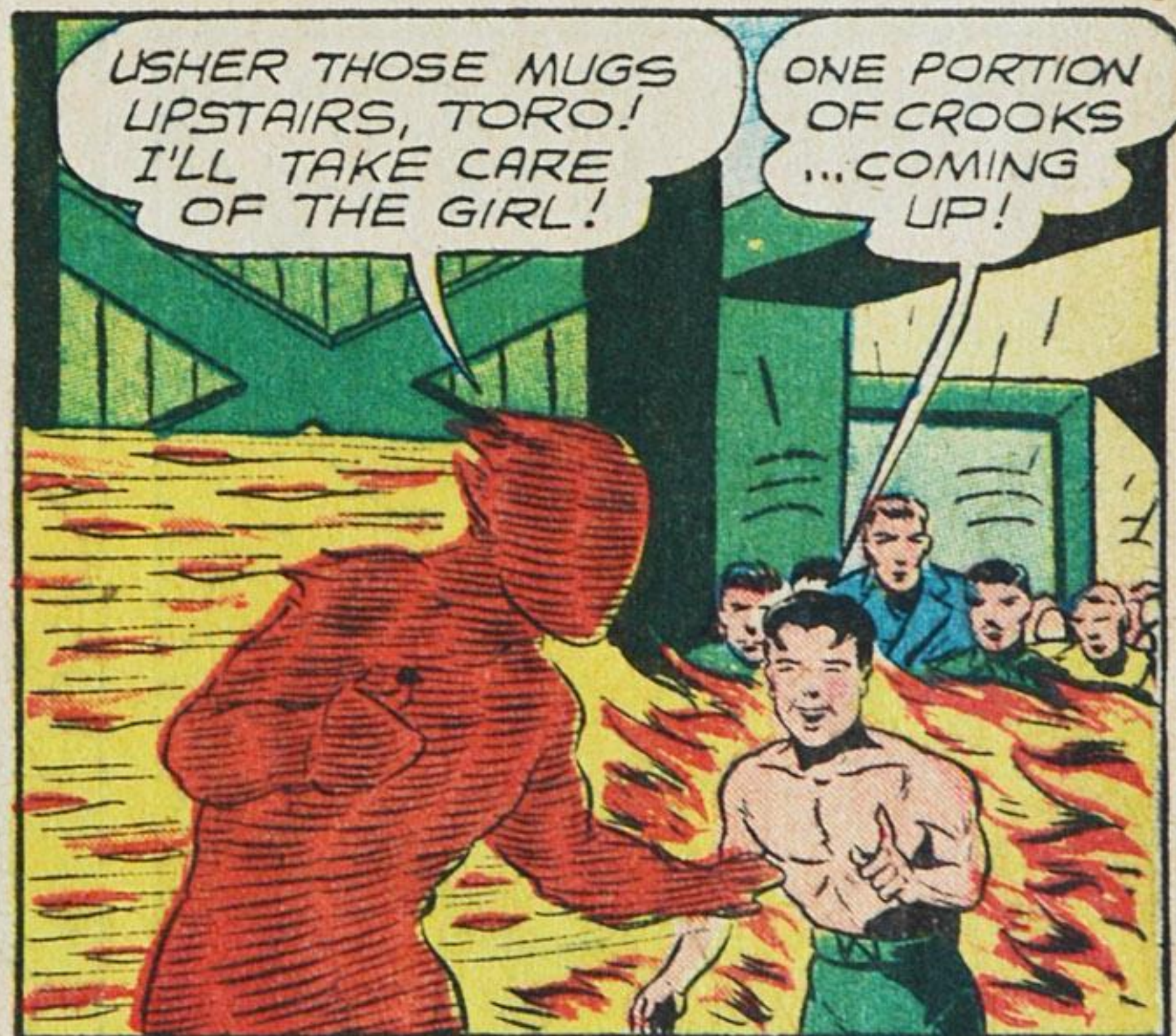
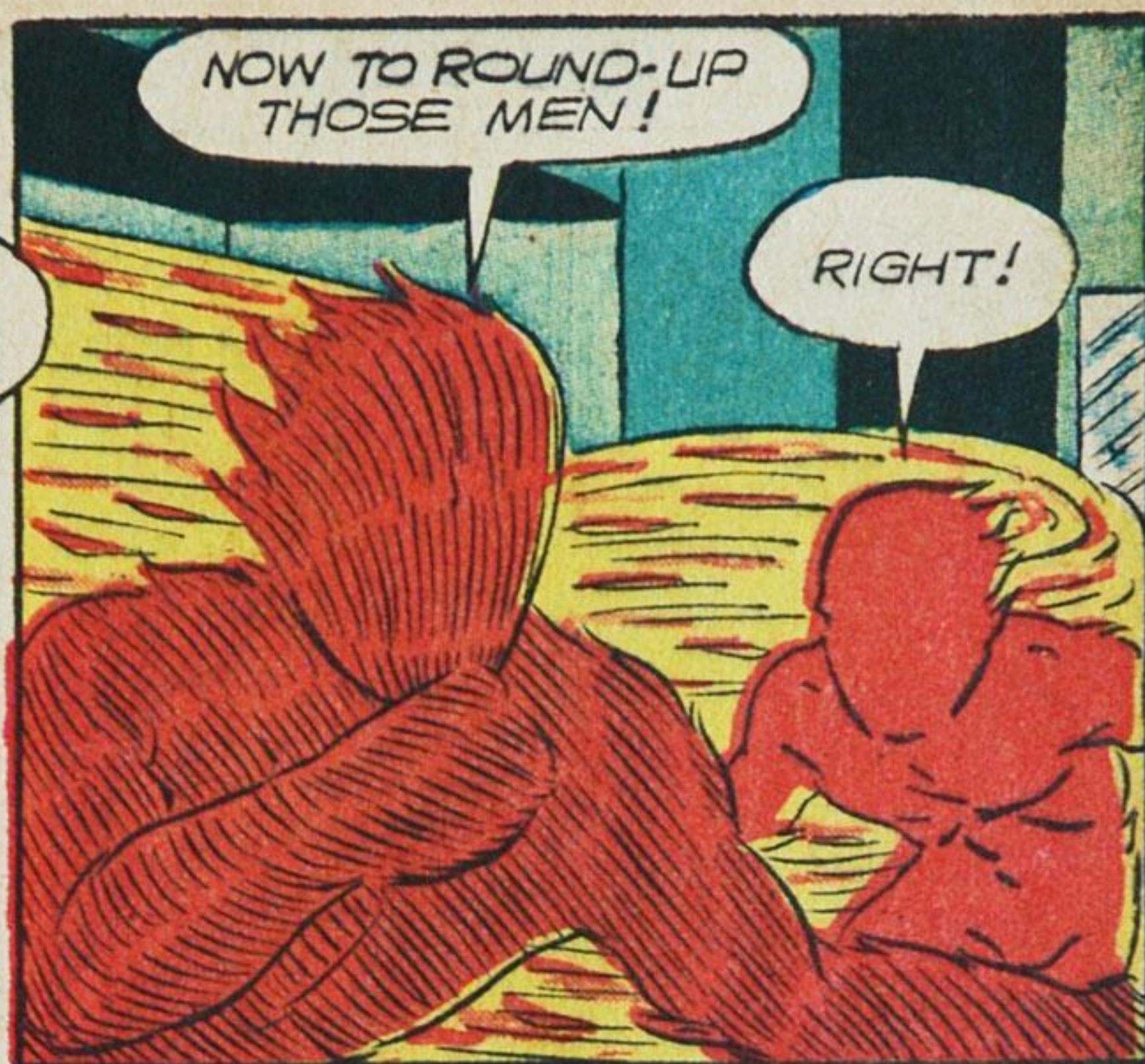
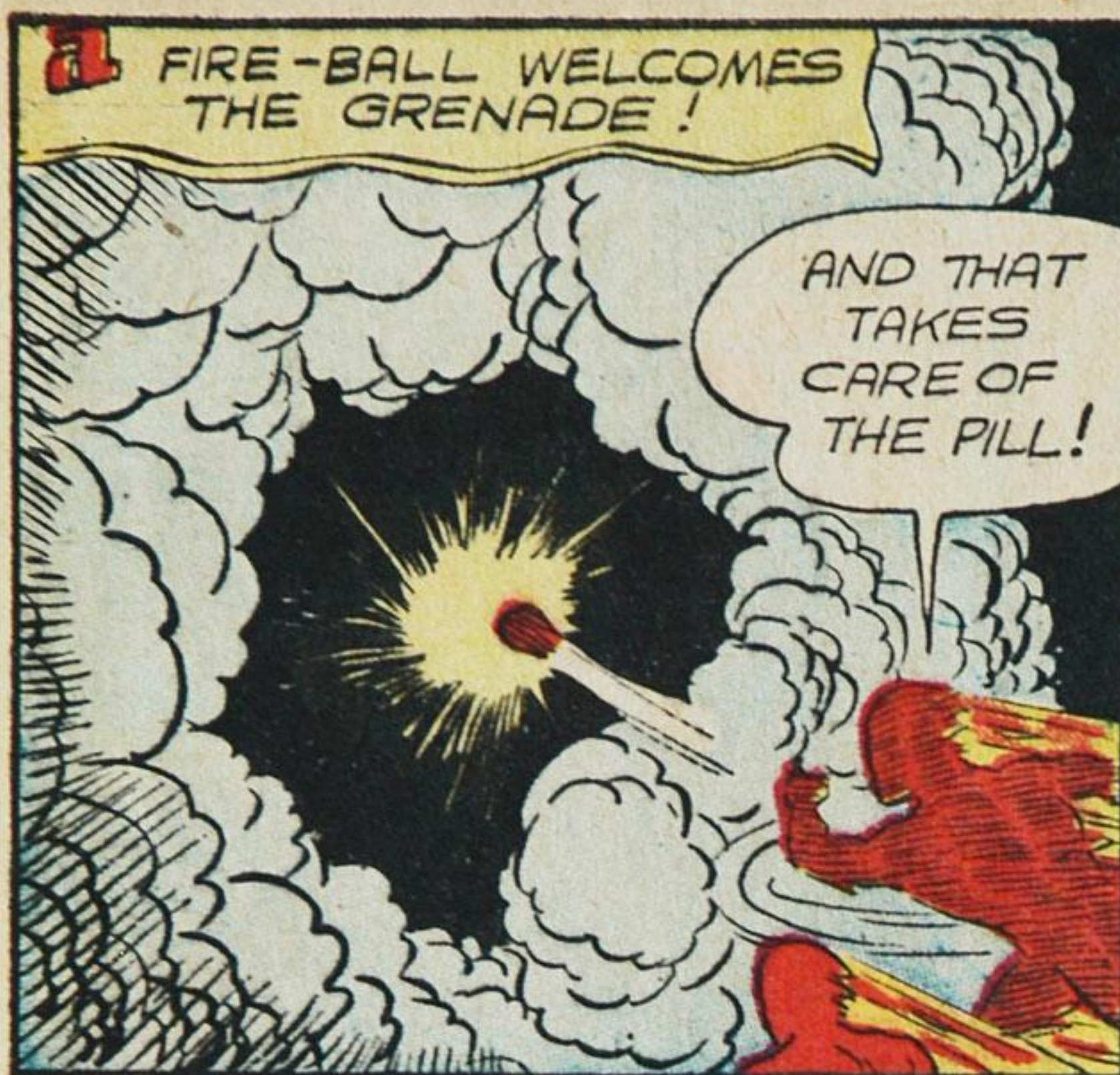
ULP! WHERE'S THAT GRENADE?

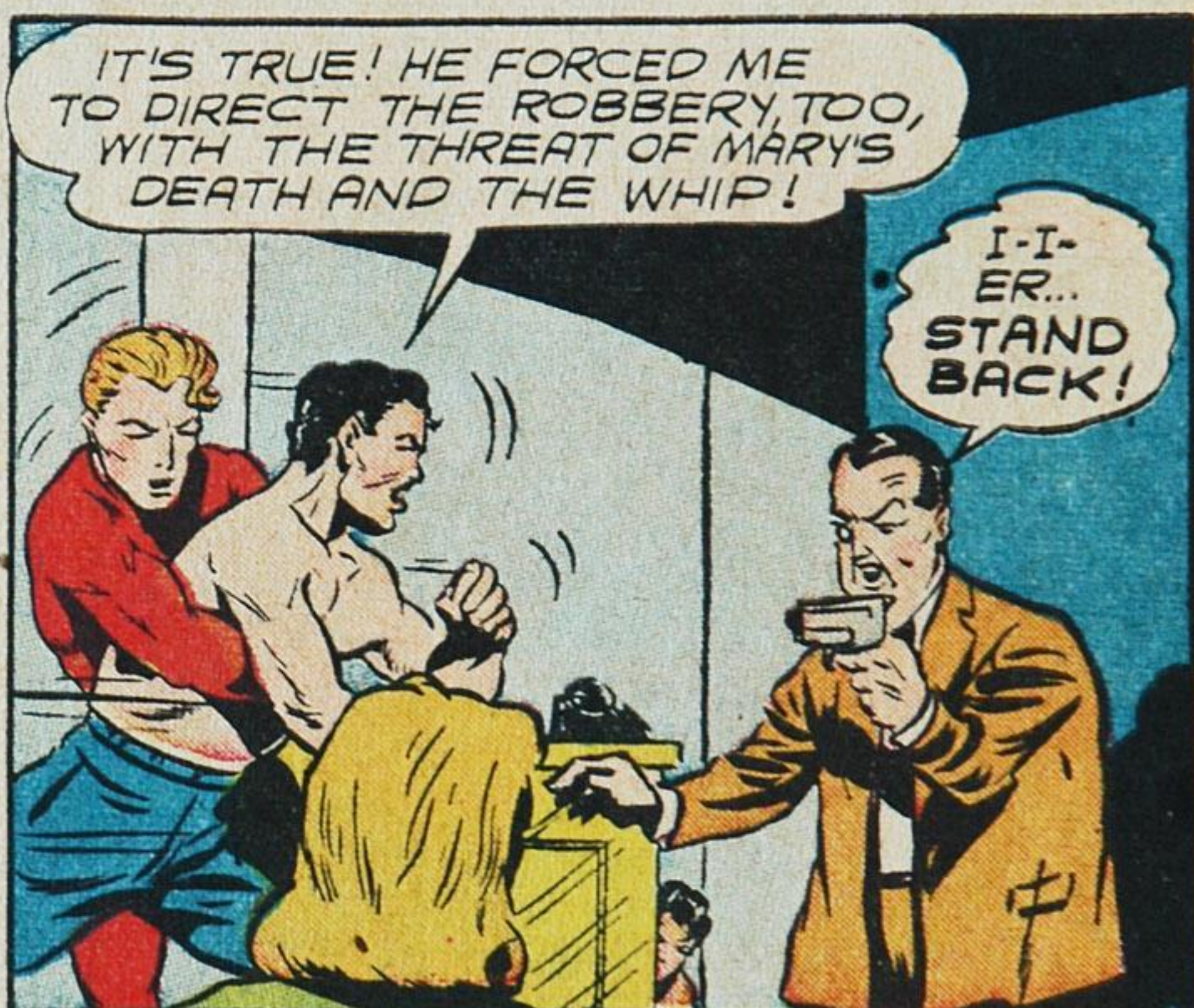


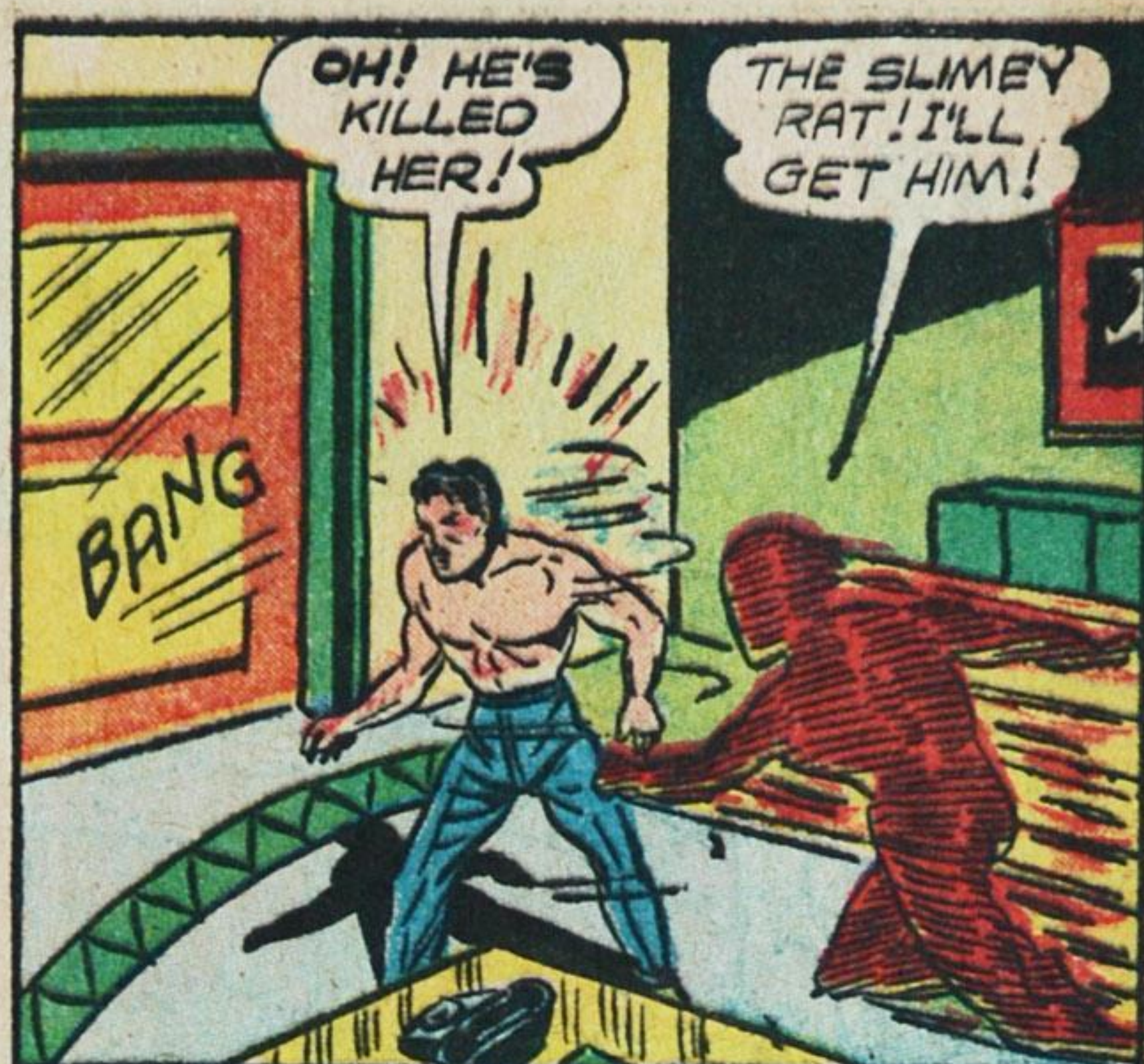
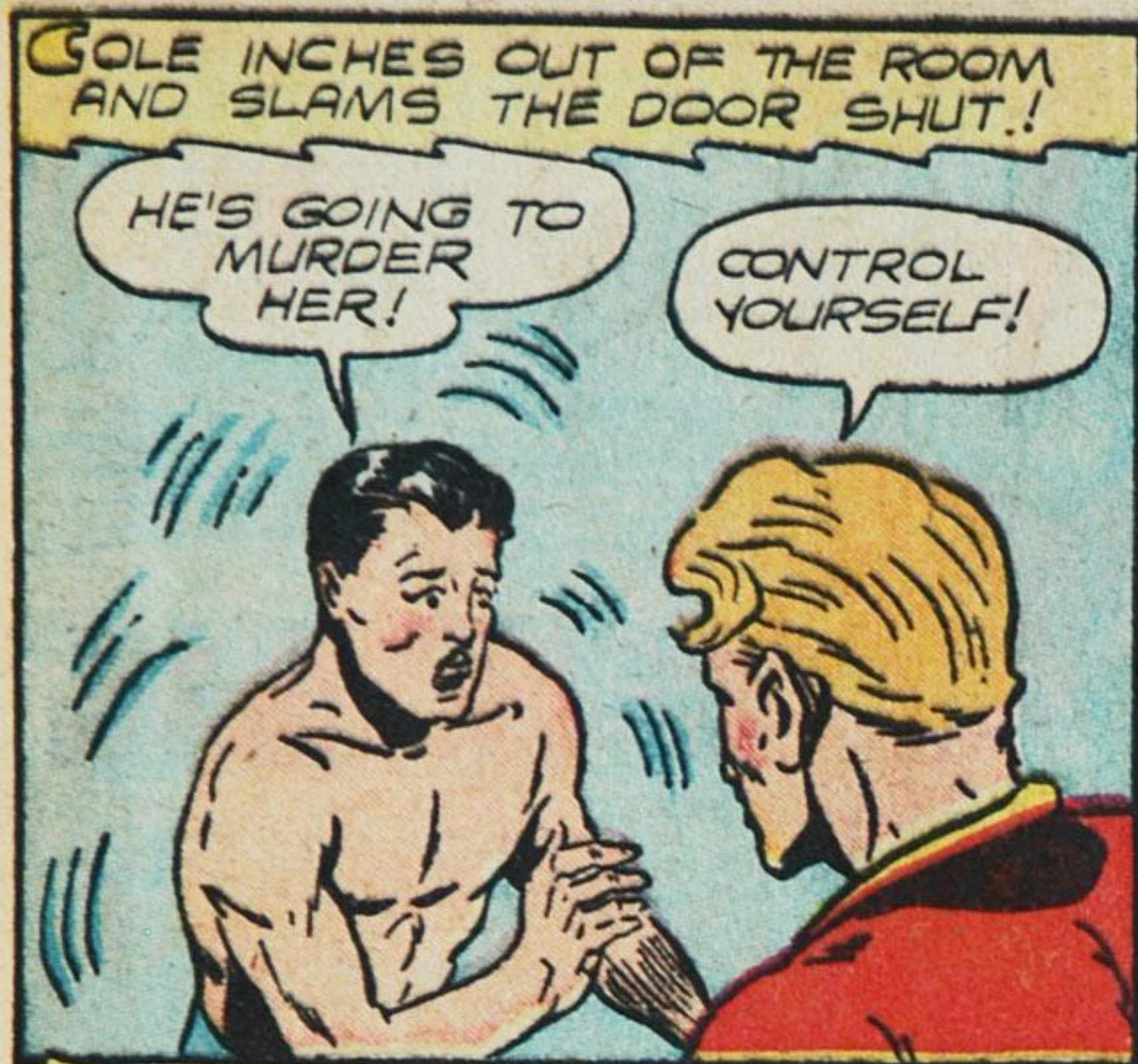
EAT THIS, SUCKER!

I CAN HARDLY WAIT, PAL!









THE SUB-MARINER

and
"REPRISAL"
Revenge



WHEREIN NAMOR'S CLEVER
STRATEGY RALLIES A BE-
LEAGUERED NATION TO
ARISE AND DEFEND ITSELF!!

AS OUR STORY OPENS, WE FIND NAMOR, THE SUB-MARINER, SWIMMING SOUTH THROUGH THE ATLANTIC, HOMEWARD BOUND AFTER HIS ENCOUNTER WITH STEFAN NATAS, THE MAD ARTIST....

TIME I FOUND OUT HOW THINGS ARE AT HOME!



SOME TIME LATER, HE APPROACHES THE GATES OF HIS ICE-CASTLE IN THE SOUTH ANTARCTIC---

PRINCE NAMOR!!!
WELL! WELCOME HOME, SIR!

WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE, MASTER?

GREETINGS, FRIENDS! I AM HOME FOR A REST--I HOPE!



IN THE PALACE HALL, HE GREETES HIS MOTHER, WHO RULES THE EMPIRE IN HIS ABSENCE...

MOTHER!

NAMOR! MY SON! IT'S SO GOOD TO SEE YOU -- YOU'VE BEEN AWAY SO LONG!



LATER, WHEN THEY ARE ALONE...

THINGS HAVE BEEN QUIET HERE, NAMOR, BUT I AM DISTURBED ABOUT THE WARS IN THE NORTH. THE FREE FRENCH ARE FIGHTING VALIANTLY, BUT THE REPRISAL EXECUTIONS BY THE NAZIS ARE POSITIVELY REVOLTING! SOMETHING SHOULD BE DONE!



YOU ARE RIGHT, MOTHER! FOR EVERY GERMAN OFFICER SHOT BY A FREE FRENCH SNIPER, AT LEAST A DOZEN FRENCH PRISONERS ARE SENT BEFORE A FIRING-SQUAD -- AND SOMETIMES MORE! IT'S FOUL AND DIRTY PLAY, EVEN IF THEY DO SAY THAT "ALL'S FAIR IN LOVE AND WAR!"



THE FOLLOWING DAY, NAMOR CALLS A MEETING OF HIS WAR CABINET.....

GENTLEMEN, I HAVE SET THE FACTS BEFORE YOU. I AM ASKING FOR VOLUNTEERS TO CONDUCT WITH ME A SERIES OF GUERRILLA RAIDS ON THE NAZI-HELD PORTS OF OCCUPIED FRANCE. HOW MANY MEN CAN WE ENLIST?

JUST AS MANY AS YOU NEED, SIRE!



I SHALL ASSEMBLE MY BATTALION IMMEDIATELY! FOUR COMPANIES OF MEN WELL VERSED IN LAND WARFARE!

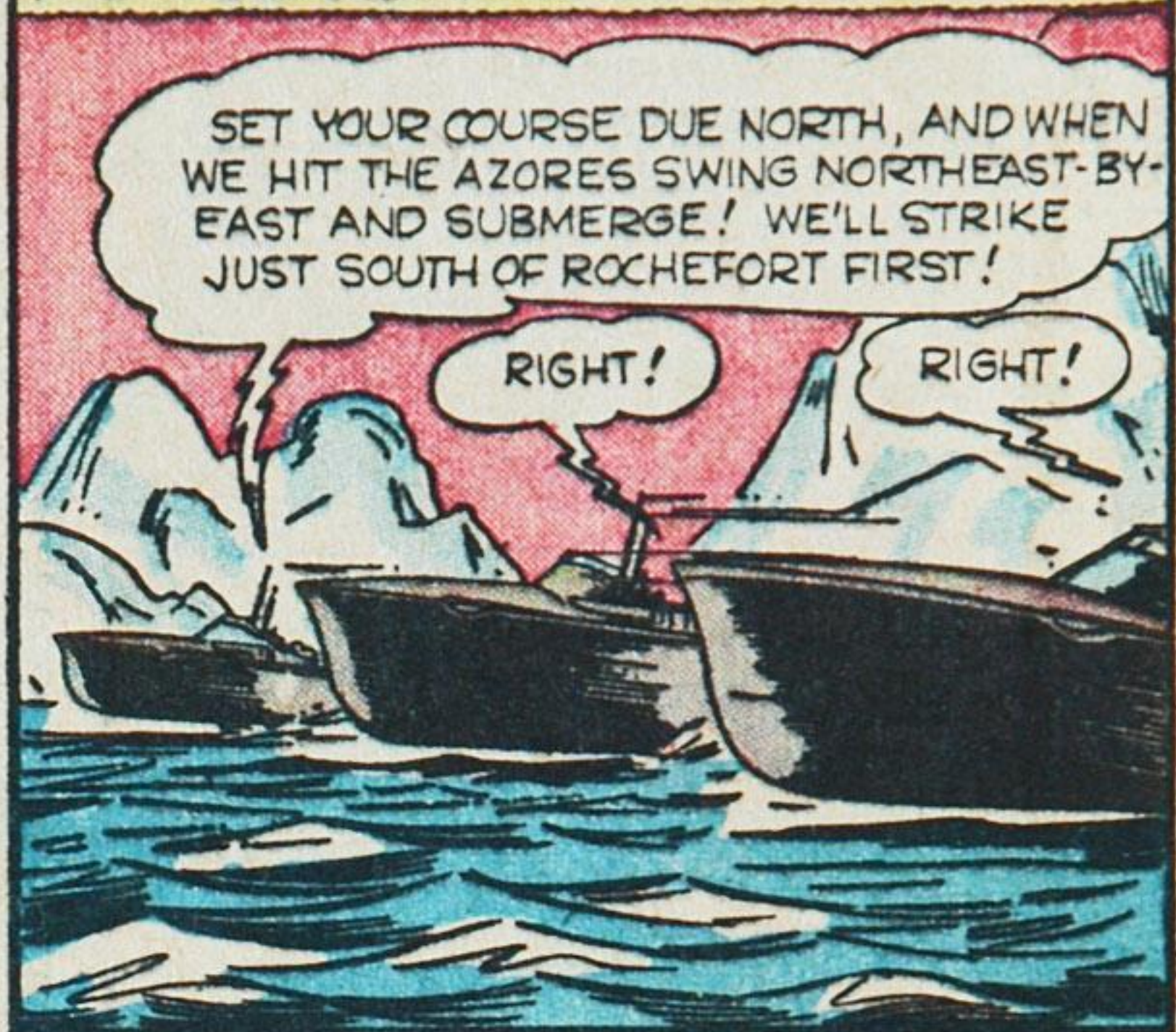
AND I SHALL CALL UP SIX SQUADRONS OF THE SUBMERSIBLE TORPEDO-BOATS -- FORTY-EIGHT, ALL TOLD! WE'LL BE IN FORMATION WITHIN THE HOUR!



WITH LIGHTNING SPEED, NAMOR'S TWO LIEUTENANTS SUMMON THEIR MEN AND THEIR TORPEDO-BOATS, AND AWAIT NAMOR'S ARRIVAL IN THE ICE-STREWN BAY---



A MOMENT LATER NAMOR BOARDS HIS OWN CRAFT, AND THE SPEEDY LITTLE BOATS WHIPOUT TO SEA--



DAYS LATER, THEY SLIP UNNOTICED, UNDER COVER OF DARKNESS, INTO A LITTLE SEAPORT TOWN ON THE BAY OF BISCAY ----



SILENTLY THEY CRAWL UP THE DOCKS, EYES ALERT, AND FINGERS NERVOUS ON THE TRIGGERS OF THEIR SUB-MACHINE GUNS



WE'LL SEPARATE HERE, AND FAN OUT THROUGH THE TOWN ----- REMEMBER -WHENEVER YOU SEE A NAZI OFFICER, LET HIM HAVE IT! AND SET FIRE TO EVERY NAZI-OPERATED HEADQUARTERS BUILDING OR WAREHOUSE YOU RUN ACROSS!



INSTANTLY, NAMOR'S MEN COMMENCE THEIR MISSION OF DEATH AND DESTRUCTION!



THE PEACEFUL NIGHT AIR IS SUDDENLY SPLIT BY THE EAR-SHATTERING STACCATO BARK OF THE RIOT-GUNS! -THEN A STRANGLED SCREAM!



A MOMENT LATER NAMOR'S MEN TEAR THROUGH THE TOWN, BLAZING TORCHES FIRING EVERYTHING IN SIGHT----

THAT'S ENOUGH, BOYS!
COME ON - BACK TO
THE BOATS!

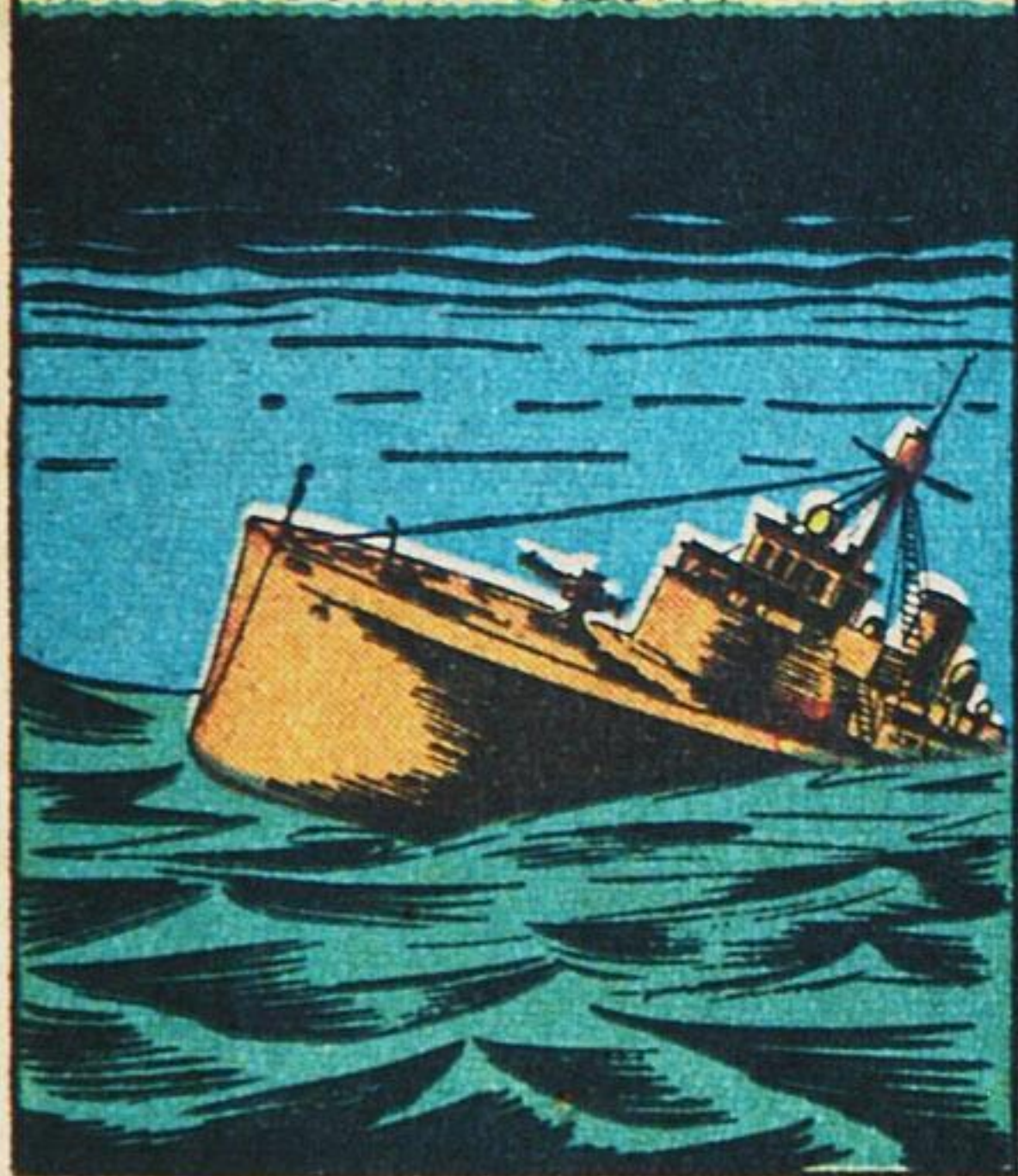


IN A JIFFY THE RAIDERS PILE INTO THE WAITING TORPEDO BOATS, AND ROAR OUT INTO THE HARBOR ----

GIVE 'ER THE GUN,
HAMAR! ON TO
THE NEXT TOWN!



BUT AS THEY SKIM OVER THE WATER, A NAZI SUB-CHASER POUNDS THE WAVES IN PURSUIT!



NAMOR, SPOTTING THE DEADLY HUNTER, SKIDS HIS CRAFT ABOUT AND DISCHARGES THE STARBOARD TORPEDO!



THE NAZI VESSEL BURSTS ASUNDER!



-AND THE SUB-MARINER'S FLEET DARTS OUT TO SEA SAFE FROM THE ENEMY!

WELL DONE, LADS! THOSE
BABIES NEVER KNEW
WHAT HIT THEM!



AN HOUR OR SO LATER, AT NAZI MILITARY HEADQUARTERS IN VICHY---

ACH, DER LIEBER! THIS INSOLENCE MUST BE STOPPED! WHOEVER THIS IMPUDENT RAIDER IS, HE MUST BE ANNIHILATED - IMMEDIATELY! WE WILL HAVE ANOTHER REPRISAL EXECUTION AT DAWN!



REPORTS HAVE IT THAT THE RAIDERS ARE NOT FRENCH, BUT UNIDENTIFIED ALIENS -- HOWEVER, THEY ARE FIGHTING FOR THE FRENCH, AND MUST BE TAUGHT THAT THEY CANNOT INTERFERE WITH **THE GREAT CAUSE!** IN THE MORNING WE WILL ELIMINATE FIFTY POLITICAL PRISONERS!!!



AND AS A COLD, BLEAK DAWN COMES UP OVER NORMANDIE--



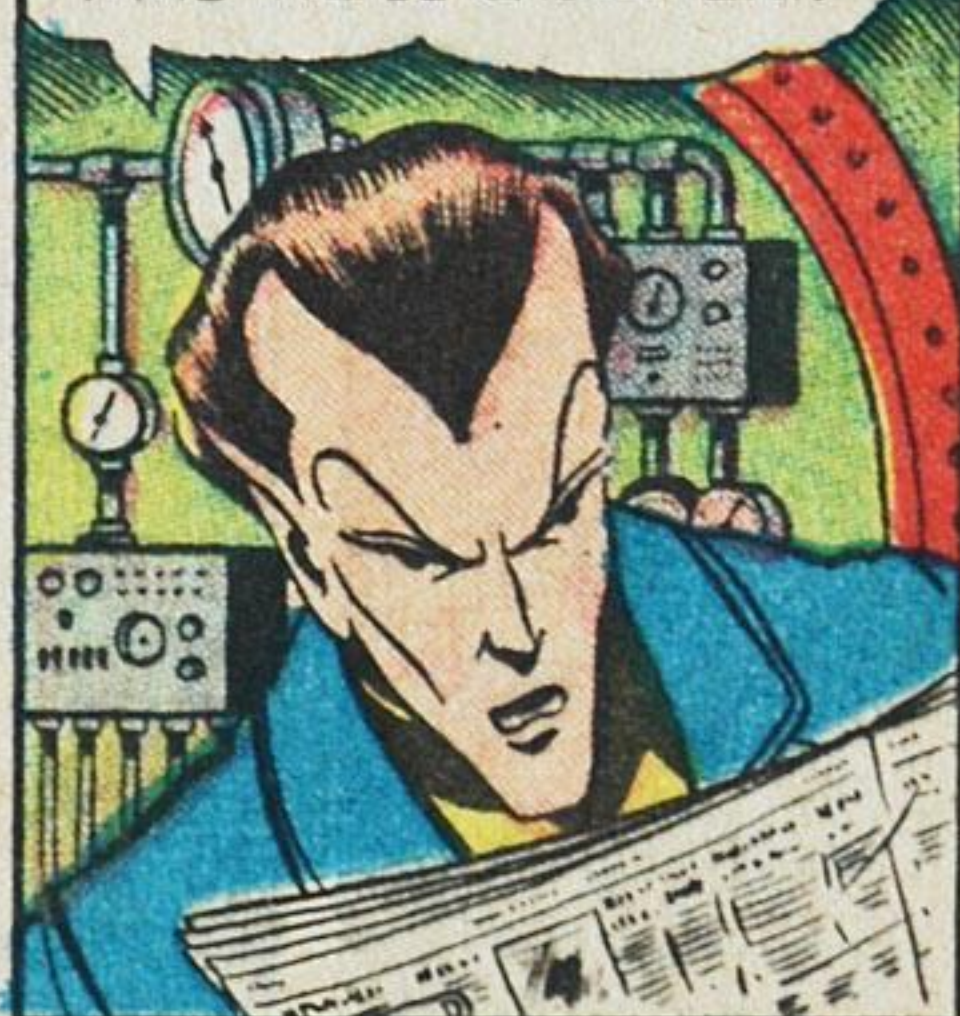
AND SO THE REPRISAL EXECUTIONS CONTINUE--

MORE AND MORE FRENCH PRISONERS ARE SHOT OR HUNG AS NAMOR'S RAIDING PARTIES PROGRESS NORTHWARD, WORKING TOWARD THE CHANNEL COAST.



SUFFERIN' SHARKS!

THOSE DIRTY SWINE WILL NEVER STOP! MORE KILLINGS - DOUBLE THE NUMBER EVERY TIME WE MAKE A RAID! WELL, THIS TIME WE'LL SHOW 'EM!



THAT SAME EVENING, NAMOR ATTACKS AN INDUSTRIAL CITY--

CUT 'EM DOWN, BOYS! GIVE THE RATS A DOSE OF THEIR OWN MEDICINE!



SURGING THROUGH THE CITY, THEY SET FIRES TO OIL STORES, BOMB BRIDGES AND RAILROADS...



NAMOR, HIMSELF, CLEARS THE WAY THROUGH BARRICADED STREETS WITH WELL-PLACED HAND GRENADES!

OUT OF THE WAY, DOGS! WE'RE COMIN' THROUGH!!!



LATER, AS NAMOR'S BOATS CLEAR THE HARBOR AND SUBMERGE ----



LISTEN, MASTER!

D.N.B. REPORTING! ATTENTION! THIS IS TO WARN THE MYSTERIOUS ALIEN RAIDERS OF THE FRENCH COAST THAT THEIR ATROCITIES WILL ONLY PROVOKE MORE AND MORE REPRISALS. DESIST BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE!

NAMOR IMMEDIATELY ORDERS HIS MEN TO PUT IN TO A SECLUDED COVE ---- LANDING, HE UNLOADS A DOZEN OR MORE BOXES AND BARRELS ---



WE'LL HAVE TO CHANGE OUR TACTICS! HERE ARE CIVILIAN CLOTHES TO OUTFIT YOU ALL - AND MOLDED RUBBER MASKS TO DISGUISE YOUR FEATURES. WE'LL GET AT THE NAZIS INTERNALLY FROM NOW ON, AND AROUSE FRANCE TO A GREAT REVOLUTION!!!

GAILY, THE ANTARCTIC FISH-MEN DON THEIR RUBBER MASKS ----



WHAT HO, FALDA! YOU LOOK LIKE A FULL-FLEDGED 'FROG', ALL RIGHT! HA!

LATER THE SAME NIGHT, THE TORPEDO BOATS DART UP THE COAST, DROPPING DISGUISED SUB-MARINERS OFF AT ALMOST EVERY SMALL PORT ---



GOOD LUCK, BARTA!

AU REVOIR!

IN EACH COMMUNITY, THE SUB-MARINERS RALLY THE POPULATION TO A COMMON CAUSE ---



MES AMIS! C'EST VRAI! THE REVOLUTION IS COMING! ALREADY IN THE NORTH HUNDREDS OF PATRIOTS HAVE OBTAINED ARMS AND ARE AMASSING SECRETLY TO OVERTHROW NAZI TYRANNY! SOON YOU, TOO, WILL HAVE ARMS, AND WE SHALL ALL RISE TOGETHER AS ONE!

C'EST IMPOSSIBLE!

SACRÉ BLEU!

AND SUBTLY THE NEWS SPREADS LIKE A PLAGUE - IT IS WHISPERED FROM MOUTH TO EAR ALL OVER THE LAND, AS NAMOR'S CAMPAIGN RUSHES FORTH!



TELL THIS ONLY TO YOUR DEAREST FRIEND, AND LET HIM TELL IT ONLY TO HIS! THUS, IN NO TIME AT ALL WE SHALL HAVE AMASSED OUR QUOTA - THEN - WE STRIKE!!!

ONE WEEK LATER, NAMOR'S BOATS RETURN TO THE SMALL FRENCH PORTS...

DID YOU ARRANGE TO PICK UP OUR LOYALIST FOLLOWERS, FOLMA?

I DID, SIR! THEY SHOULD BE WAITING AT THE DOCKS, NOW.

AND SILENTLY, FURTIVELY, THE LOYAL FRENCH SUPPORTERS BOARD THE SUB-MARINER'S VESSELS.

HENRI! ARE YOU SURE NO ONE HAS FOLLOWED US?

MAIS CERTES, PIERRE! NO ONE SUSPECTS US!

AT EACH COAST TOWN, THE BOATS PICK UP MORE CITIZENS UNTIL ALL THE LEADERS OF NAMOR'S NEW FACTION ARE COLLECTED.

I-I DON'T KNOW, JEAN! I'M AFRAID---

PAH! DON'T BE A FOOL, PAUL! LE PEUPLE FRANÇAIS EST BRAVE!

SWIFTLY THE FRENCHMEN ARE TRANSPORTED TO AN UNDERSEA RENDEZVOUS IN THE BAY OF BISCAY, WHERE THE SUBMERSIBLE CRAFT COME TO REST:...

WE WILL WAIT HERE FOR A RADIO ADDRESS FROM OUR COMMANDER, PRINCE NAMOR, THE SUB-MARINER! YOU WILL ALL LISTEN CAREFULLY TO HIM!

IN A FEW MINUTES, NAMOR SPEAKS TO HIS NEWLY ACQUIRED FOLLOWERS IN THEIR OWN LANGUAGE---

MES AMIS --- YOU ARE ALL QUITE AWARE OF HOW DANGEROUS A MISSION OURS IS - I CANNOT IMPRESS THAT TOO STRONGLY UPON YOU! WE ARE ABOUT TO MAKE A GREAT MOVE THAT, WE HOPE, WILL MEAN DEATH TO THE NAZI REGIME IN FRANCE!

WITHIN THE WEEK YOU, WHOM I HAVE SELECTED AS DISTRICT LEADERS, WILL BE SUPPLIED WITH ENOUGH ARMS TO EQUIP ALL YOUR COMRADES. THEN, AT A SIGNAL FROM MY SCOUTS, WE WILL STRIKE TOGETHER--ALL OVER THE NATION!

AFTER THE MEETING, THE FRENCHMEN ARE RETURNED TO THEIR HOMES, TO AWAIT THE ZERO HOUR----

MON DIEU, GASTON! THIS LOOKS LIKE THE REAL THING! DO YOU HONESTLY THINK IT WILL WORK?

BUT OF COURSE, GUILLAUME! WE CANNOT FAIL!

SEVERAL NIGHTS LATER, NAMOR MEETS HIS PERSONAL LIEUTENANTS AT A SECRET FIELD RADIO POST IN A WOODED SECTOR NOT FAR FROM VICHY.

WISH THIS CONFOUNDED RAIN WOULD STOP! IT'S NEARLY TIME, FOLMA--- IS THE TRANSMITTER READY?



MANY MILES AWAY, ONE OF NAMOR'S DISGUISED SCOUTS PICKS UP HIS BROADCAST....

SCOUTS 36, 24, 65, 67, 32, AND 79, GO TO YOUR STATIONS IMMEDIATELY! WARN YOUR MEN THAT THE ZERO HOUR IS HERE!



ALL OVER THE NATION, THE SCOUTS GET THEIR ORDERS, AND RALLY THE FRENCH REACTIONARIES...

HERE HE COMES, NOW! THIS MUST BE IT, MES FRÈRES!



THE SCOUTS GIVE THEIR FOLLOWERS A LAST MINUTE "PEP TALK"----

THIS MAY BE A DEATH-STRUGGLE, COMRADES, BUT WE MUST NOT FAIL!!! IT IS OUR ONLY CHANCE FOR FREEDOM--TO SAVE OUR SELF-RESPECT. IT'S "DO-OR-DIE"--AND I WANT NO MAN TO TURN BACK ONCE WE START--NO MATTER WHAT THE CONSEQUENCES!



--AND DISPENSE FIREARMS TO ALL----

SUB-MACHINE GUNS, RIFLES, PISTOLS, GRENADES - PLENTY FOR ALL! USE THEM ACCURATELY, WASTE NO UNNECESSARY SHOTS!



AND ONE HOUR LATER--THE FIRST BLOW!!!

DOWN WITH THE NAZIS!

BURN 'EM!

MURDER 'EM!

VIVE LA FRANCE!

ON TO VICHY!!!

Y-I-I-I-Y!



AT THE SAME MOMENT, IN ALL FOUR CORNERS OF OCCUPIED FRANCE, THE LOYALISTS STRIKE!

SNIPING



AMBUSHING



BOMBING



IN HAMLETS, TOWNS, AND CITIES, NAZI OPERATED INDUSTRIES, BARRACKS, AND TERMINALS, ARE DESTROYED WITH VENGEFUL HATRED!



IN LARGE COMMUNITIES, THE FRENCH AND GERMANS MEET IN HAND-TO-HAND STREET COMBAT----



IN THE MEANTIME, NAMOR'S FLEET OF SUBMERSIBLE TORPEDO BOATS, CHARGES THE NAZI BLOCKADE IN THE ENGLISH CHANNEL----



- AND RUNNING THEIR CRAFT AGROUND ON A SANDY BEACH, THE "INVADERS" SCRAMBLE ASHORE, YELLING WILDLY!



TAKING OVER THE TOWN AT HIS "PORT OF ENTRY" HE RALLIES THE POPULACE WITH A DYNAMIC SPEECH!

CITIZENS! ARISE! NO LONGER SHALL THE NAZIS PERSECUTE YOU! FOLLOW ME TO VICHY!



HYSTERICAL IN THEIR ANGER AND ENTHUSIASM, THE CITIZENS STAMPEDE THE TOWN, BURNING, PURGING NAZI ESTABLISHMENTS AS THEY SURGE IN NAMOR'S FOOTSTEPS!

YEOW-EEE!

HITLER! LET ME AT HIM!

ON TO VICHY!

WE WANT HITLER!

STRING HIM UP!

LONG LIVE PRINCE NAMOR!



MEANWHILE, IN OTHER SECTIONS OF OCCUPIED FRANCE, VIGILANTES COMMANDER PASSENGER AND FREIGHT TRAINS---



---AND BOARD THEM, MASSACRING THE NAZI OCCUPANTS, SCREAMING BLOODY MURDER!!!

THROW 'EM OUT!

NEXT STOP PARIS!

YIPEEE!

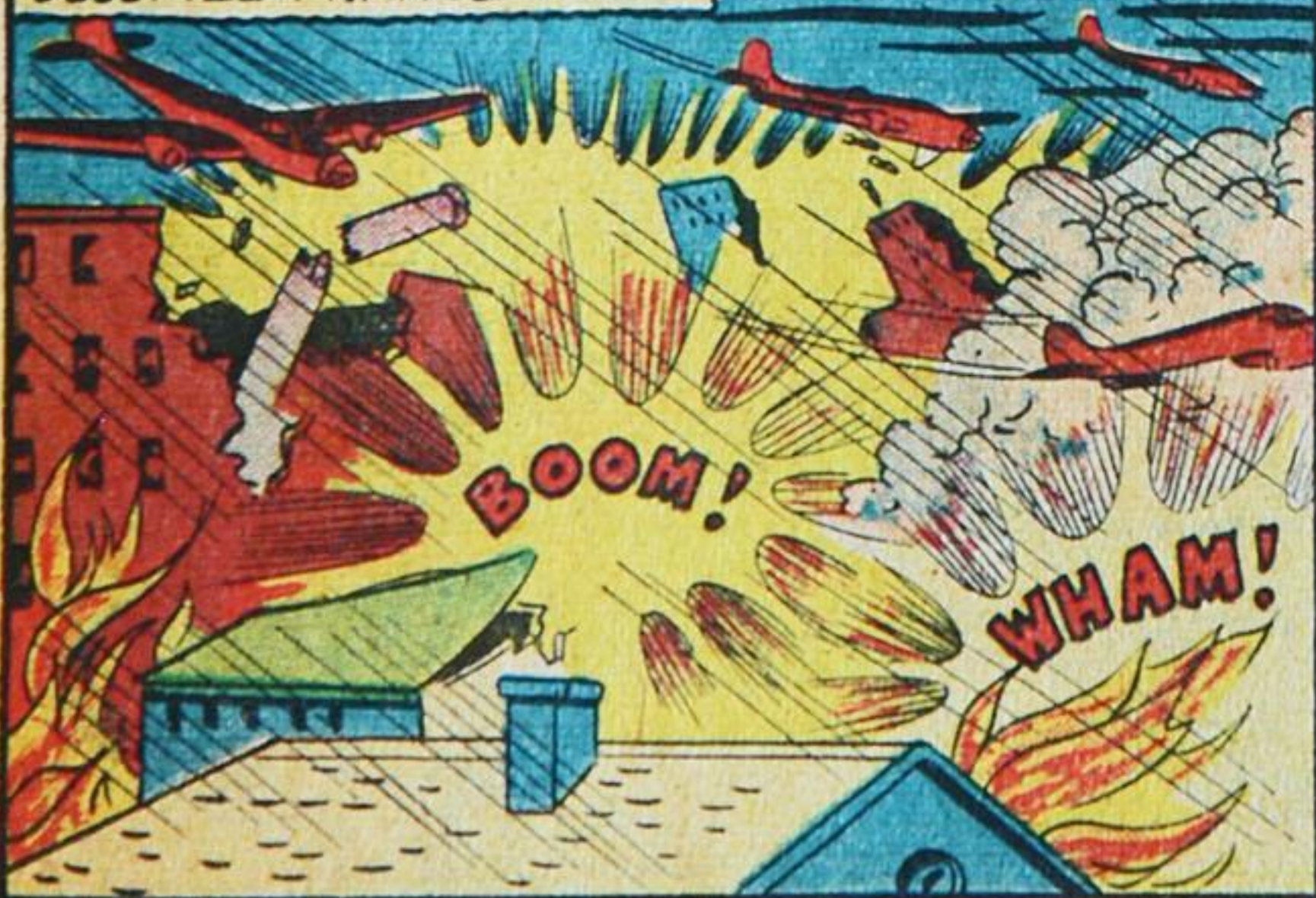


AND OTHER REACTIONARIES, MORE CAUTIOUS, AMBUSH NAZI AIRFIELDS, CONFISCATING PLANES AND EQUIPMENT---

SOIGNEUSEMENT, MES AMIS! WE MUST TAKE NO CHANCES!



HALF AN HOUR LATER, NAZI BOMBERS, PILOTED BY FREE FRENCH AVIATORS, ROAR OVER INDUSTRIAL CITIES, BLASTING MUNITIONS FACTORIES, STORAGE WAREHOUSES, AND ALL NERVE CENTERS OF THE NAZI REGIME IN OCCUPIED FRANCE----



AND TRANSPORT PLANES, ALSO STOLEN FROM THE NAZIS, DROP FREE FRENCH PARACHUTE TROOPS, HEAVILY ARMED AND EQUIPPED TO BATTLE TO THE FINISH----

THEY CAN'T STOP US NOW!!!



AS THE FURY OF THE REVOLUTION RAGES, NAZI RADIO OPERATORS ALL OVER THE LAND SCREAM FOR HELP!



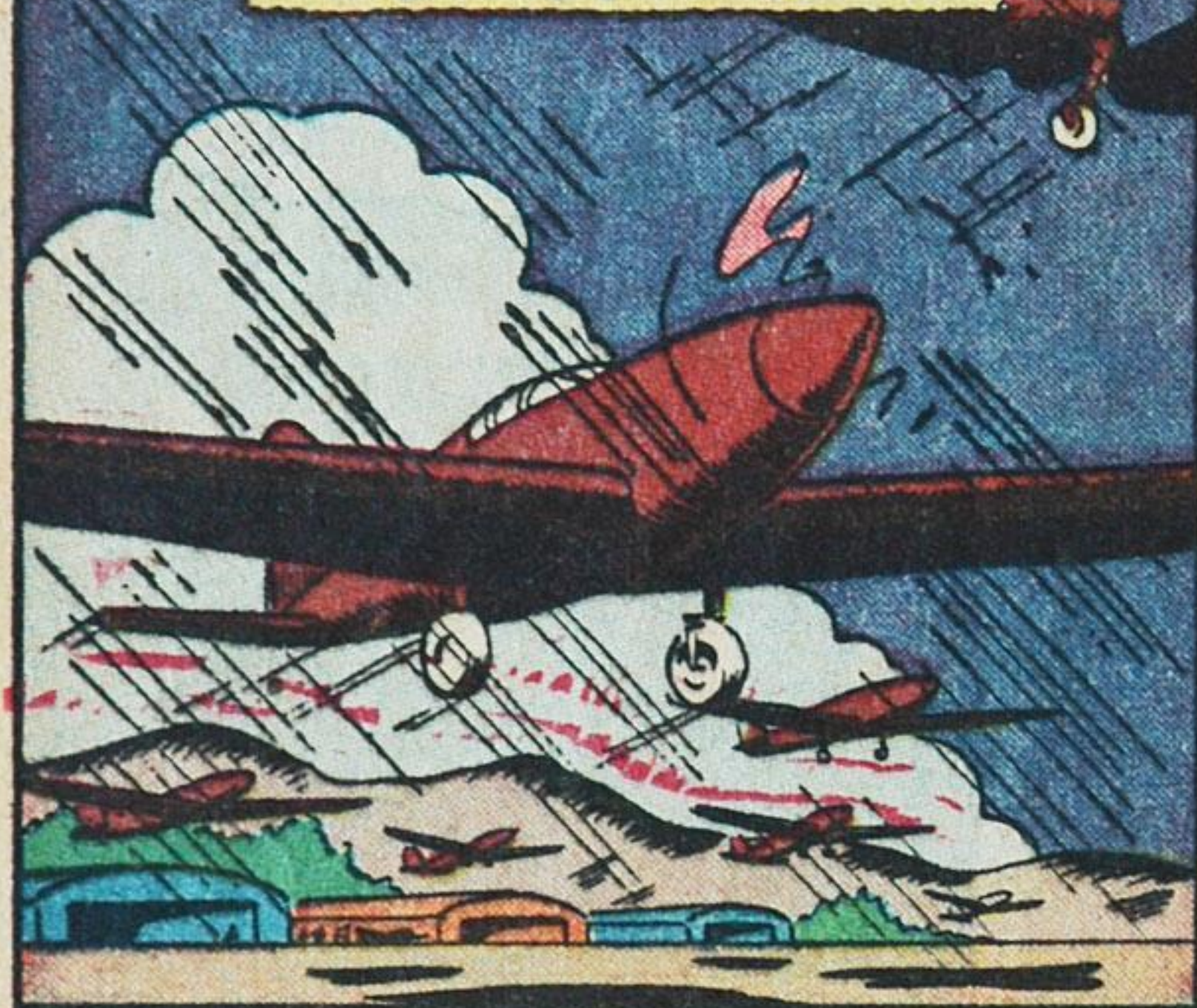
-AND IN ENGLAND, THEIR PANICKY PLEA FOR HELP IS PICKED UP BY WIRELESS SCOUTS---



INSTANTLY THE NEWS IS RUSHED TO R.A.F. HEADQUARTERS, LONDON--



QUICK AS A FLASH, THE ROYAL AIR FORCE TAKES TO THE SKY, ROARING BY THE HUNDREDS OVER THE CHANNEL ----



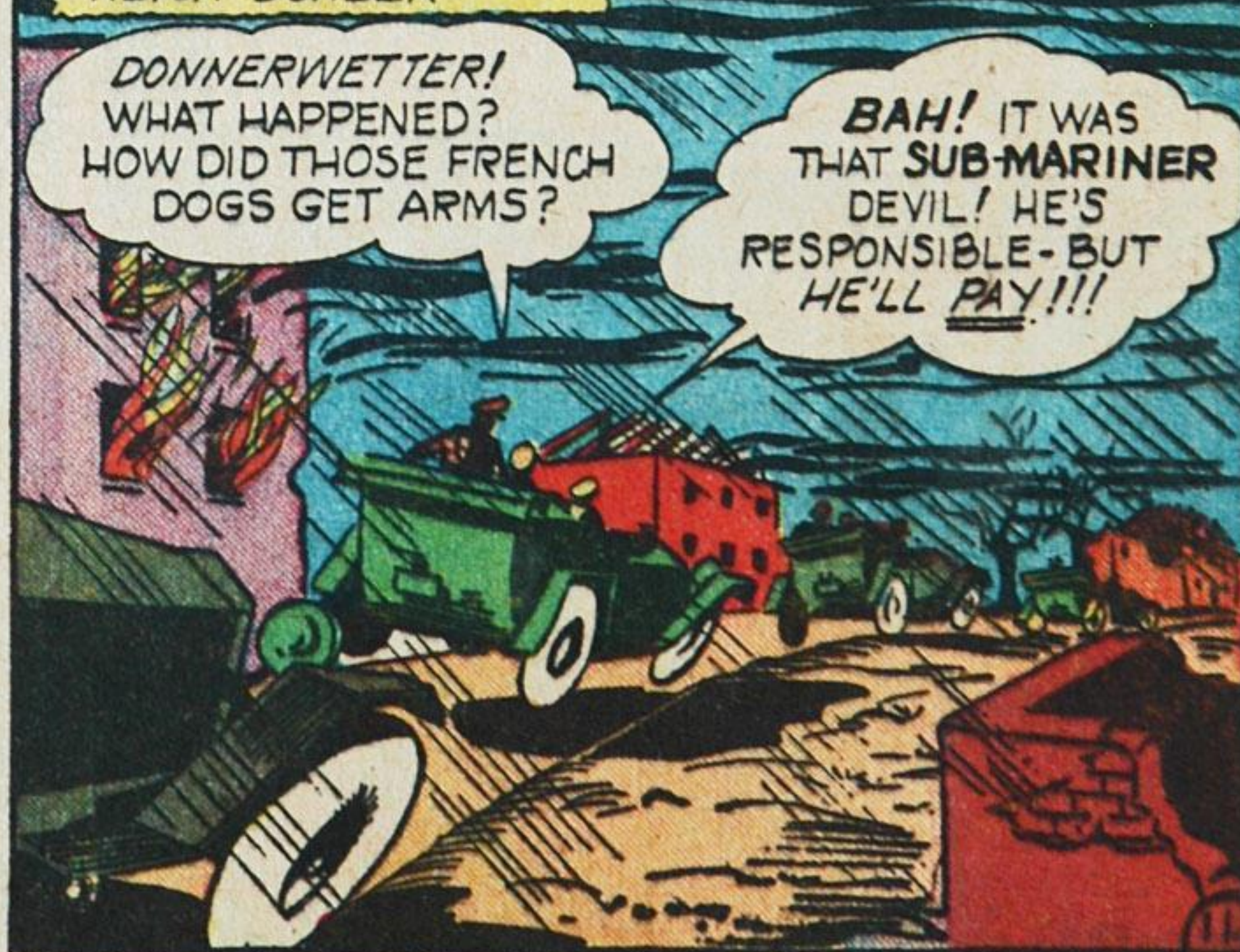
TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE FRENCH SURPRISE UPRISING, THEY DROP PARACHUTE TROOPS OVER THE ENTIRE AREA OF OCCUPIED FRANCE!



IN VICHY, TERROR REIGNS IN THE NAZI CONSULATE--- FRANTICALLY, THE GERMAN OFFICIALS JAM DIPLOMATIC FILES INTO BRIEFS, AND GATHER THEIR BELONGINGS---

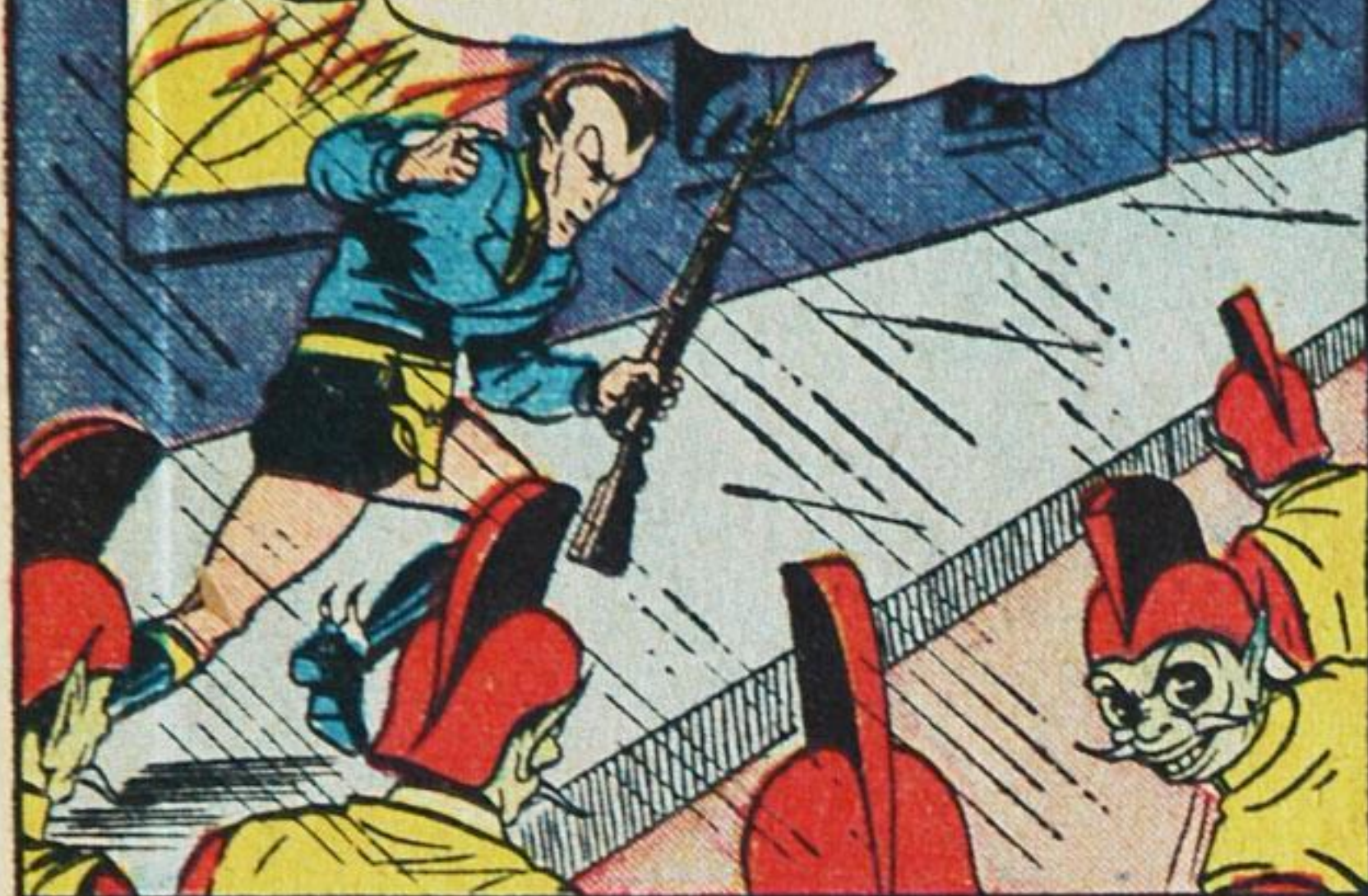


---AND FLEE WITH TERRIFIED SPEED TOWARD THE REICH BORDER----



MEANWHILE, THE REVOLUTION WELL UNDER WAY,
NAMOR DECIDES THAT THERE IS NO MORE HIS MEN
CAN DO AT PRESENT FOR THE CAUSE OF THE FREE
FRENCH---

COME ON, MEN - OUR WORK IS DONE!
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!



THEY RACE BACK TO THE SEAPORT WHERE THEIR
BEACHED TORPEDO-BOATS LIE WELL GUARDED IN THE
SURF----

A GOOD JOB, MEN! NOW TO CLEAR
THE HARBOR, AND
HEAD FOR HOME!

THIS WAS A CINCH!
LEAVE IT TO PRINCE
NAMOR, OUR EMPEROR!



HASTILY, THEY SCRAMBLE ABOARD
THE BOATS, AND HEAD OUT TO SEA...

YOU'VE GOT TO HAND IT TO
THE FRENCH - THEY'RE DEVILS
ONCE THEY GET
STARTED!



AS THE TINY VESSELS ROAR
THROUGH THE HARBOR, A
NAZI PATROL BOAT SETS OUT
IN RAPID PURSUIT!

LOOK, HERR LEUDNANT!
THERE THEY ARE AGAIN!
THE RAIDERS!

AFTER THEM!
FULL SPEED!

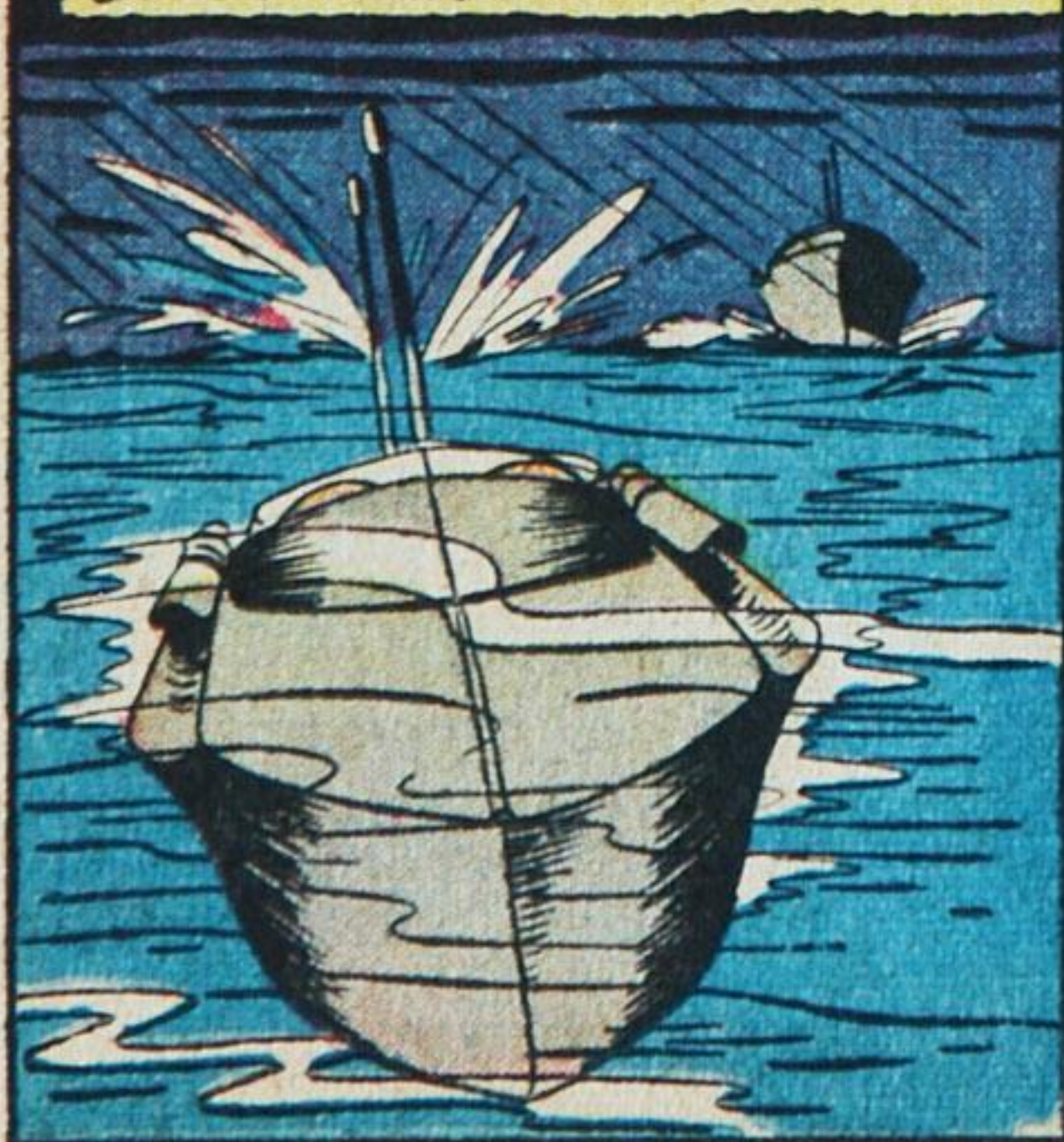


BUT ONCE AGAIN NAMOR STOPS THE
WOULD-BE CAPTORS WITH A DEATH-
DEALING TORPEDO!



HA!
YOU WOULD,
WOULD YOU ???

SKIDDING ABOUT, ONCE MORE HE
PLUNGES INTO THE ATLANTIC,
ORDERING HIS FLEET TO SUBMERGE...



WELL, THERE'S ANOTHER CHAPTER
WRITTEN IN OUR CAMPAIGN! A FEW
MORE UPRISINGS LIKE THIS, AND
THE NAZI STRANGLE-HOLD ON
FRANCE WILL BE SHATTERED
INTO A MILLION FRAGMENTS!!!



AND SO, WE LEAVE
THE SUB-MARINER
AGAIN...

BUT WATCH FOR HIS
RETURN IN THE NEXT
ISSUE OF

MARVEL COMICS!



DON'T DELAY

Another Second!!



BECOME A MEMBER OF
CAPTAIN AMERICA'S
SENTINELS OF LIBERTY

NOW!

CUT OUT THIS BADGE AND SEND IT, ALONG
WITH 10¢, TO CAPTAIN AMERICA'S STAFF
HEADQUARTERS,
330 WEST 42 ST., NEW YORK CITY,
ROOM 1010.
THEN YOU WILL RECEIVE YOUR PERSONAL
MEMBERSHIP CARD AND PERSONAL BADGE!

DO IT NOW!

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY AND STATE.....



PERSONAL SIGNATURE.....

AMERICA ALWAYS!



OUR STORY BEGINS AT A MEETING OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS OF "FINANCE" CITY, THE LARGEST AND WEALTHIEST BUILDING DEVELOPMENT IN THE CITY. FEAR OF AN UNKNOWN TERROR IS IN THE AIR!

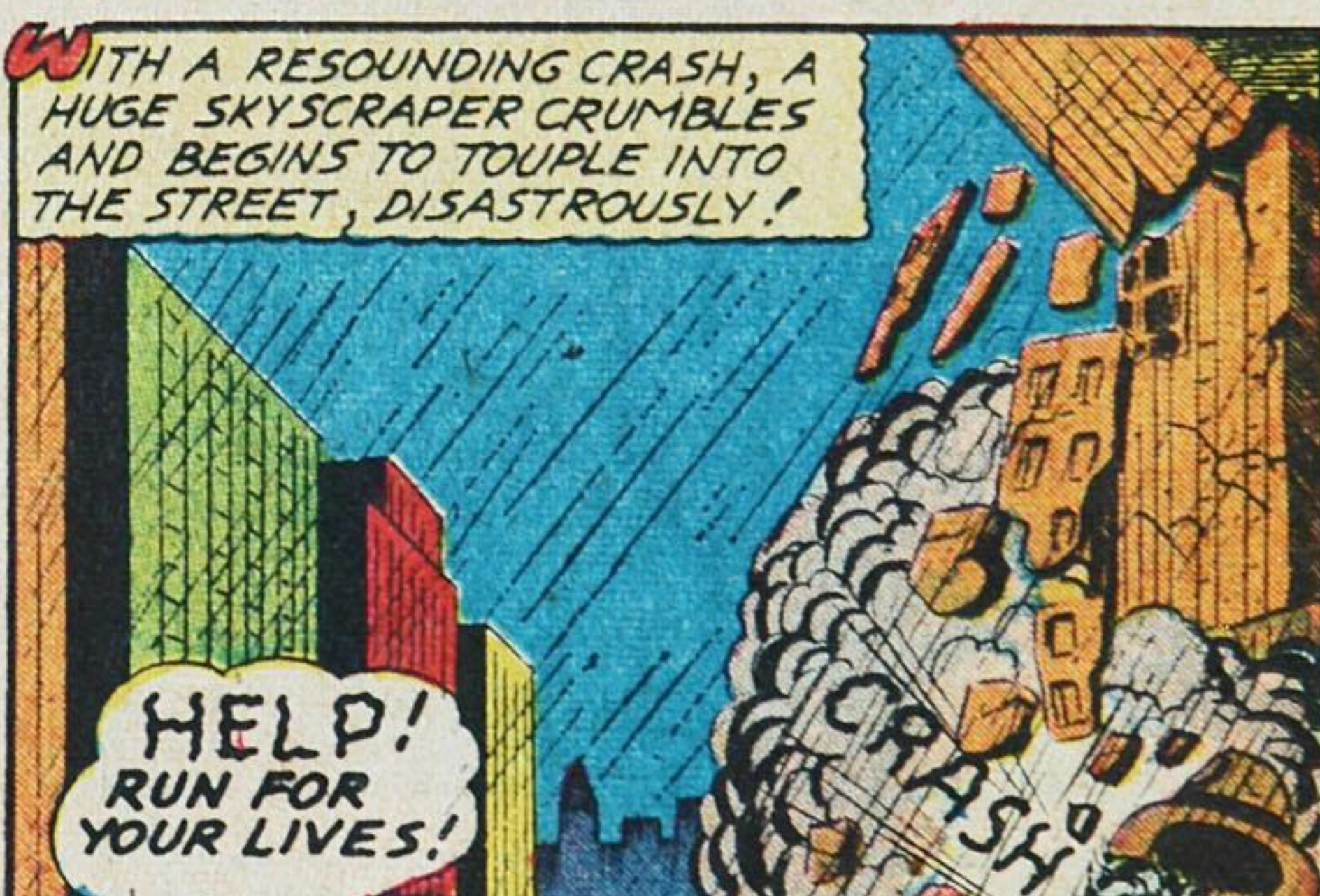
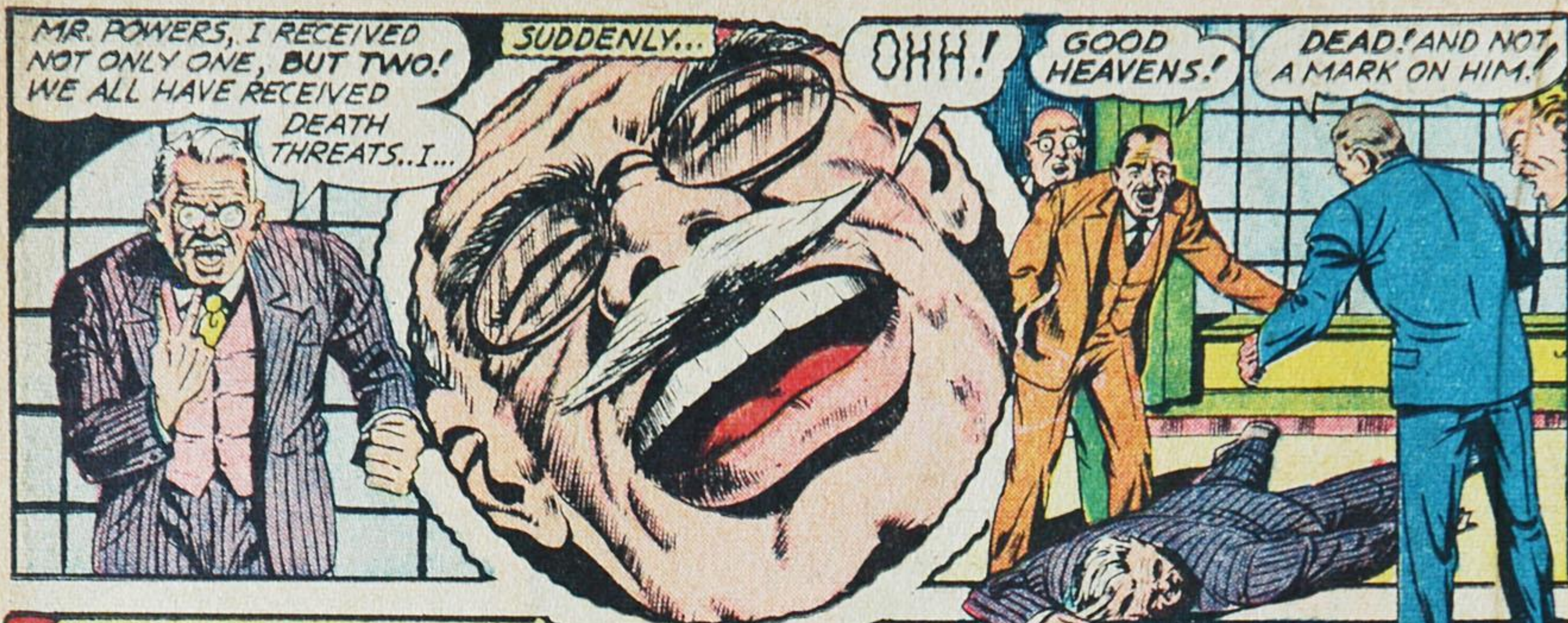
I'VE RECEIVED A LAST WARNING FROM THE FIEND CALLED "THE CRANK" THREATENS TO WRECK...

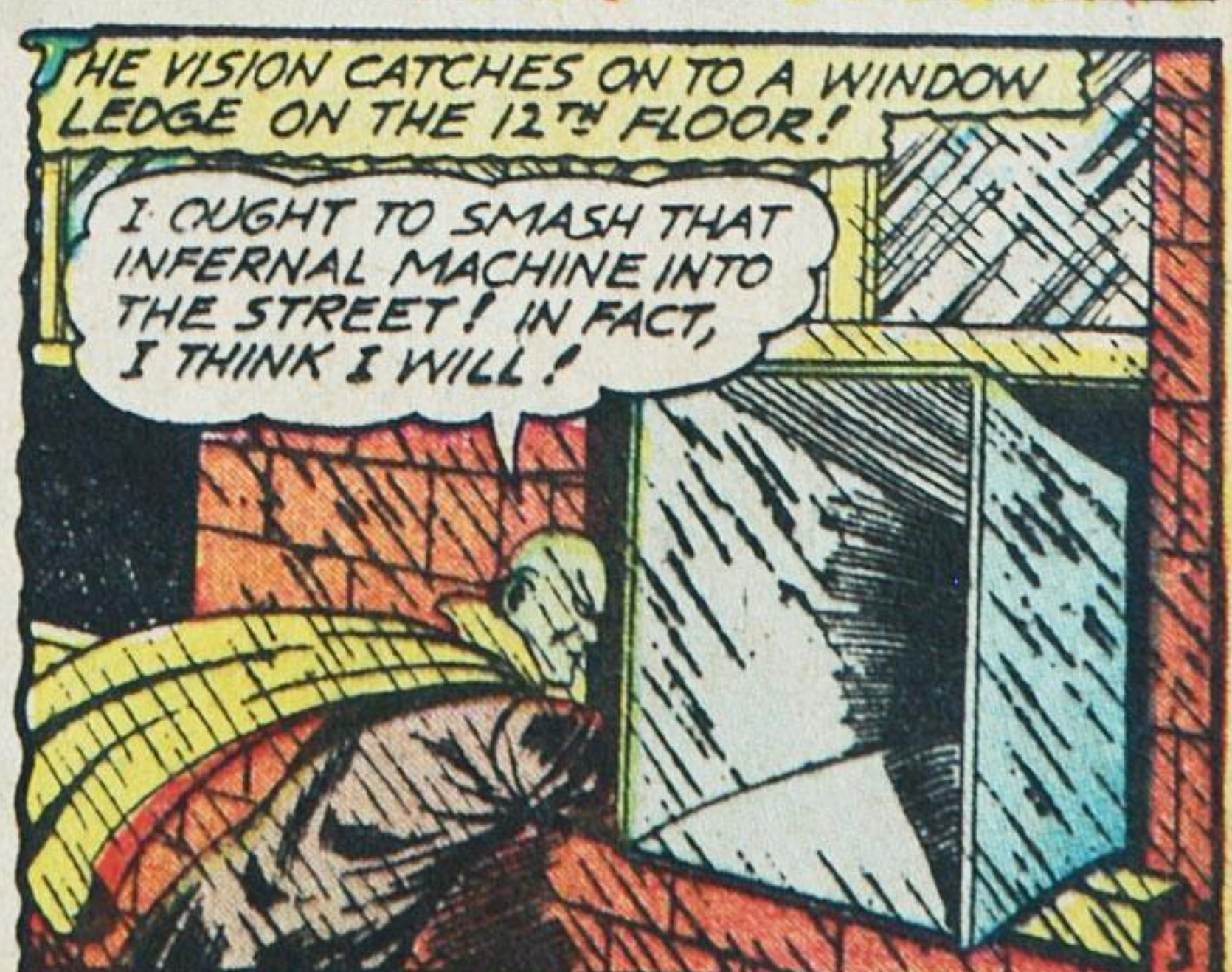
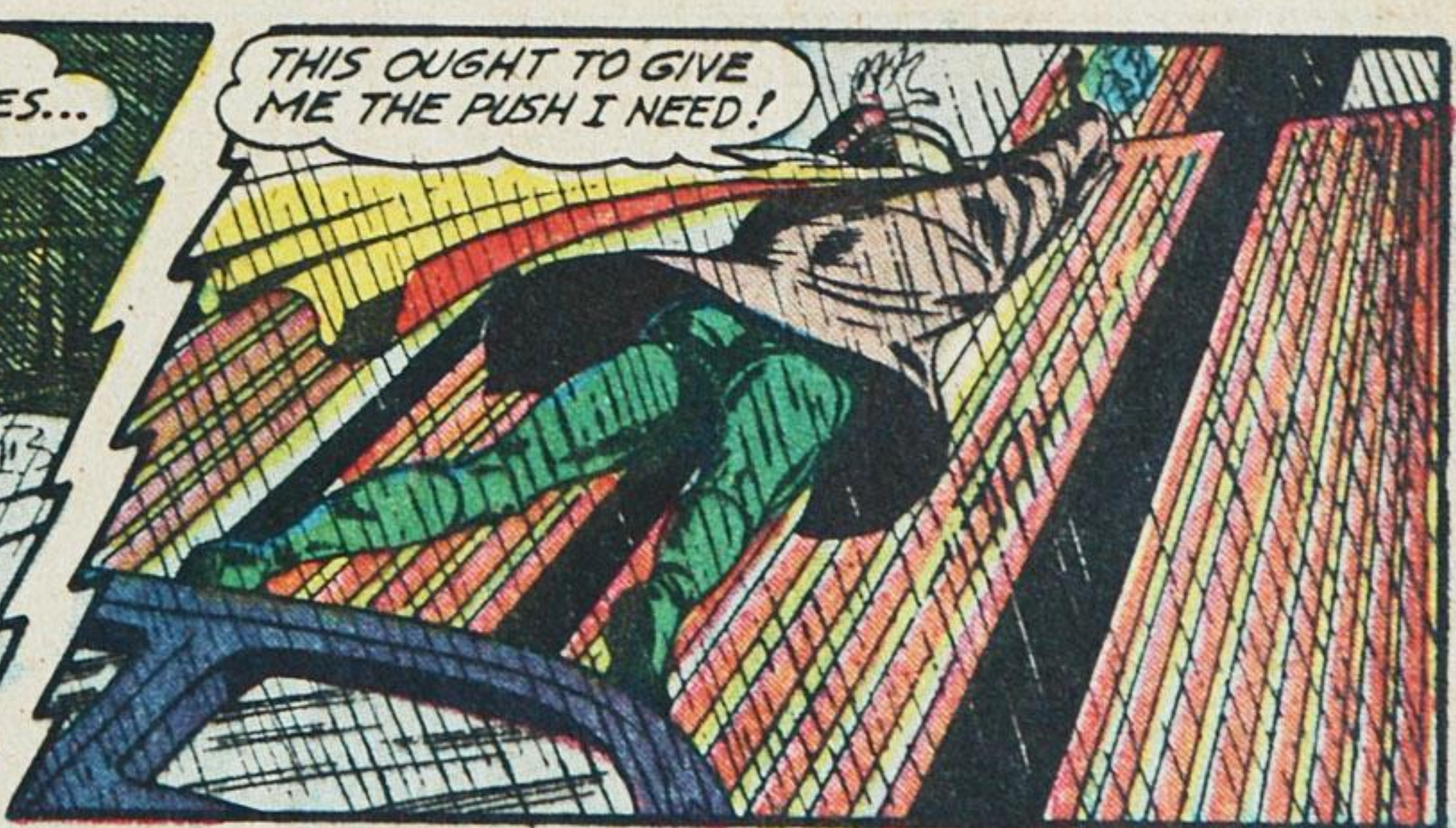
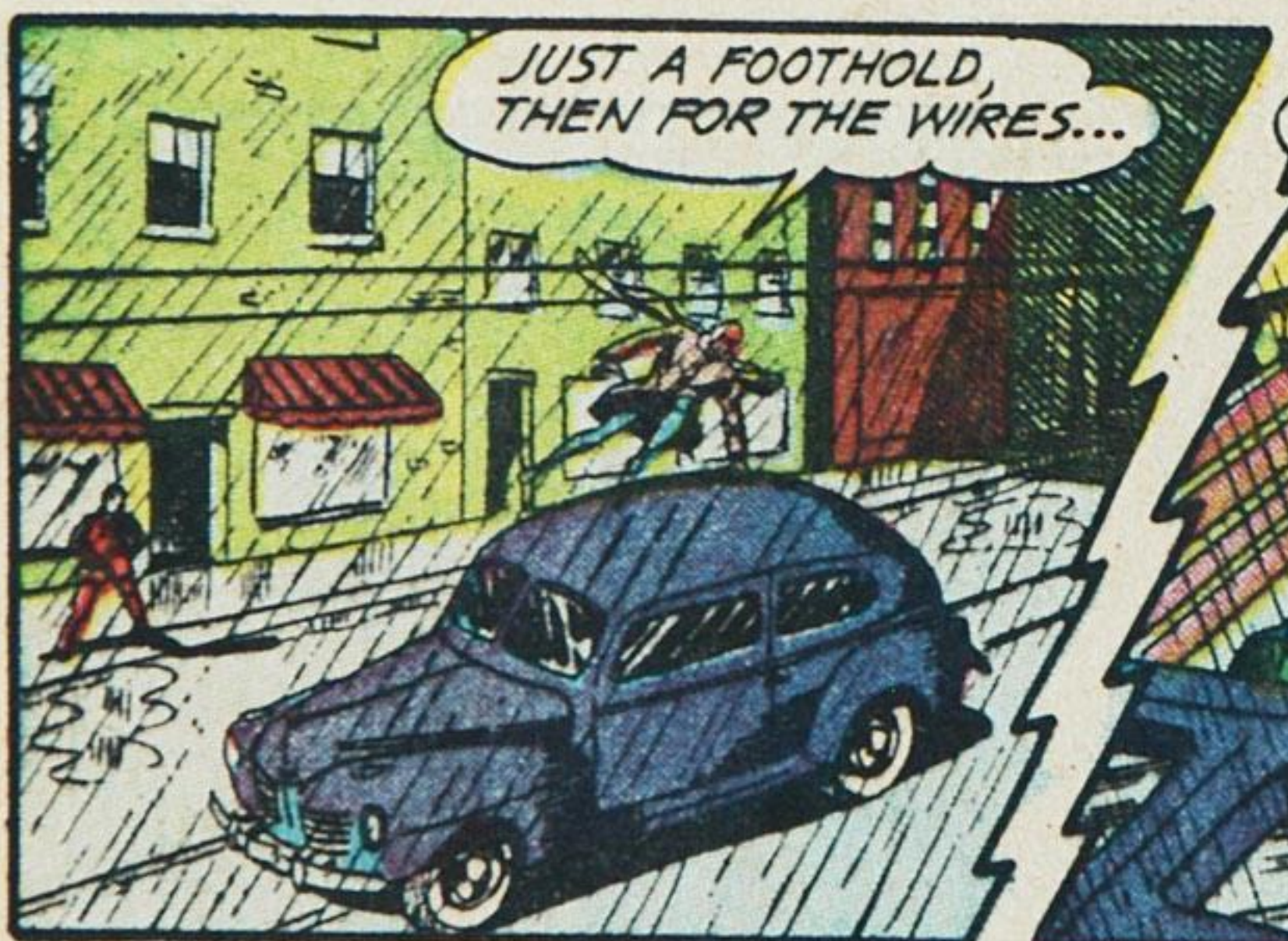
...FINANCE CITY UNLESS WE PAY HIM HALF OF THE RENTALS WE RECEIVE! AGAIN MY ANSWER IS **NO!**

WHAT DO YOU THINK WE SHOULD DO, MR. POWERS?

I SAY PAY HIM! YOU WOULDN'T BE SO BRAVE IF YOU RECEIVED A DEATH-THREAT LIKE I DID!

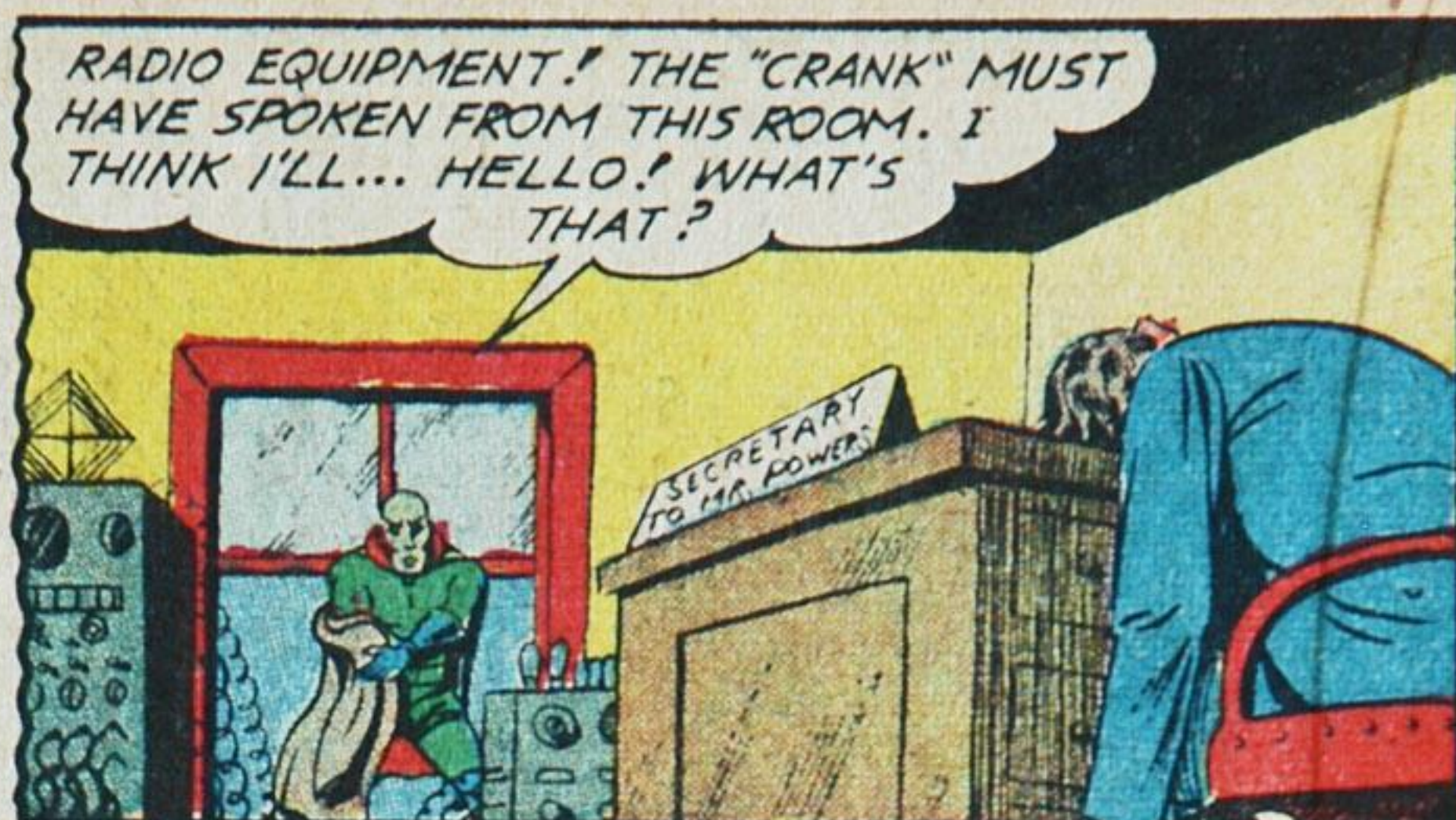








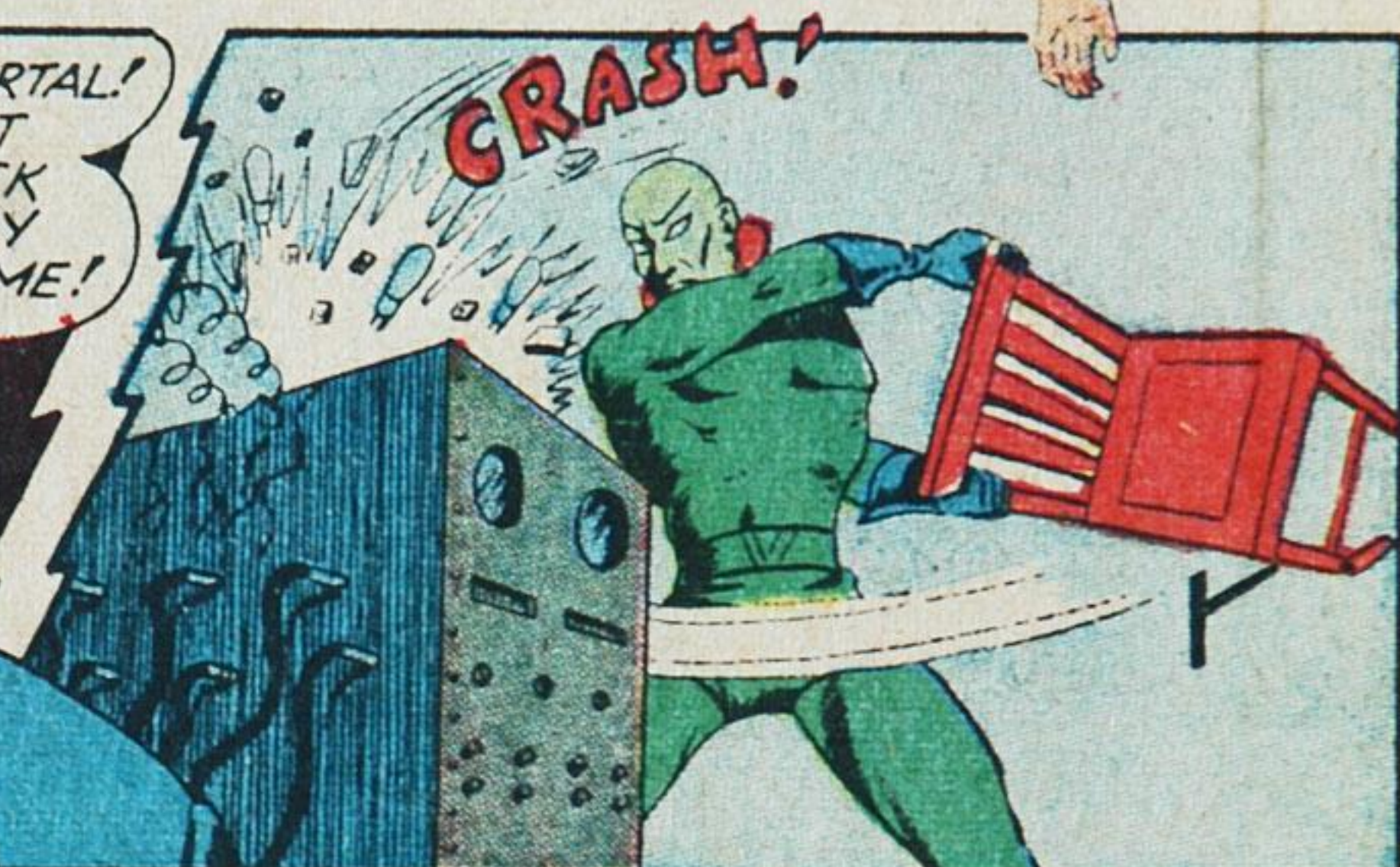
ADIEU, INSTRUMENT OF EVIL!



RADIO EQUIPMENT! THE "CRANK" MUST HAVE SPOKEN FROM THIS ROOM. I THINK I'LL... HELLO! WHAT'S THAT?



DEAD! POOR MORTAL! JUST AN INNOCENT VICTIM. I'LL KNOCK THIS MACHINERY TO KINGDOM COME!



CRASH!



(SNIFF! SNIFF!) CIGARETTE SMOKE! WHOEVER WAS IN THIS ROOM CAN'T BE FAR.

THE VISION RUSHES OUT OF THE ROOM INTO THE HALLWAY.



WHO'S THAT?



THE STRANGER TRIPS!

RADIO EQUIPMENT! THAT MAN'S MY QUARRY!

I'M BEING FOLLOWED!



THE VALISE IS HURLED AT THE VISION IN AN EFFORT TO STOP HIM!

TAKE THAT!

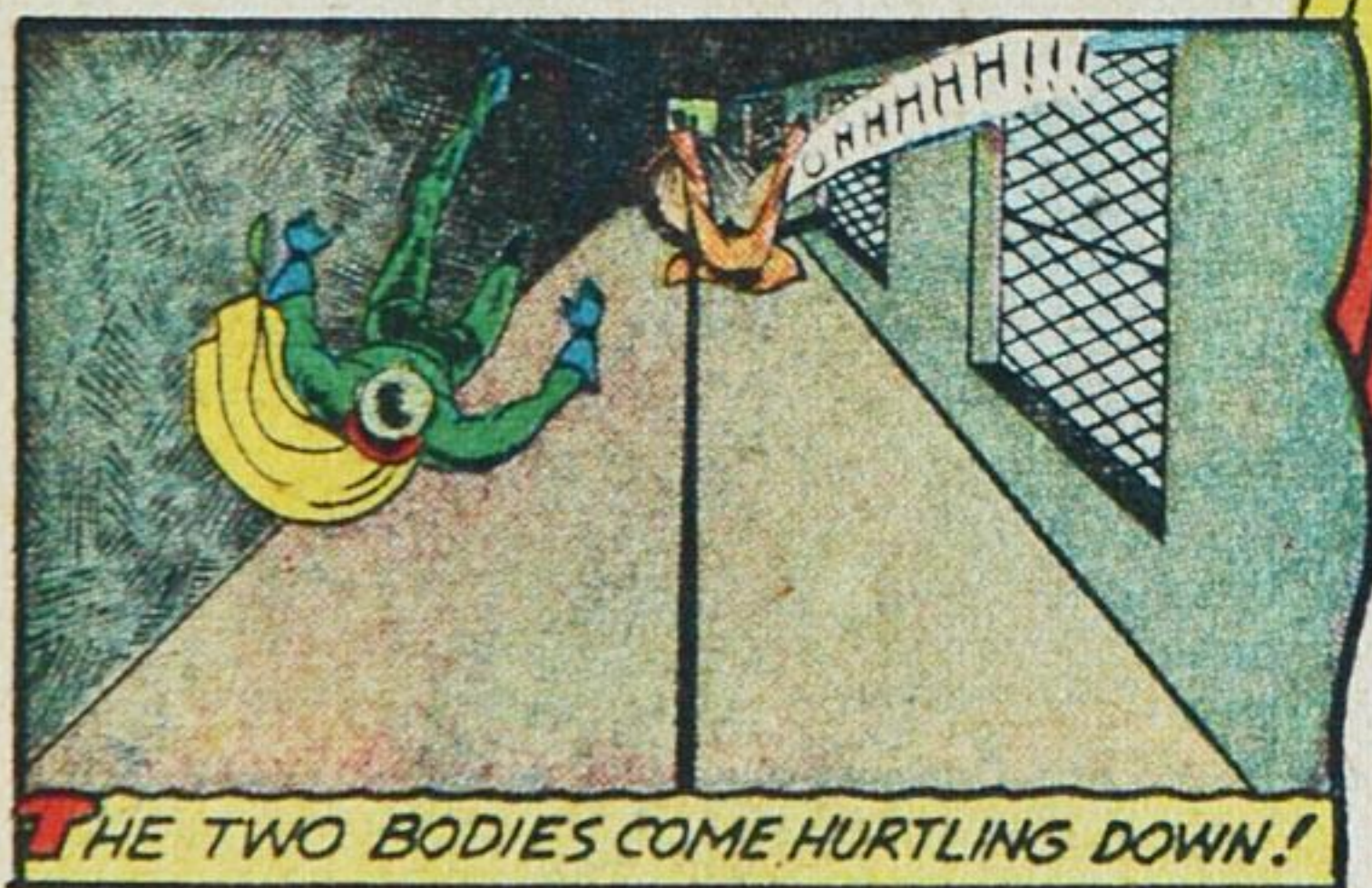
THE VISION RETURNS TO THE CHASE BUT MR. POWERS, SUDDENLY APPEARS....

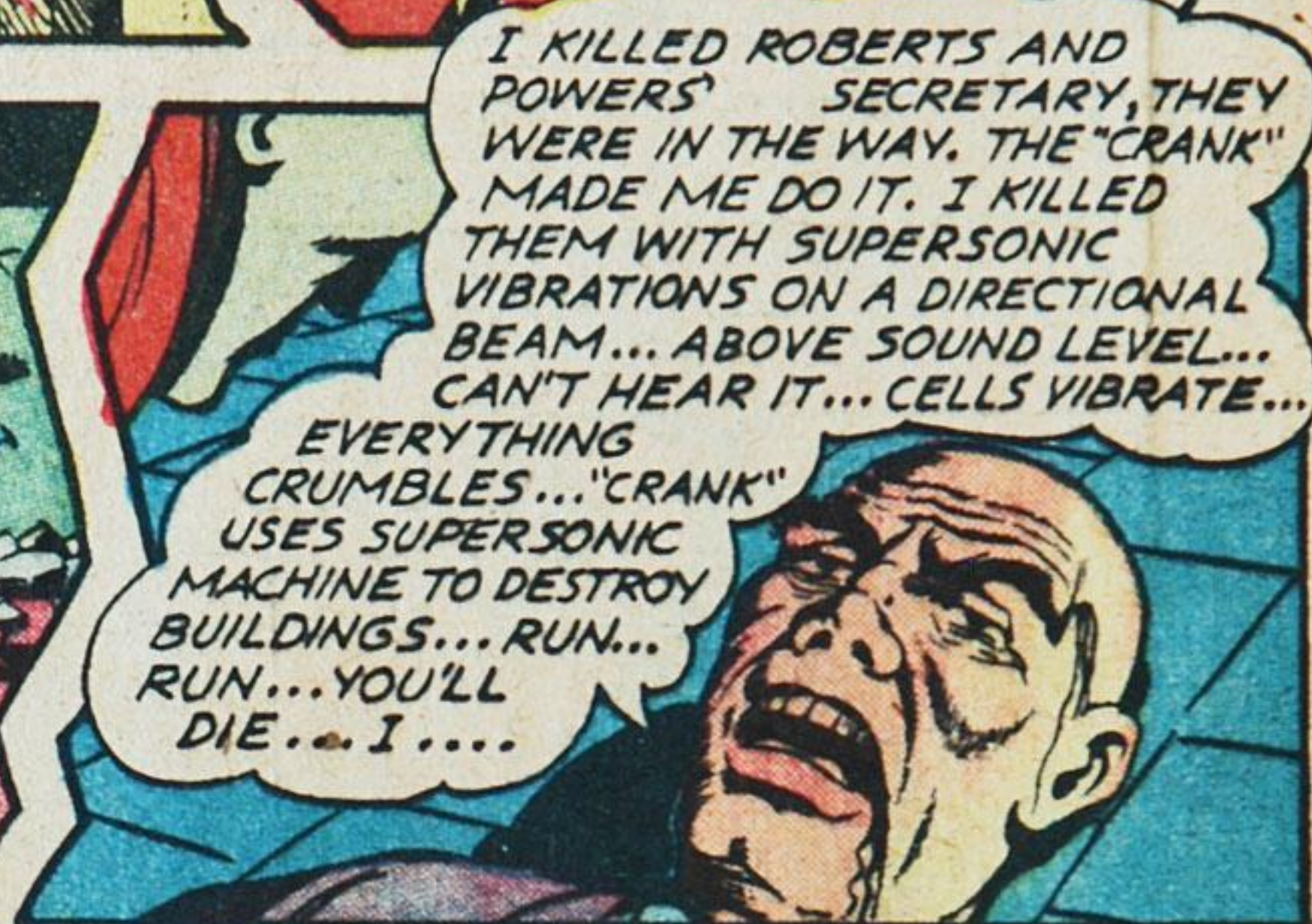
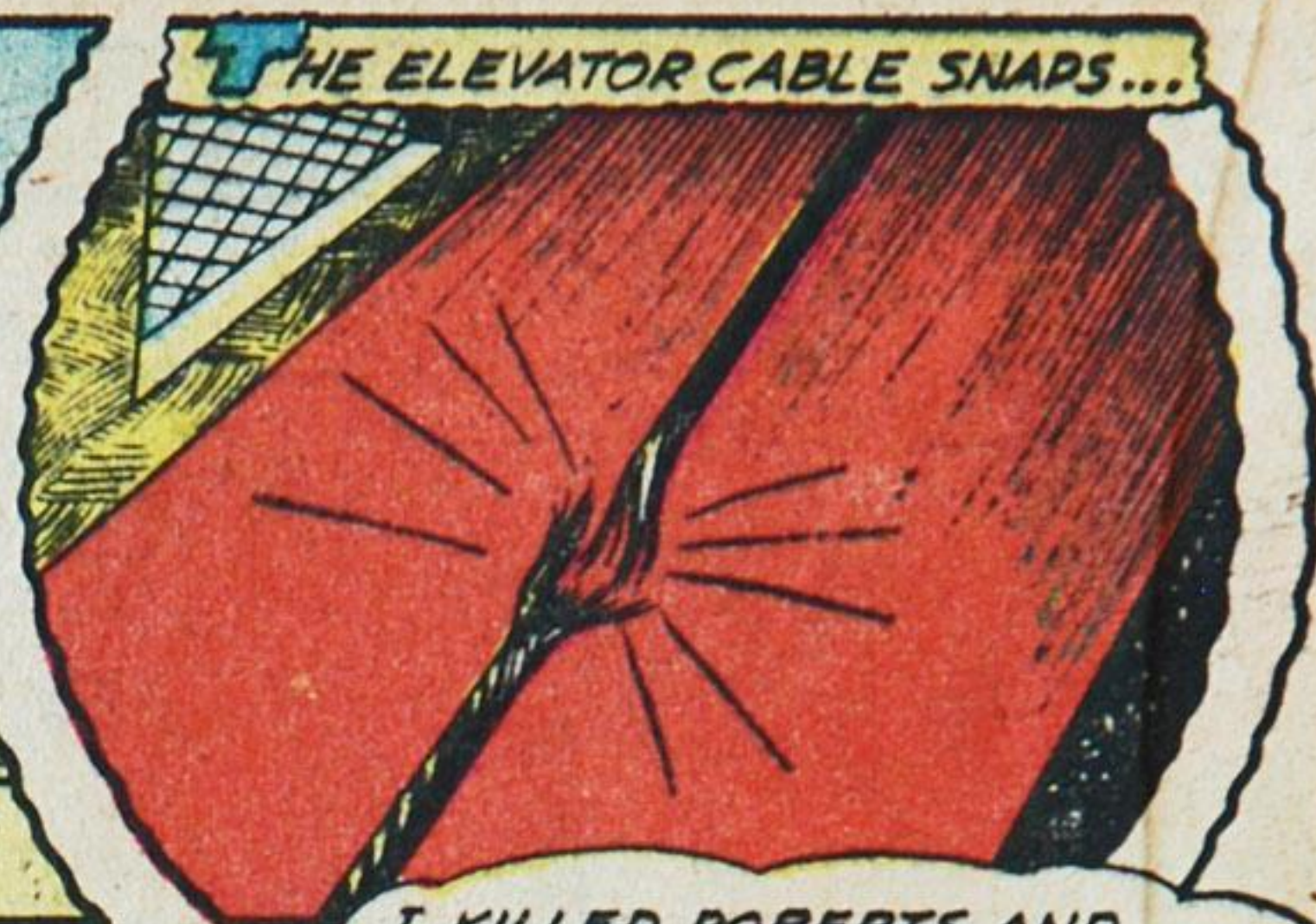


IT IS TOO LATE, THE CAGE SHOOTS UP! THE VISION SKIDS AND LOSES HIS BALANCE.



IN THE SUDDEN CONFUSION THE VISION GRASPS POWERS INSTEAD OF THE WALL.





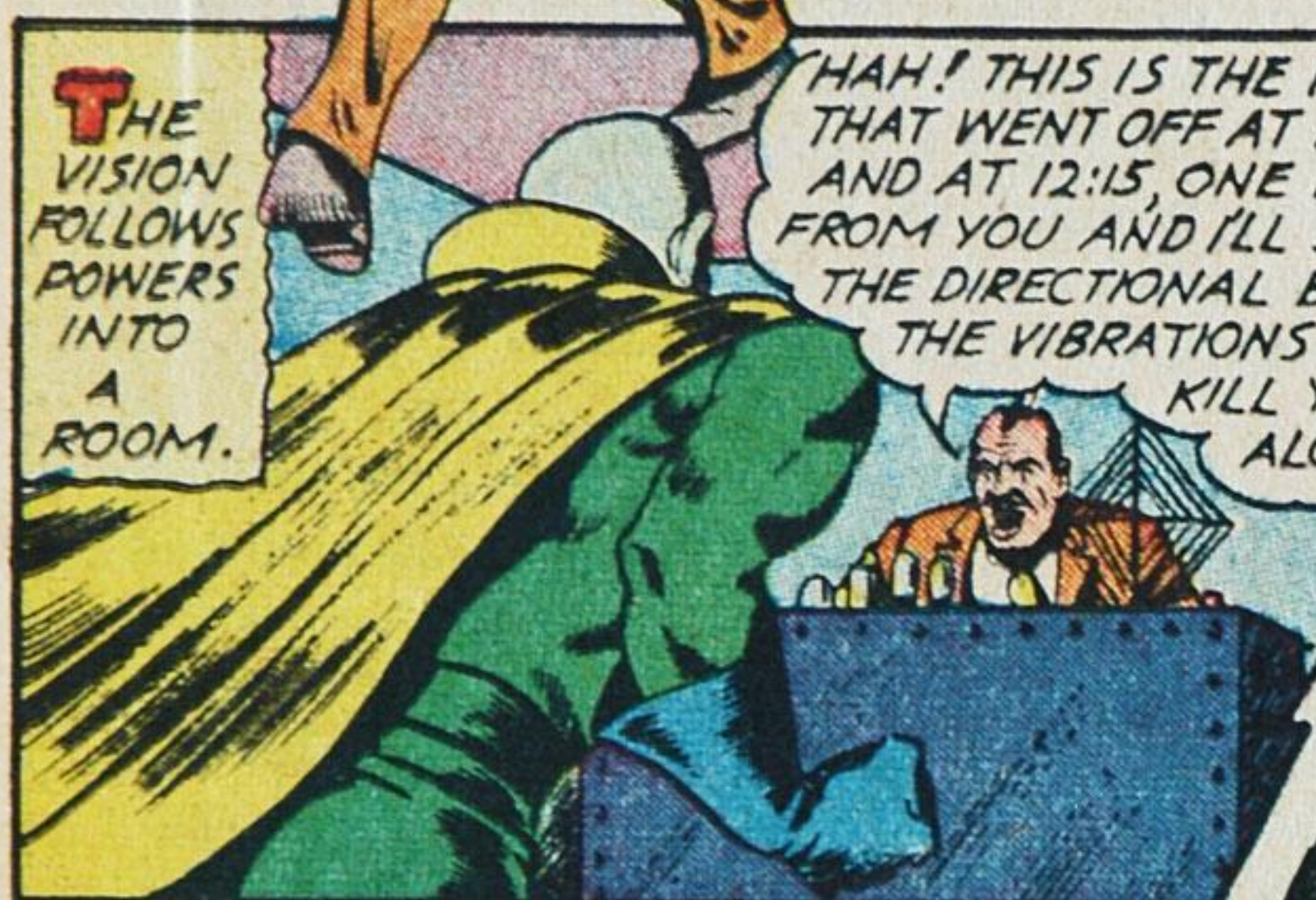


THERE'S POWERS!
A RAT SCURRYING
FOR SHELTER!



IT'S NO USE POWERS, COME
BACK! YOUR CAREER
IS OVER!

WE'LL
SEE
ABOUT
THAT!



HAH! THIS IS THE MACHINE
THAT WENT OFF AT 12 NOON,
AND AT 12:15, ONE MOVE
FROM YOU AND I'LL SWITCH ON
THE DIRECTIONAL BEAM!
THE VIBRATIONS WILL
KILL YOU,
ALONE!

THE VISION INCHES UP TO
THE CONTROL BOARD...

YOU PUSHED ME DOWN THAT
SHAFT AND GOT CAUGHT YOUR-
SELF, BUT **STILL** I WASN'T
SURE. YOU KNEW YOUR SECRE-
TARY WAS DEAD WITHOUT
HAVING SEEN HIM AND STILL
I WASN'T SURE. BUT WHEN
YOUR HENCHMAN SAID
VIBRATIONS, I REMEMBERED
THAT YOU HAD USED
THAT WORD....

HE MOVES FOWARD, GETTING CLOSER
AND CLOSER...

... THEN I KNEW YOU WERE
THE "CRANK"! NOBODY
KNEW THE BUILDINGS
WERE DESTROYED BY
VIBRATIONS
BUT YOU!

THAT'S RIGHT!
I EMBEZZLED
MONEY! THAT'S
WHY I WANTED
THE CORPORATION
TO TURN OVER HALF
OF THE RENT RECIEPTS
TO ME. SATISFIED?
NOW YOU DIE!

WE'LL
SEE!



POWER'S HAND SLIPS IT'S
FULL POWER!



THE ENTIRE BUILDING CRASHES DOWN! POWERS
IS DESTROYED BY THIS OWN HAND!

AS YE SOW, SO SHALL
YE REAP!
FAREWELL!



LUMPS OF DEATH!

By Mickey Spillane

THE KID was walking along the train tracks picking up coal, shivered in the night air. He was poorly dressed, and his arms and legs were thinner than they should be. Sometimes he would stop and stretch, but it was too cold to stand still, so he went back to shoving the black lumps in a sack. When he heard the whistle of the 10:15, he stepped from the tracks into the lots to go home.

Jack Billings, the yard watchman was cooking coffee over an open fire when the kid came along. "Hi," he called out. The kid jumped, dropped the sack and turned to run. "Hey, what's the matter, kiddo?" The boy stopped. Somehow the voice sounded friendly enough and he came back a way. He looked the watchman over carefully; the good looking face and the well-knit frame. Evidently he was satisfied by what he saw, and walked over.

"You're new here, aren't you?" the boy asked.

"Yep. Just came on last night. Have some coffee?" The kid nodded. The smell of the cooking made him remember he hadn't eaten since breakfast. Jack brought out some sandwiches and handed him one.

"What's your name, kid?"

"George. What's yours?" Jack told him, and they settled down to eating and gabbing. George was curious as to why a watchman of the great coal yard should be out in the lots, and Jack explained that he was just an extra precaution against sabotage efforts.

THE FIRE Jack had built was beginning to burn down. "Wish I had some coal," he remarked. George gave a little laugh and ran over to where he had dropped the sack and dragged it over to the fire. He threw a few lumps on the blazing embers and sat down again. Jack got up and took his hand. "You're out late enough, young fellow. It's home to bed for you! Come on, I'll carry your bag out to the end of the fields." They stepped along through

the weeds and grass chatting merrily. Suddenly, from behind them came a deafening blast! Dirt and rocks flew through the air blinding them. Jack dropped the sack, and dashed back with George on his heels. The spot where the fire had been was a huge, gaping crater!

A MOMENT later they were surrounded by company cops and yard workers, all seeking an explanation. There was none to give. The blast was not in the yard, so no damage was done. Wilson, the yard manager came over to Jack. "You mean you saw nothing, or heard nothing?" Jack told him that was it. "Well, that's not what I call being a watchman. You're fired!" He picked up his dinner pail and walking away, but George caught his arm.

"Jack, I was thinking—remember that coal I threw on the fire? Well—" Jack's eyes grew wide with amazement.

"That's it! Somebody knows that there is a load of coal slated for the new U. S. battleships going out tonight, and is going to toss in some explosive chunks. They must've dropped a piece and you picked it up. It still isn't too late to do something. The load hasn't come down the chutes yet, and they must figure to plant the stuff as it does. They couldn't afford to throw it on top of a load for fear it might get tossed off. We have to do something—and quick, let's go!"

They went a roundabout way to the back fence, and Jack boosted the kid over, then went over himself. Together they inched along, freezing to the spot whenever a yard cop went by. The moon was up, lighting the runways and huge coal piles with its evil eye. There weren't many places to hide, so they darted quickly from shadow to shadow.

AT LAST they stood at the foot of an enormous hopper, crouching under the loading platform. Jack took stock of the place. He knew the set-up only from talking to one of the cops. It was quite evident that they couldn't

hide any explosive from down here since the chutes were enclosed on the sides. That meant they had to throw it in from the top, and they might be there now! He turned to George. "You wait here, if any suspicious persons come around take this dump rope and slap it against the side of the hopper. It'll sound like the wind's doing it."

Jack ducked out and scrambled up the outside of the bin on the narrow iron ladder, careful not to make any noise, he finally reached the top. He poked his head over the smooth rim and looked around. No one was there! Good, then they hadn't arrived, but were due any minute.

He tried the hatchway in the center of the top, and it came up. There was a ladder descending into the pitch-black interior, and he climbed down until he hit the runway. Groping along with his hands in front of him like a sleep walker was tough, but he dared not light a match. A dust explosion would blow the whole works to smithereens. He had placed the loading chute in his mind before he came down.

Luckily, Jack had a good sense of direction, for he hit the wooden slide without much trouble. He wrenched off a piece of sideboard planking and jammed it under the release catch. There would be no coal pouring down that chute for a while! Now, back to George.

JACK was about to go down when the gentle slapping of a rope came to him. The signal! Someone was prowling about below. Taking the chance on being seen he jumped to the ladder. Halfway down there was a wooden ledge running around the circular structure that connected the chute boxes. Ordinarily, it was used to help release coal jams in the chutes, but now it provided a refuge for the ex-watchman. He ran around the side to the number four chute, grabbed hold, and slid in.

It was thick with dust, and made breathing difficult. Slowly, so not to attract attention, he eased himself down the gigantic inclined plane. At the bottom he hopped out and ducked under the platform. George was waiting for him. "What's up, kid?"

"Three guys just went by, and the way they were talking they didn't belong here. One of them had a sack of something. Shhhh. There they are!" True enough, three huddled figures keeping to the shadows came into view. One had a burlap sack, and Jack knew well enough what it held! He had to get that bag!

Taking a desperate chance he slipped into the night. A few minutes later he was back holding a burlap bag. Silently, George and he filled the

bag with chunks of coal that had filtered through the platform. Jack crawled over to George and whispered to him. "I'm going to go after them, kiddo. If I can draw them away for a minute, switch bags, but don't let them see you. These men are dangerous. Now be careful." George nodded, shaking with excitement.

THE MEN were deciding on a plan of approach, Jack saw, and surely enough they were planning what he had anticipated. He waited until they were bunched together, then let loose with a driving tackle that piled them all up. He swung wildly, throwing punches right and left as fast as he could. Something caught him alongside the temple, and he crumpled. During the melee, nobody noticed the figure that slipped out and switched bags. The leader motioned to the ladder, shouldered the bag and went up.

The midnight shift came to the hopper on the coal cars that were to be loaded. The train pulled in under the chute and jerked to a stop. The foreman shouted orders until the chute was lowered, then pulled the release cord. Nothing happened. Jack did his work well. Just then somebody spied his prone figure in the dirt, and the foreman came over. "Well, that dirty dog. Because he was fired, he tried to jam up the load." The men were muttering under their breaths. They were all for lynching him.

A barelegged boy fought his way into the mob. "Let him alone." He shouted, "he tried to stop the guys that were going to blow up the battle-ships!"

"WHAT!"

Briefly he told the story, and when he pointed to the roof of the hopper and told the men that the criminals were up there; they howled with joy. They'd show them what happened to guys who stepped in on Uncle Sam!

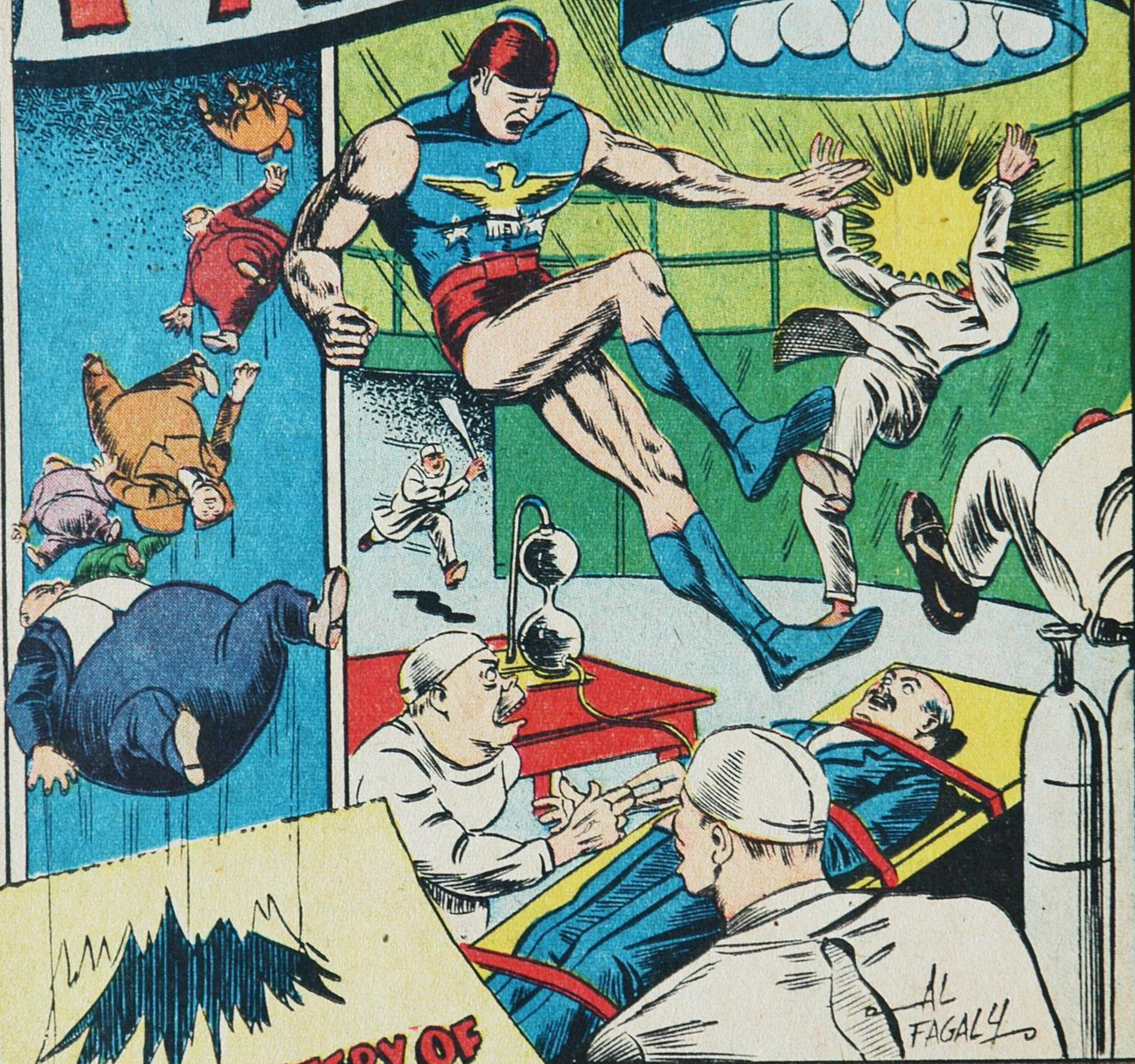
Some went up the ladder, others, like monkeys, climbed the chute. The three men certainly didn't expect an attack, and before they knew it were being battered all over the place. Hard knuckles dug into them, and eager men took over when the others got tired. They were a sorry looking trio when they were hauled down.

THE NEXT morning Jack sat in the manager's office grinning widely. "Well, Mr. Billing, you have certainly done things up fine. There's always a place in our organization for you. Your friend, George, is getting a check of appreciation from us in the mail."

"Thank you, sir," Jack stood up and yawned. "Now back to work."

THE END

THE PATRIOT



in "THE MYSTERY OF
THE FLYING
CORPSES"

ONE OF THE STRANGEST CRIMES
IN THE ANNALS OF SCIENCE
CONTINUES TO BAFFLE THE POLICE
FORCE AND THE ARMY AND NAVY
--UNTIL THE **PATRIOT** CLEARS
UP THE MYSTERY BY PUTTING
AN END TO THE MAD DOCTOR WHO
IS TRYING TO STOP AMERICA'S
DEFENSE PROGRAM.

NEW-HOUND CASEY, ACCOMPANIED BY MARY AND JEFF MACE, IS FLYING TO THE STRASSER CLINIC IN AN EFFORT TO FIND AN ANSWER TO THE RIDDLE OF THE BLOATED BODIES.

THIS IS A VERY STRANGE CASE! ALL THE POLICE HAVE TO GO ON IS THAT THE VICTIMS ARE ALL CONNECTED WITH DEFENSE IN SOME WAY.

WHY ARE WE GOING TO DOCTOR STRASSER'S CLINIC?

DO YOU THINK THAT HE IS LINKED WITH THE CASE?

I DON'T KNOW! THE BODIES ARE ALL MEN WHO WERE RECEIVING BLOOD TRANSFUSIONS. I THINK HE MIGHT BE ABLE TO CAST SOME SCIENTIFIC LIGHT ON THE CASE.

LOOK! THERE'S THE CLINIC NOW!

HOLY SMOKE!

--SEE THAT THING DRIFTING UP OVER THE BUILDINGS!

IT'S A FLYING CORPSE!

KICK OVER THE RUDDER! IT'S COMING STRAIGHT TOWARD US!

CRASH!

...OUT OF CONTROL, THE PLANE SPINS TOWARD THE STRASSER CLINIC!

WITH A SICKENING THUD, THE SHIP CRASHES INTO THE BUILDING!



OUT COLD!
-- BUT OTHERWISE
O.K.



I THINK I SMELL A
RAT IN THIS HOUSE
OF MERCY... IT'S THE
PATRIOT'S TIME
TO ACT!



QUICKLY JEFF CHANGES INTO
THE **PATRIOT'S** COSTUME.

I'LL FIND DOCTOR STRASSER!
HE MIGHT THROW A LITTLE
LIGHT ON THIS
BLOATED
MYSTERY!



PATRIOT DASHES
DOWN THE CORRIDOR
OF THE HOSPITAL.

SUDDENLY... THREE BURLY INTERNES
LEAP FROM THE SHADOWS.

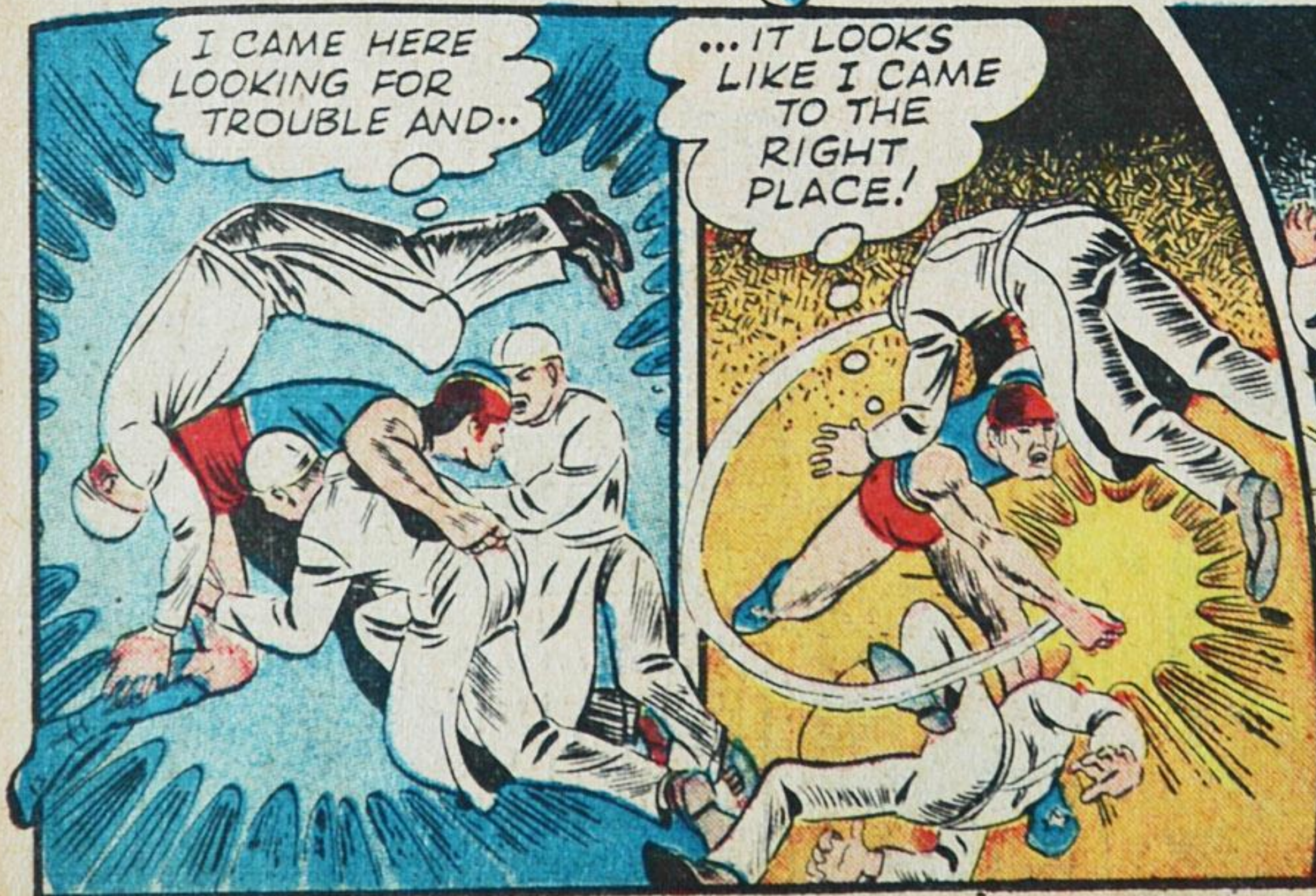


Wow!

THESE GUYS ARE
FRESH FROM THE
FATHERLAND!

I CAME HERE
LOOKING FOR
TROUBLE AND..

...IT LOOKS
LIKE I CAME
TO THE
RIGHT
PLACE!

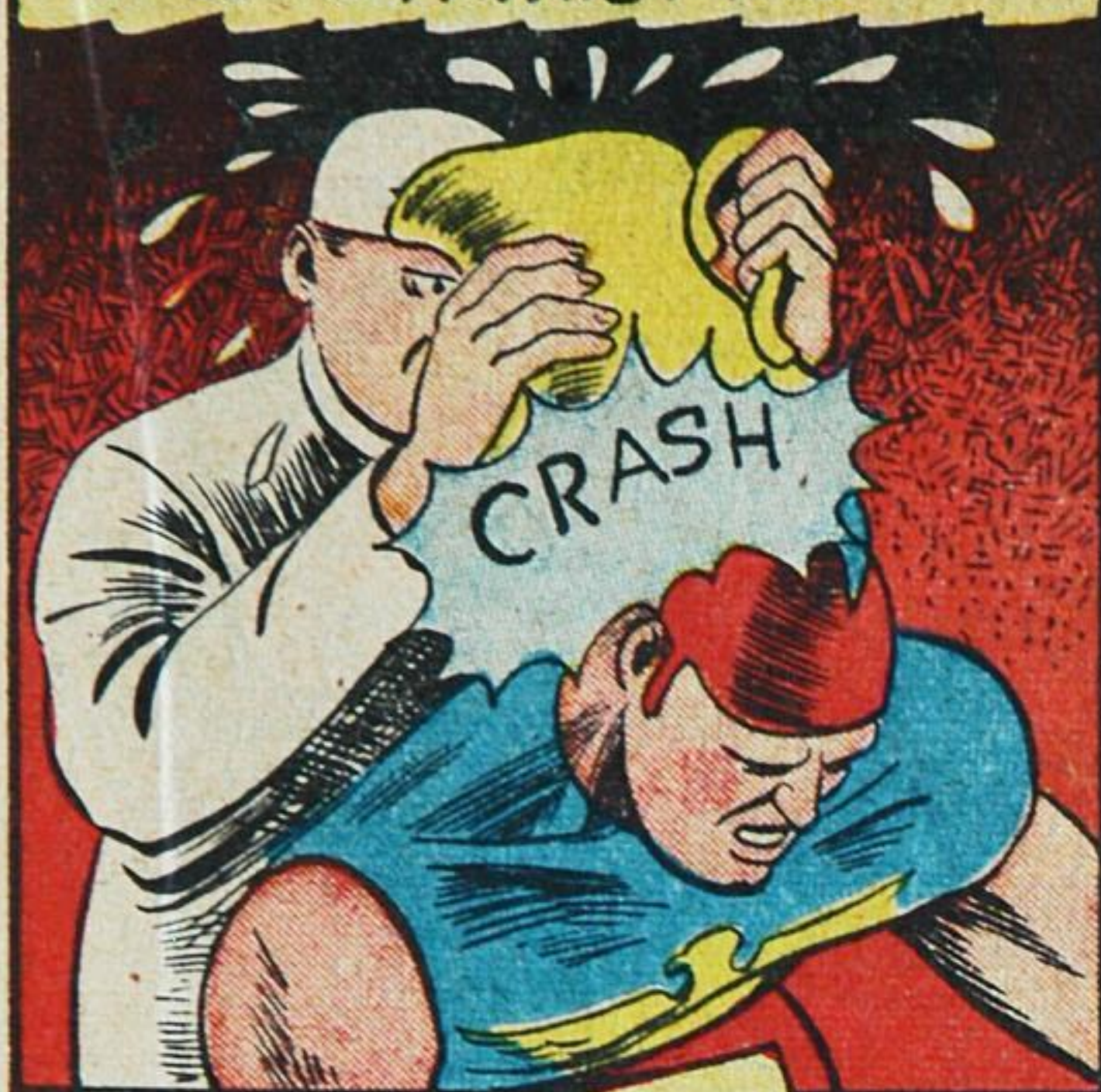


A TRAPESE ARTIST!
HE LOOPS THE LOOP!

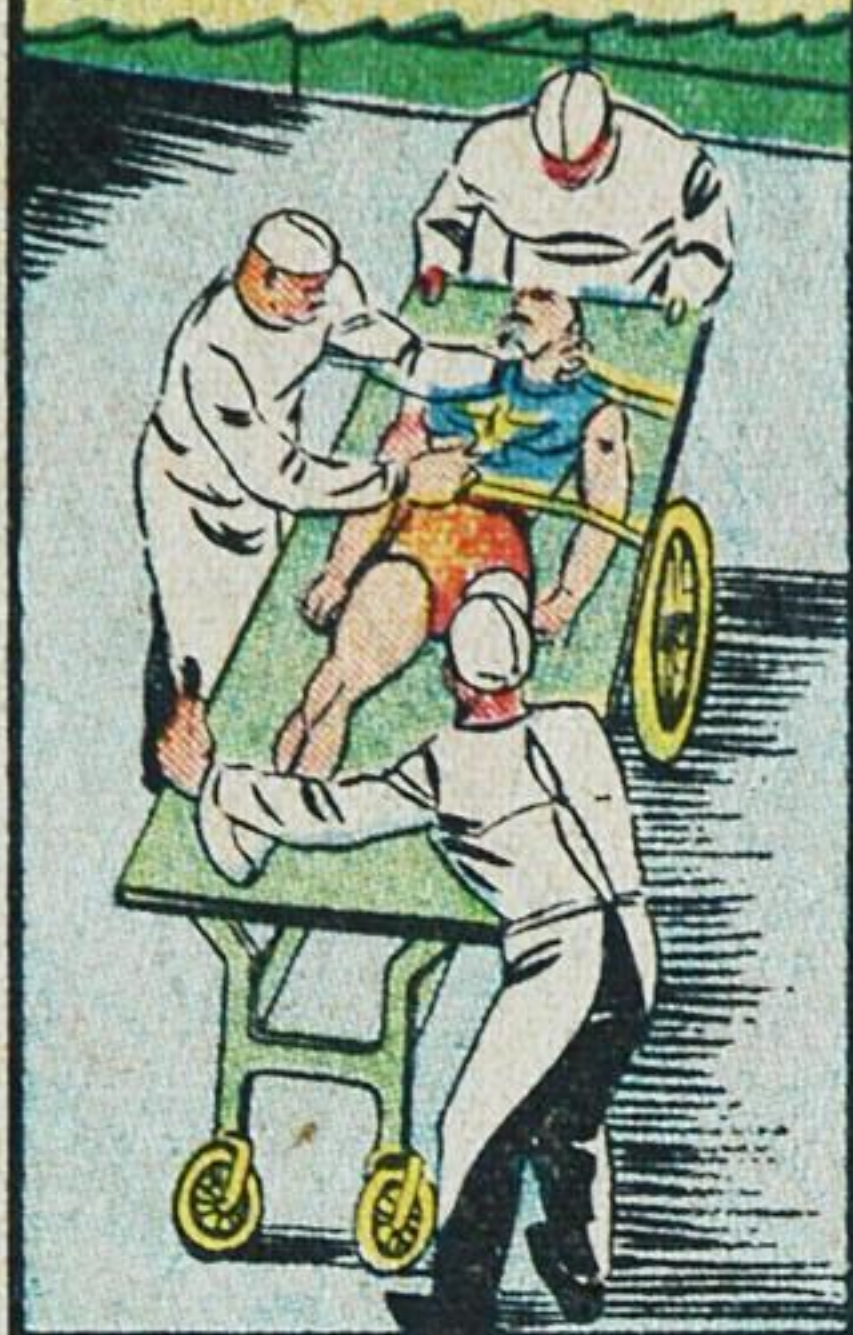
OVER THE
TOP!



--- SUDDENLY A SINISTER FIGURE SNEAKS UP BEHIND **PATRIOT** AND---

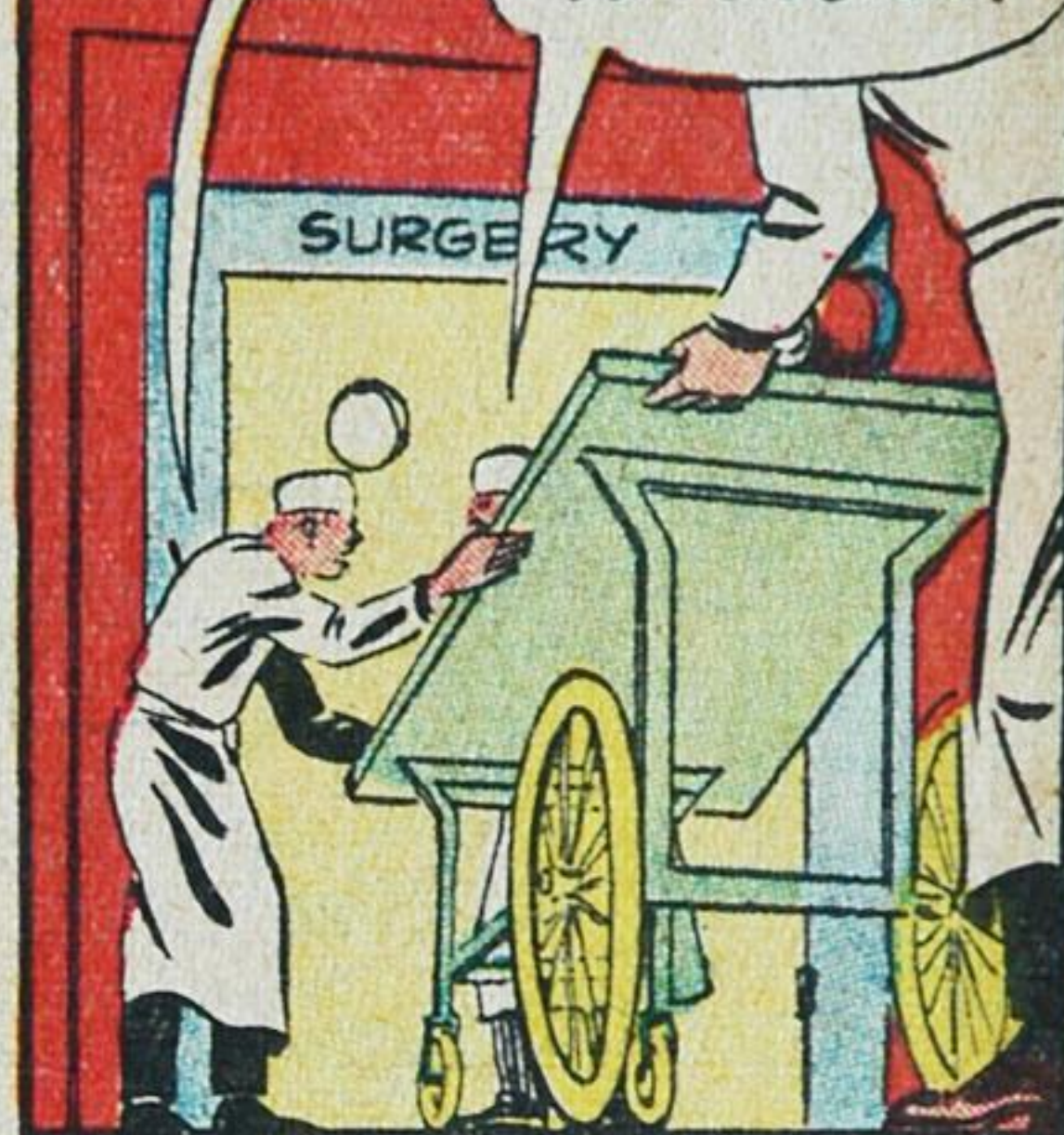


UNCONSCIOUS, THE **PATRIOT** IS STRAPPED TO A MOBILE STRETCHER.



INTO DER OPERATING ROOM WIT DIS AMERICAN CHUMP!

HE'LL GET A LIFT FROM DER DOCTOR!



THE PATRIOT REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS TO STARE UPON A SCENE OF HORROR! ON AN OPERATING TABLE IS THE PRONE FIGURE OF AMERICA'S CHIEF DEFENSE COMMISSIONER, NEEDHAM!



DR. STRASSER IS A NAZI MADMAN!

SO! DER PATRIOTIC FLY HAS STEPPED INTO MY PARLOR!

HA! HA! HA! HA!

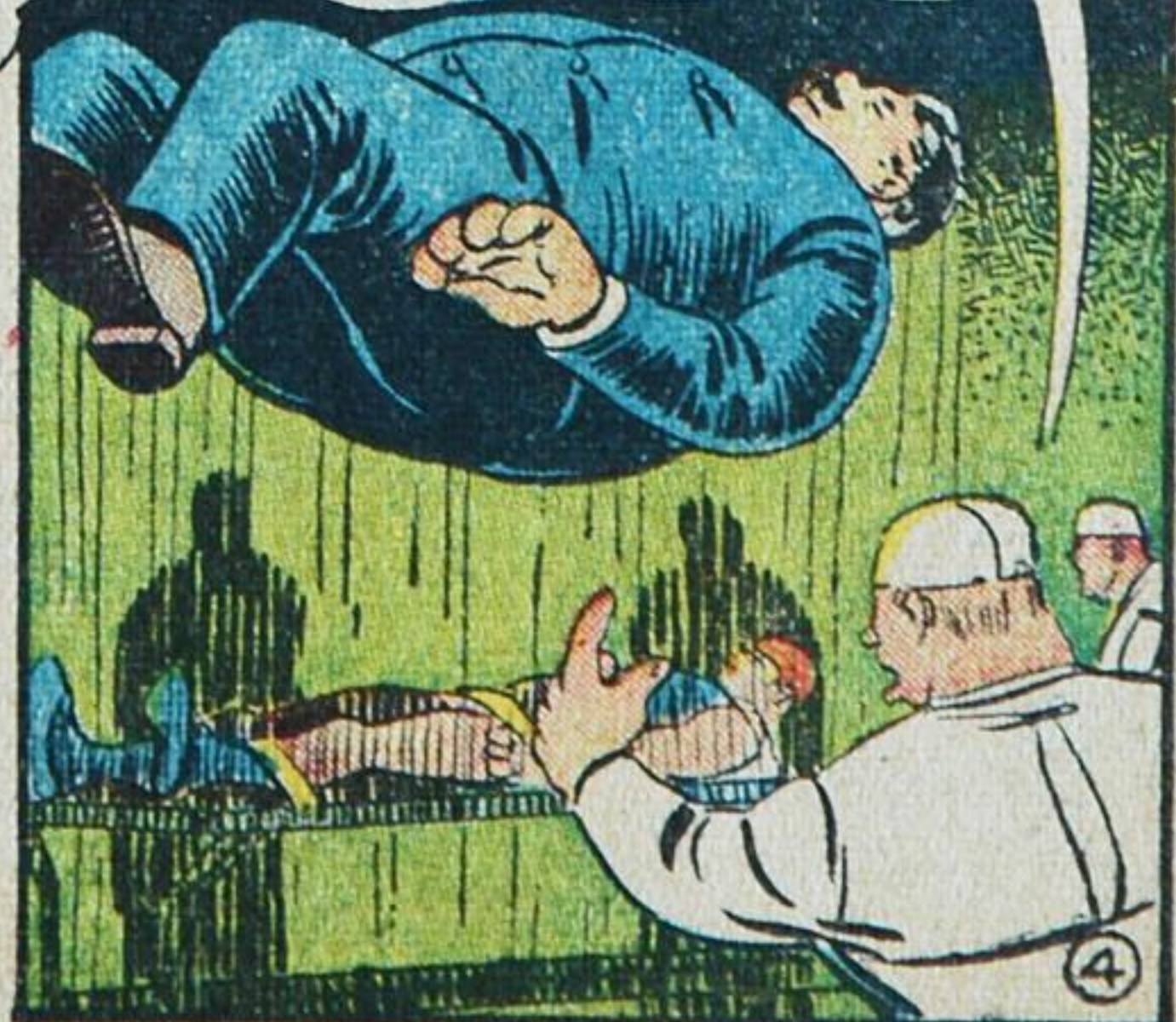


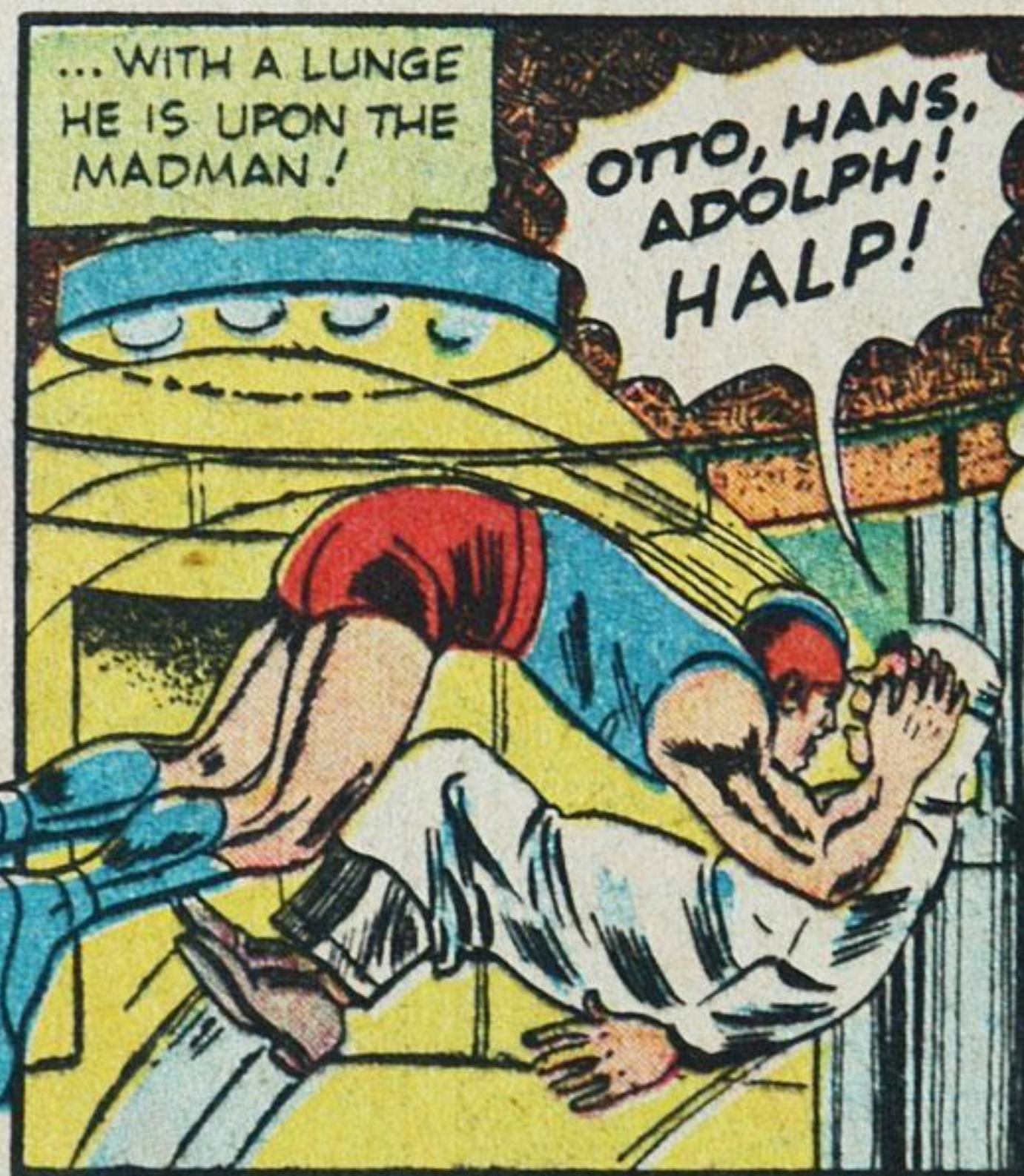
YOU'LL HAVE TO DO A LOT OF TALKING TO EXPLAIN YOUR WAY OUT OF THIS SITUATION, GENIUS!

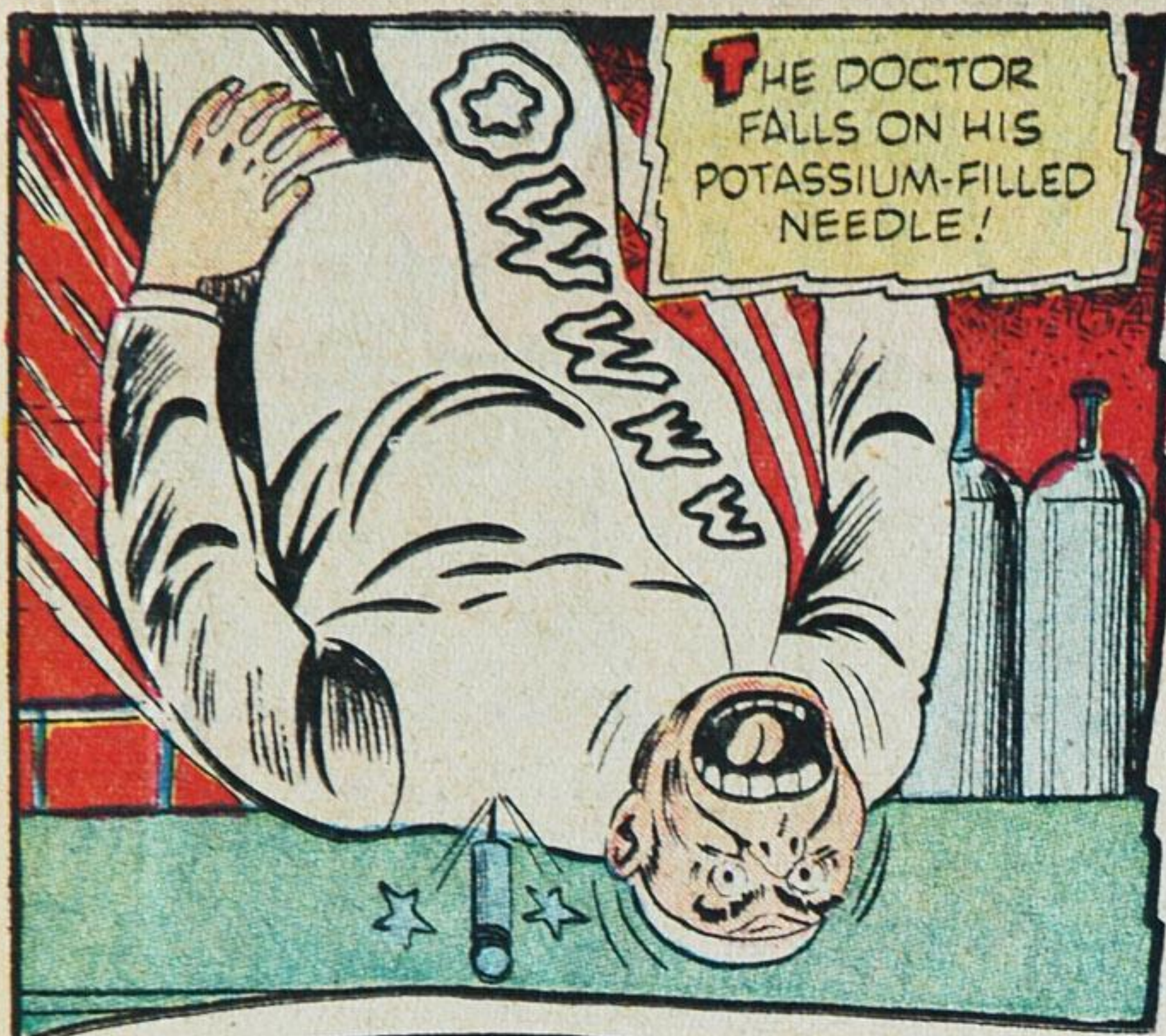
I HAF SUBSTITUTED POWDERED POTASSIUM FOR DER DRY BLOOD--VE GIFF DER TRANSFUSION--POTASSIUM UND BLOOD FORM HYDROGEN.

VATCH! I RUN IN DER POTASSIUM!--

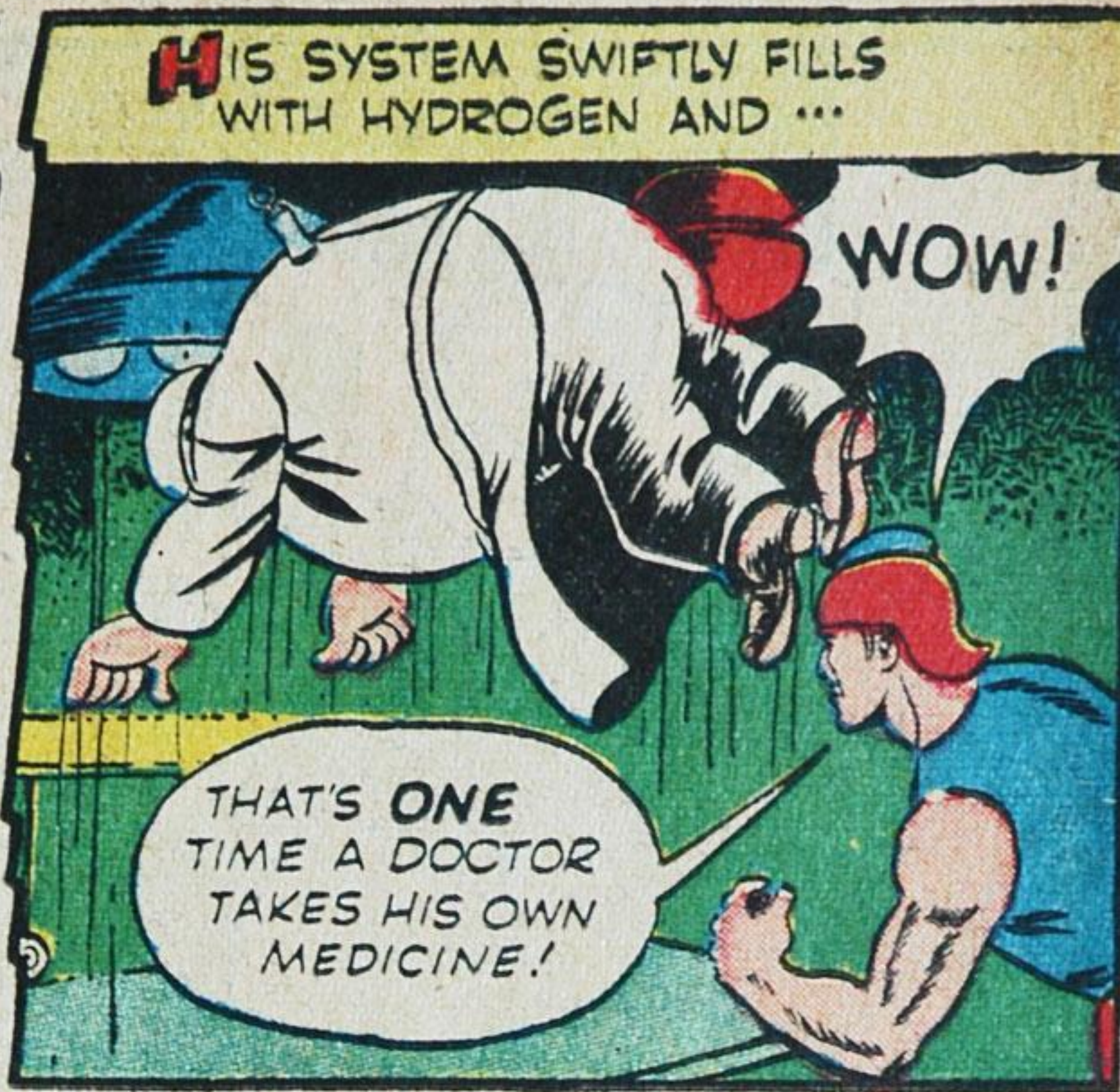
--HYDROGEN FILLS DER ENEMIES OF DER FATTERLAND LIKE A BIG BALLOON---WH-F-F-F---YOU FLOAT!







THE DOCTOR FALLS ON HIS POTASSIUM-FILLED NEEDLE!



HIS SYSTEM SWIFTLY FILLS WITH HYDROGEN AND ...

WOW!

THAT'S **ONE** TIME A DOCTOR TAKES HIS OWN MEDICINE!



QUICKLY PATRIOT CHANGES HIS CLOTHES AND, BECOMING JEFF AGAIN, DASHES TO MARY AND CASEY,...



... MARY AND CASEY ARE STILL DAZED FROM THE CRASH!

SAY! WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?

I WENT TO GET HELP! ARE YOU BOTH O.K.?



NEXT DAY, ALL THREE MEET IN CASEY'S NEWSPAPER OFFICE...

WELL-- THANKS TO THE **PATRIOT** -- I WAS ABLE TO GET THIS SCOOP!



THE **PATRIOT** IS A GENIUS! THAT STRANGE CASE BAFFLED EVERYONE, INCLUDING THE F.B.I.

HE'S TRULY AMERICA'S NUMBER ONE HERO!



AW-- THAT GUY'S JUST A LUCKY STIFF. HE JUST HAPPENS TO GET THE BREAKS!

HE'S ONE LUCKY STIFF I'D LIKE TO MEET!

THE **PATRIOT** WILL BE BACK IN THE NEXT **MARVEL** COMICS!

Terry Vance

THE SCHOOL BOY SLEUTH

THE MYSTERY OF THE
Pharaoh's EYE!

NOW IT BELONGS
TO ME ALONE!

O, SIRE, WHY DID
YOU KILL YOUR
BROTHERS?

IN ANCIENT EGYPT,
MEN FOUGHT AND KILLED
SO THAT THEY MIGHT
POSSESS THE WONDEROUS
RUBY KNOWN AS THE
PHARAOH'S EYE! AND EVEN
TODAY, AS THE FABULOUS
GEM REACHES OUR SHORES,
THERE ARE RUMORS
THAT...

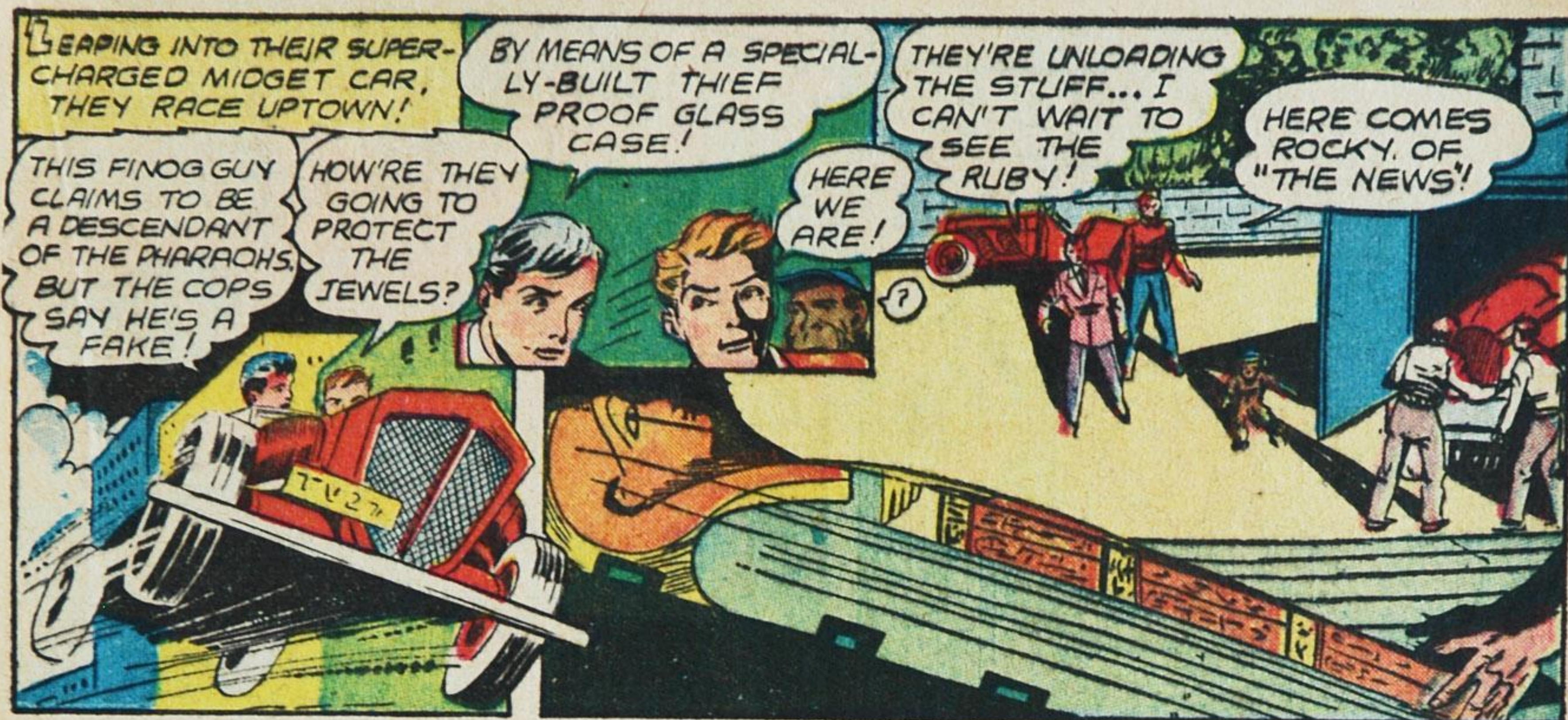
SORRY, TERRY... NO ONE
ALLOWED ON THE
DOCK!

THE DEPARTMENT'S
TAKING NO
CHANCES ON
FINOG, EH?

THEN I
GUESS WE'D
BETTER HURRY
OVER TO THE
MUSEUM!

...THE SINISTER CLAWS OF
FINOG, NOTORIOUS EGYPTIAN
JEWEL THIEF, WILL FIND AND
SEIZE THE TREASURE OF THE
PHARAOHS! SENSING A STORY,
TERRY, DEADLINE, AND DR.
WATSON RUSH TO THE PIER
WHERE THE RUBY, ALONG
WITH OTHER PRICELESS AN-
TIQUES ARE BEING UNLOADED..





LEAPING INTO THEIR SUPER-CHARGED MIDGET CAR, THEY RACE UPTOWN!

BY MEANS OF A SPECIAL-
LY-BUILT THIEF
PROOF GLASS
CASE!

THEY'RE UNLOADING
THE STUFF... I
CAN'T WAIT TO
SEE THE
RUBY!

HERE COMES
ROCKY, OF
"THE NEWS!"

THIS FINOG GUY
CLAIMS TO BE
A DESCENDANT
OF THE PHARAOHS,
BUT THE COPS
SAY HE'S A
FAKE!

HOW'RE THEY
GOING TO
PROTECT
THE
JEWELS?

HERE
WE
ARE!

THE GLASS CASE HASN'T
ARRIVED, YET, SO THEY
WON'T LET YOU EVEN
GLIMPSE THE STONE!

THANKS A LOT...
WE'RE GOING
IN ANYWAY...

CHK! WHAT DOES HE
EXPECT TO FIND
IN THERE... A
SAW AND
FILE?

HE'S O.K.,
LET HIM
THRU...

SPOOKY
PLACE!

YES... THESE
MUMMIES SEEM
TO BE 'SMILING
AT YOU!

EEK!

THE TRIO ARE SEARCHED
BEFORE THEY ARE ALLOWED
TO EXAMINE THE NEW
EGYPTIAN COLLECTION!



THESE RELICS ARE
PRICELESS!

I'LL BET FINOG WOULD
GIVE HIS RIGHT
ARM TO GET
IN HERE!

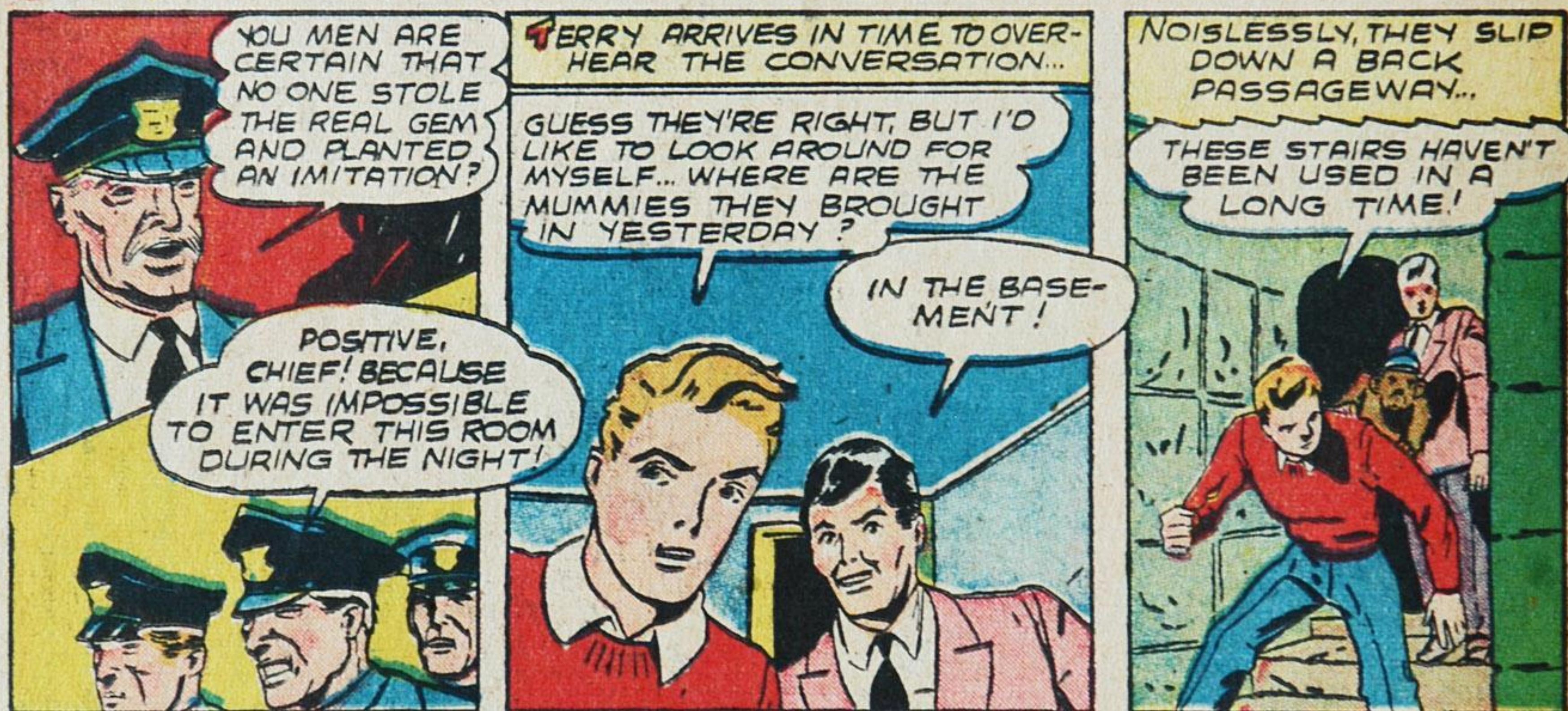
NOT A CHANCE
OF THAT!

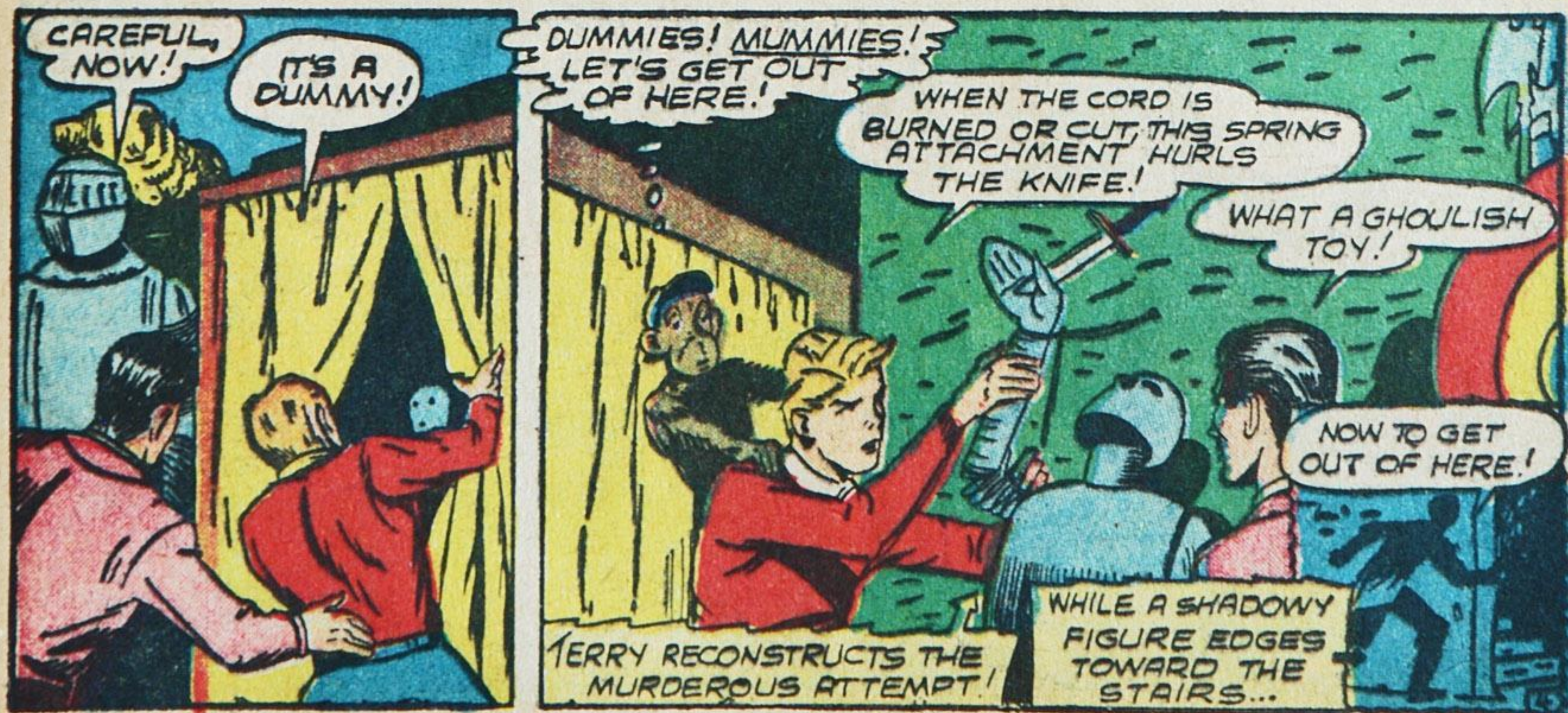
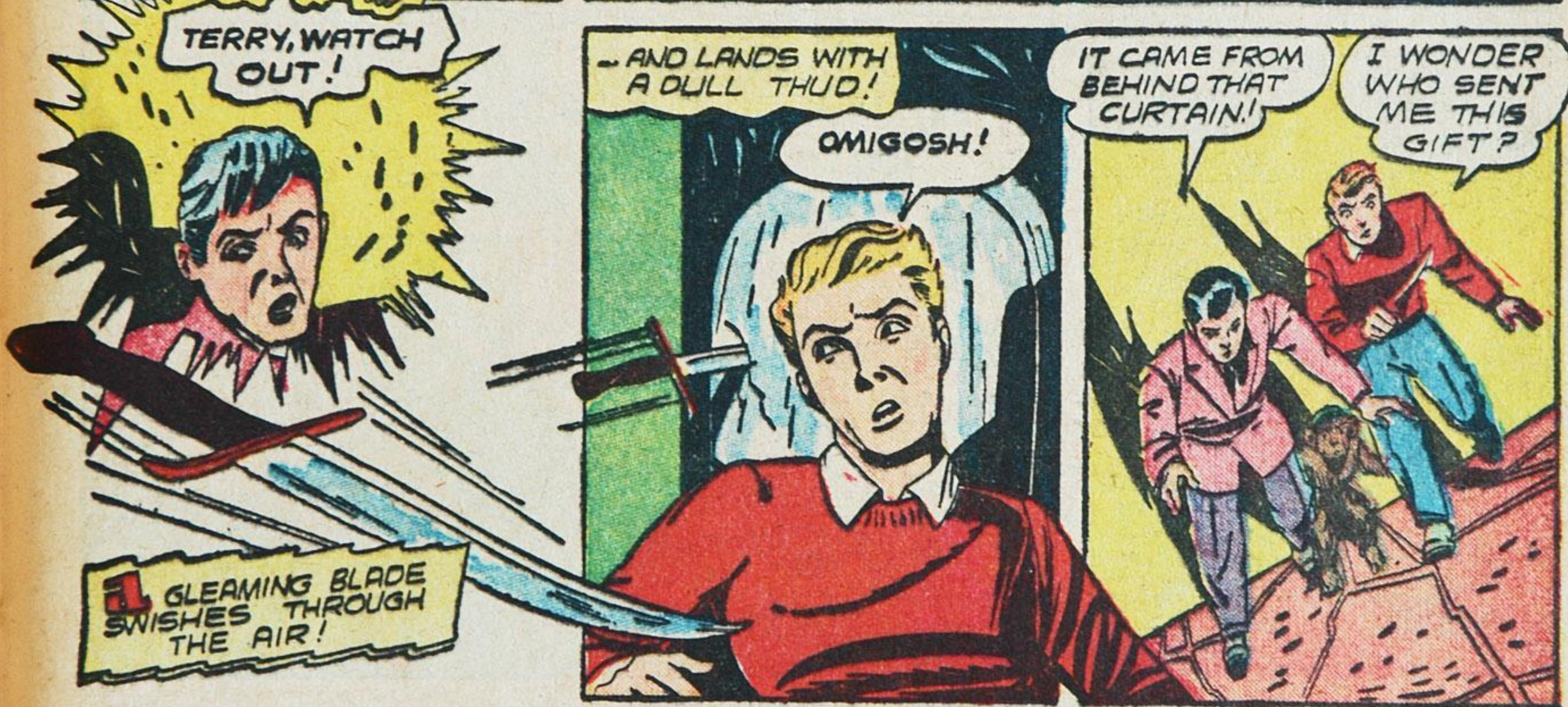
WHY DO THEY WANT
TO KEEP THIS
OLD JUNK?

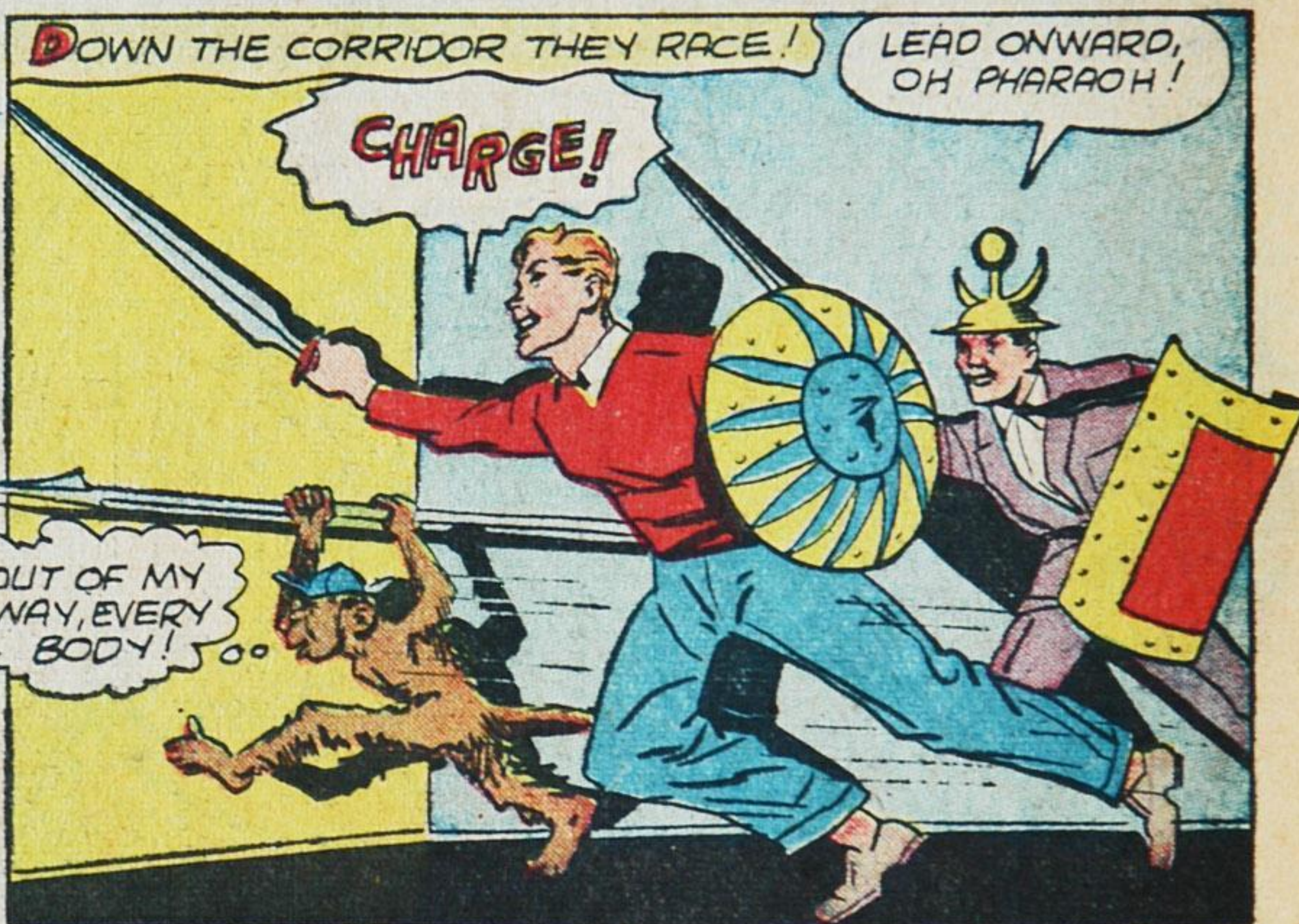
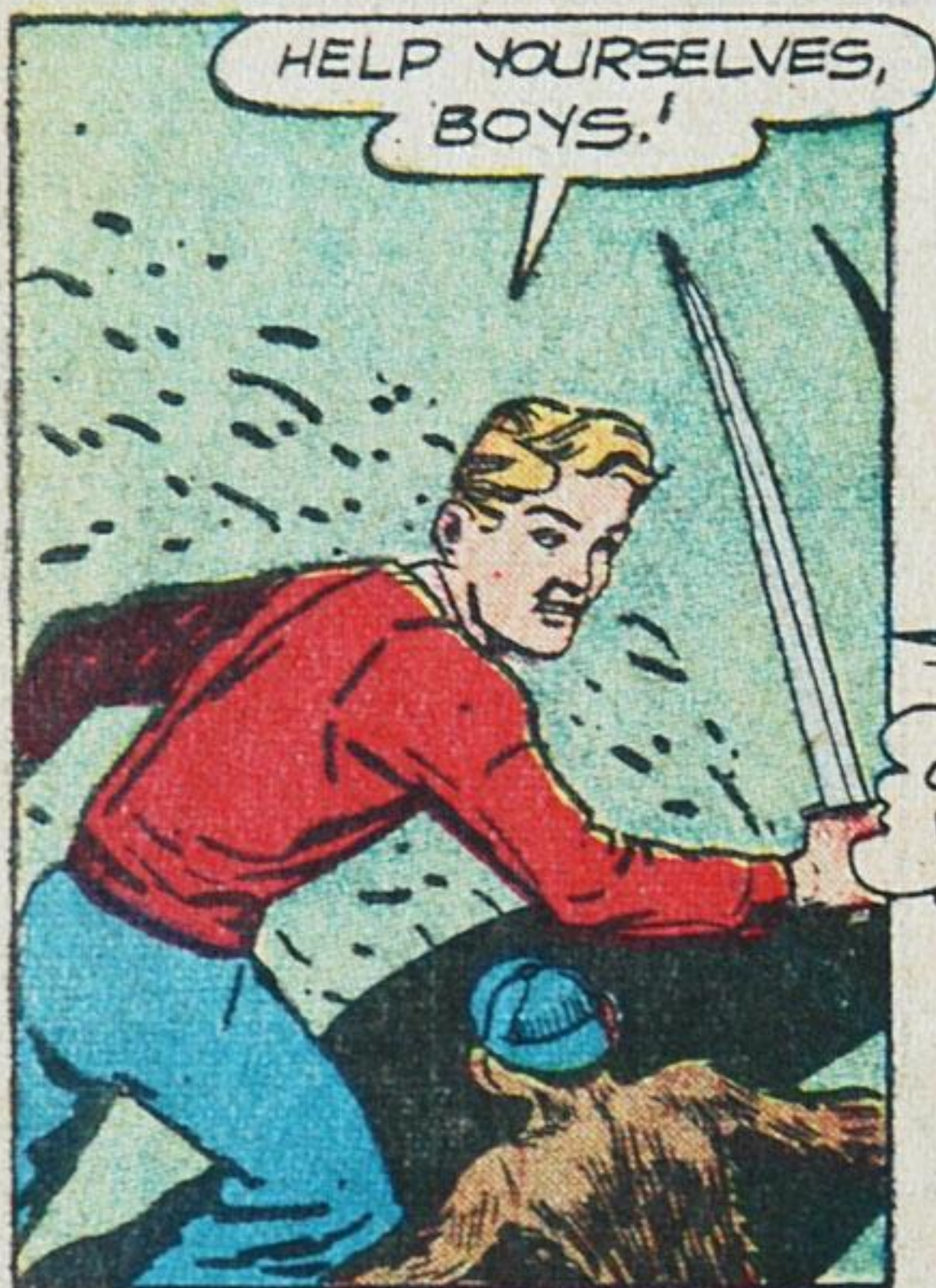
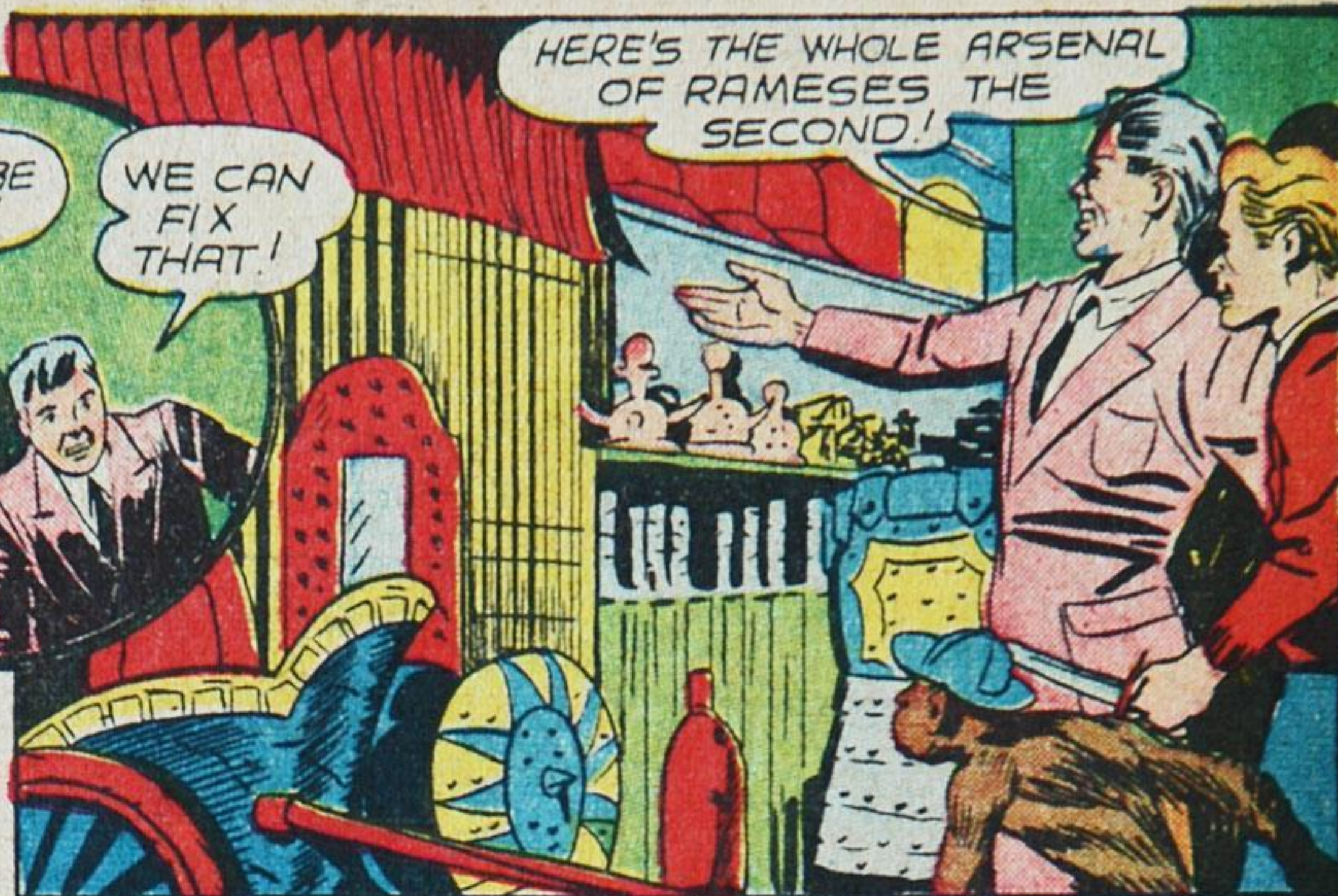
AS THEY TURN TO LEAVE...

DON'T QUOTE ME, BUT
I'VE A HUNCH THAT
FINOG IS IN THIS
ROOM RIGHT
NOW!

WHAT?









HOLD IT! IT'S NOT A REAL MUMMY!

YEAH...WELL IT'S NOT A DADDY EITHER!



LET'S GET THIS WRAPPING OFF HIM!

I'LL BET THE RESULT PROVES INTERESTING!



IT'S ONE OF THE GUARDS!

HE'S STILL ALIVE!

REVIVED, THE GUARD TELLS HIS STORY...

...THEN, IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT, A MUMMY CAME TO LIFE, ATTACKED ME, REMOVED MY CLOTHES... AND THAT'S ALL I REMEMBER!

DEADLINE, YOU REMAIN HERE TO CARE FOR THIS MAN... DR. WATSON AND I ARE GOING UPSTAIRS!

YOU BET! IT'S TIME FOR ME TO CLEAN UP THIS MESS!



GIDDAP!

I HOPE WE'RE NOT TOO LATE!



THAT GUARD LOOKS JUST LIKE THE ONE WE LEFT IN THE BASEMENT!

THEN I GUESS I CAN GO HOME, EH, CHIEF...

YES, AFTER BEING ON DUTY ALL NIGHT, YOU MUST BE TIRED!

TWINS, MAYBE?



QUIETLY, THEY CORNER THEIR QUARRY...

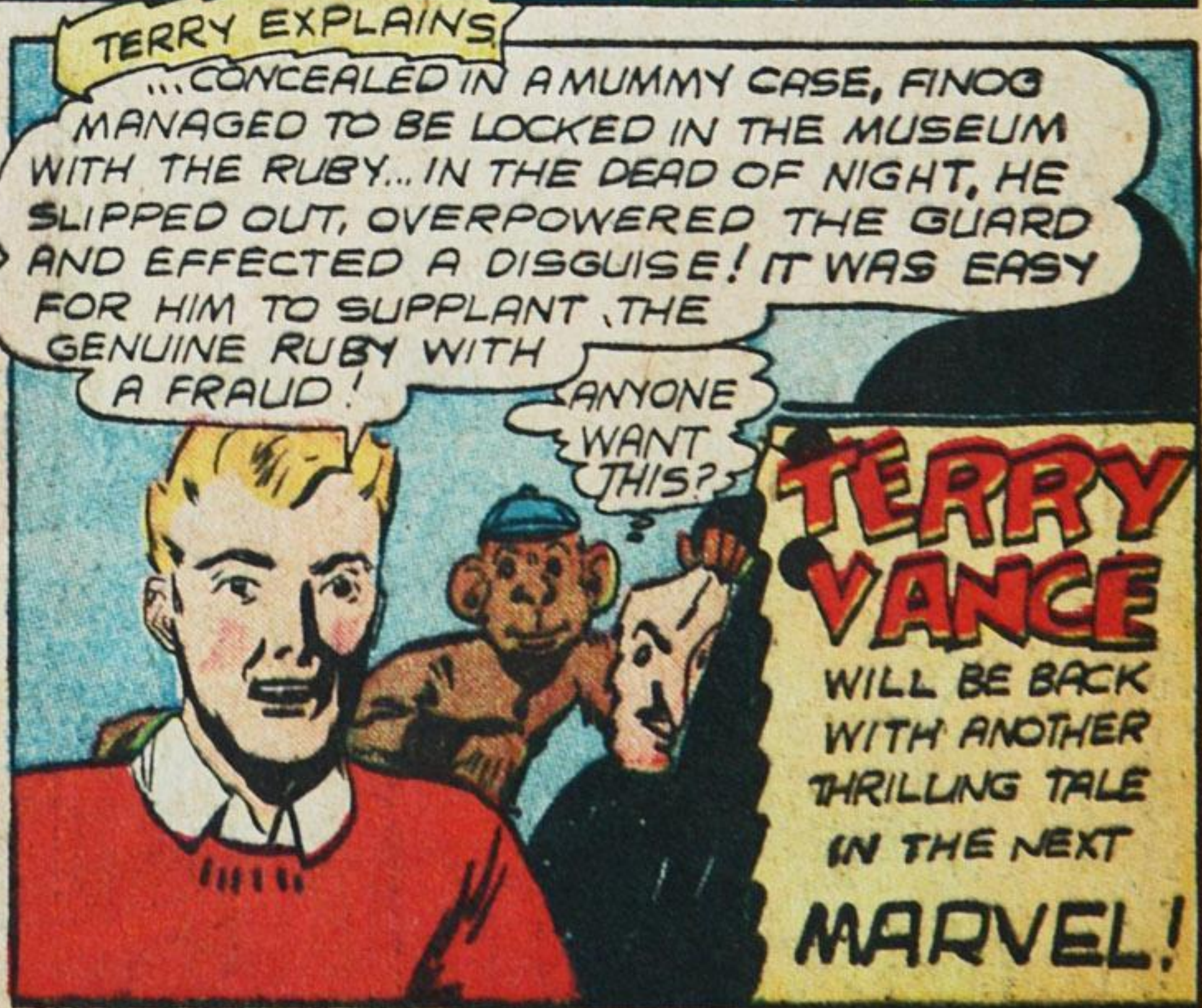
WE'D BETTER NOT BE MISTAKEN!

WHEN CAN I SOCK HIM?

BUT AS TERRY APPROACHES, THE GUARD SUDDENLY WHIRLS AROUND!



THEN THE ATTACK SHIFTS!

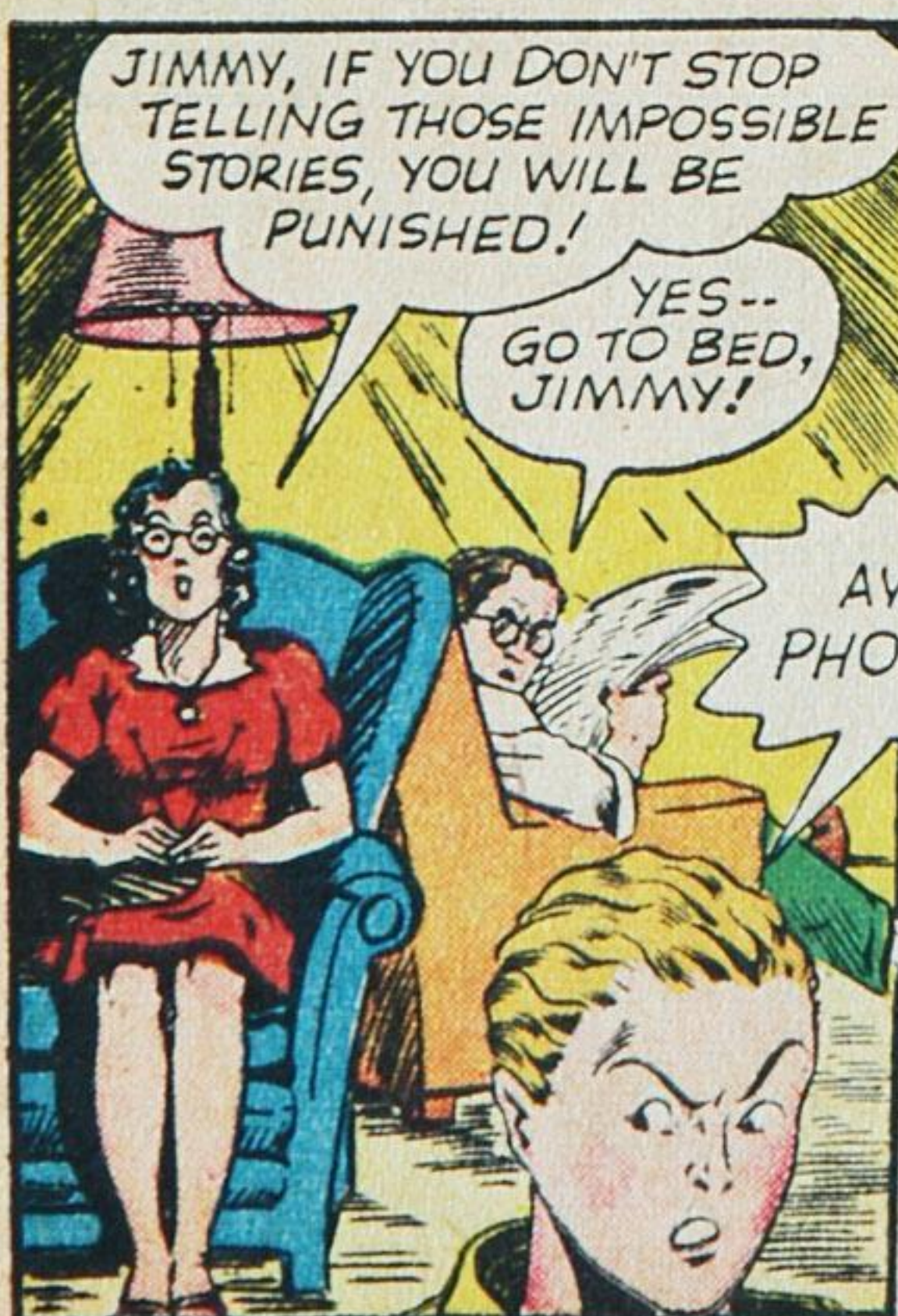
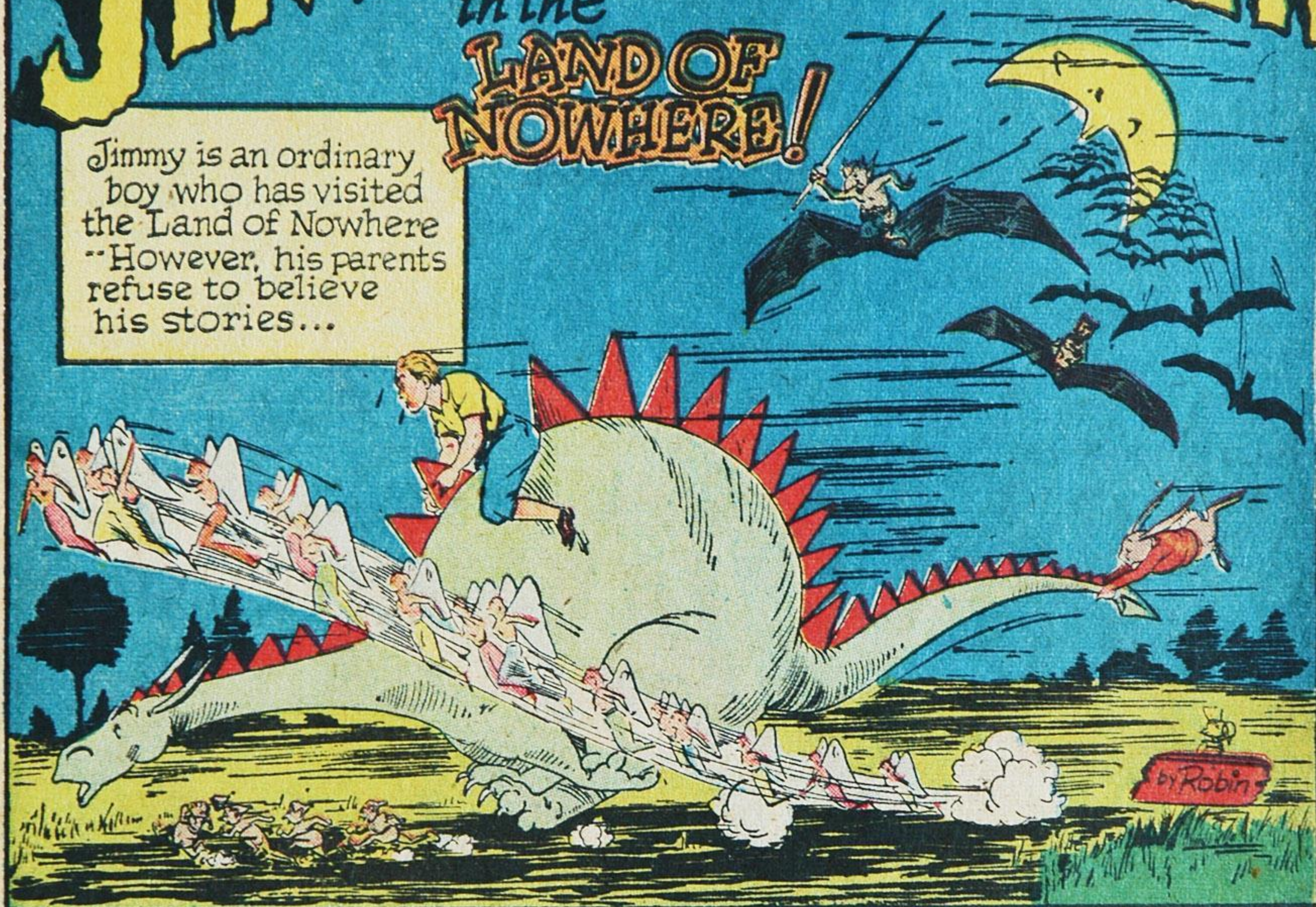


TERRY VANCE
WILL BE BACK
WITH ANOTHER
THRILLING TALE
IN THE NEXT
MARVEL!

JIMMY JUPITER

in the
LAND OF NOWHERE!

Jimmy is an ordinary boy who has visited the Land of Nowhere -- However, his parents refuse to believe his stories...



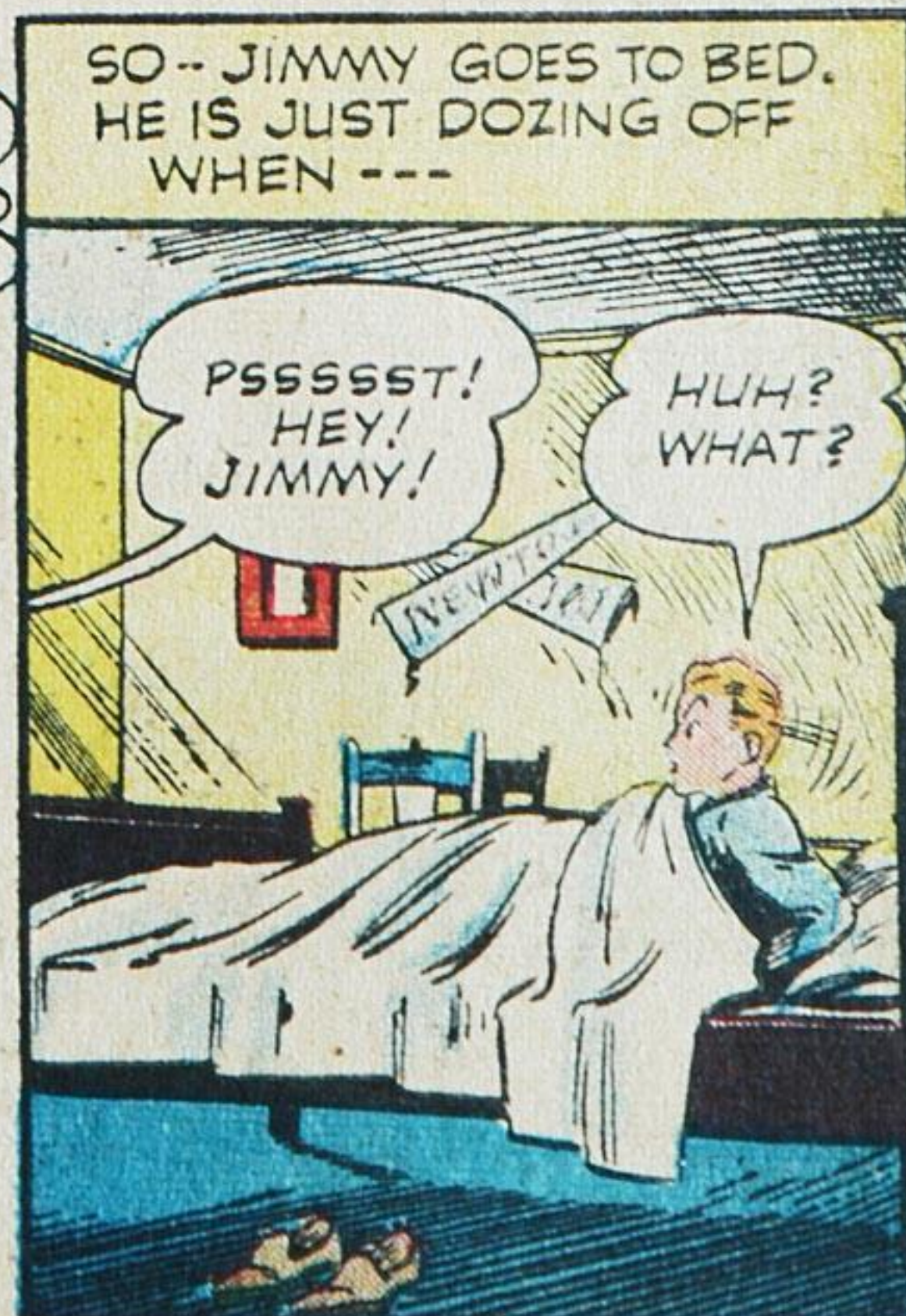
JIMMY, IF YOU DON'T STOP TELLING THOSE IMPOSSIBLE STORIES, YOU WILL BE PUNISHED!

YES--
GO TO BED,
JIMMY!

AW,
PHOOEY!



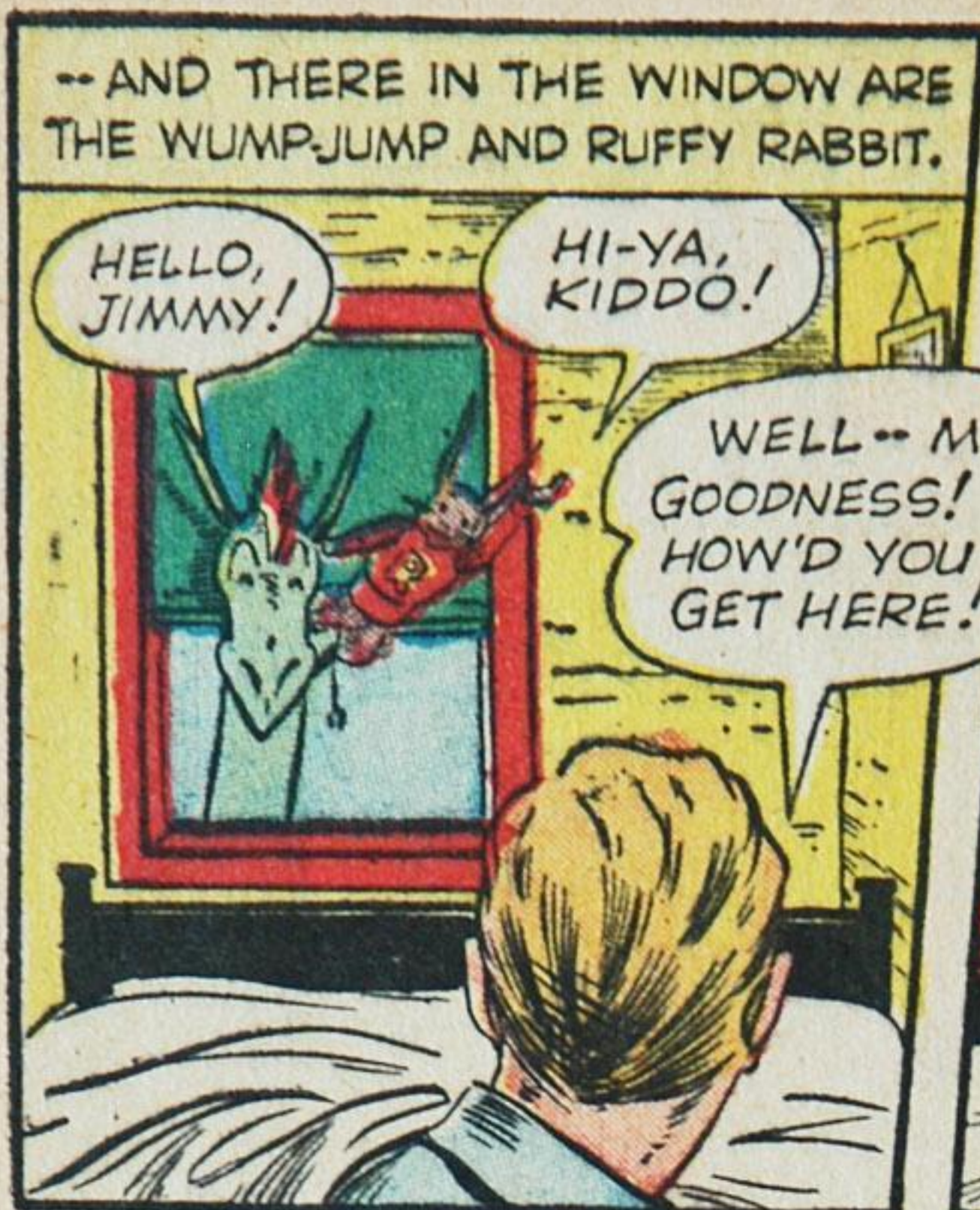
-- THEY THINK THEY'RE SO SMART, NOBODY CAN TELL 'EM ANYTHING. I DON'T CARE! I KNOW WHAT I KNOW!



SO -- JIMMY GOES TO BED. HE IS JUST DOZING OFF WHEN ---

PSSSSST!
HEY!
JIMMY!

HUH?
WHAT?



--AND THERE IN THE WINDOW ARE THE WUMP-JUMP AND RUFFY RABBIT.

HELLO, JIMMY!

HI-YA, KIDDO!

WELL-- MY GOODNESS! HOW'D YOU GET HERE!



WE CAME DOWN A MOON-BEAM. WE WANT YOU TO GO BACK WITH US.

YEAH! WE GOT A SURPRISE FOR YOU!

ALL RIGHT. I'LL GO.



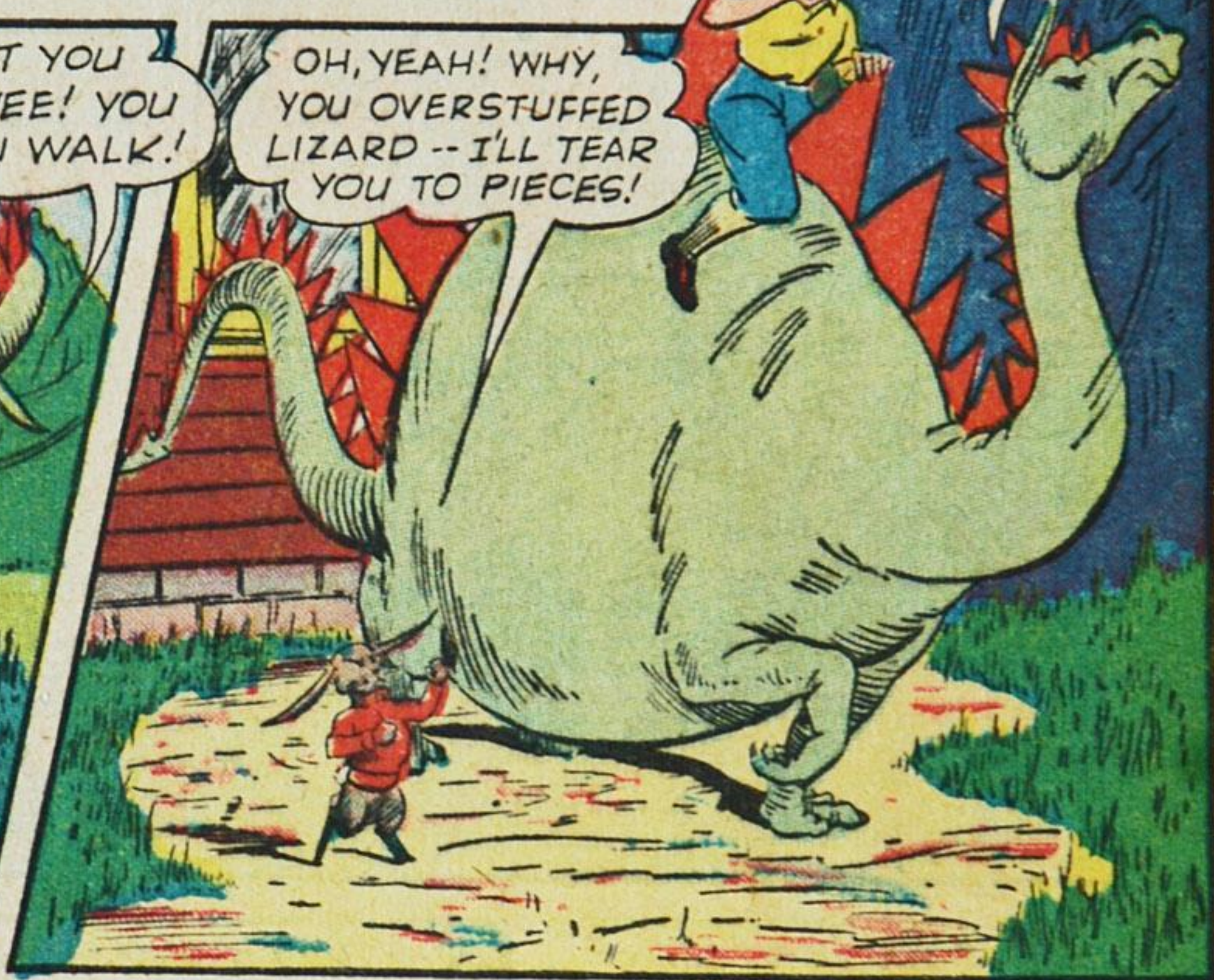
GREAT!--YOU CAN RIDE ON MY BACK!



JIMMY CLIMBS ON THE WUMP-JUMP'S BACK--

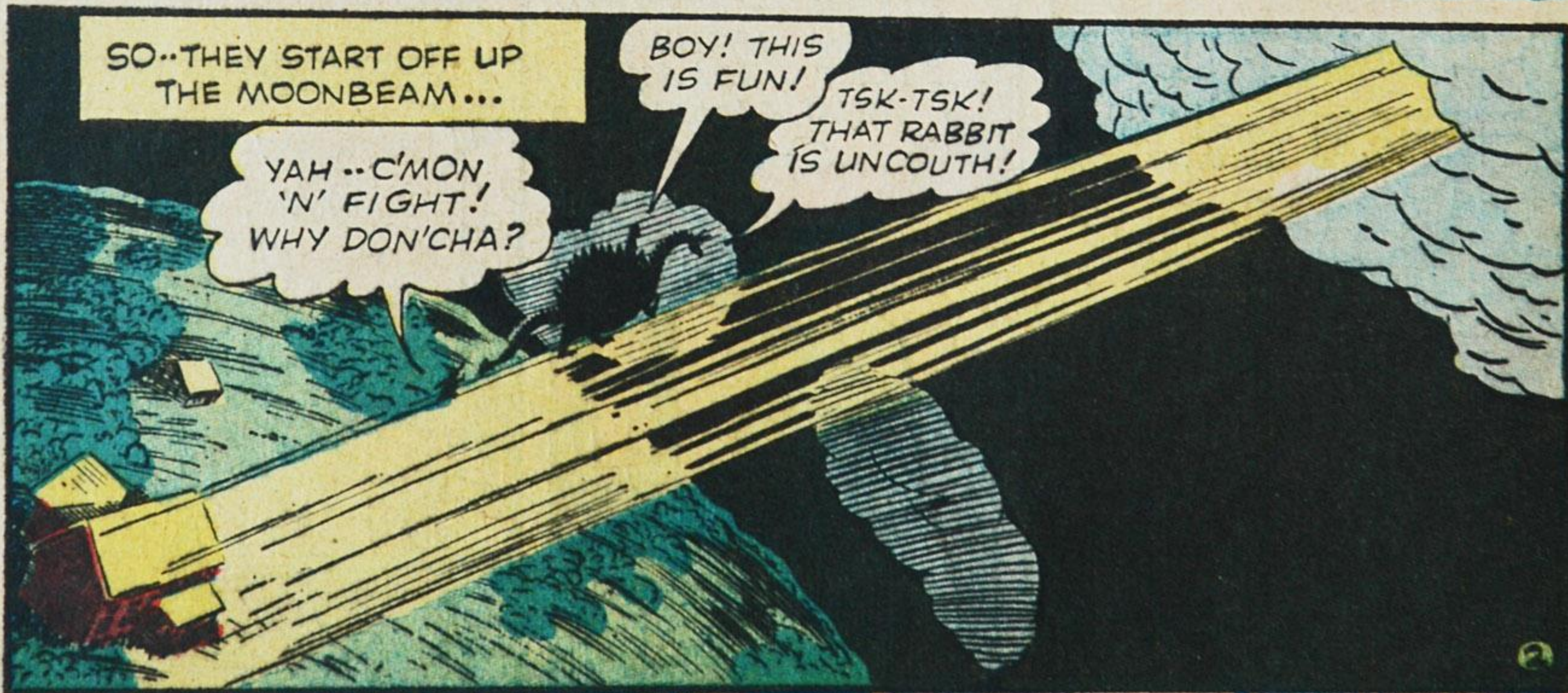
GIVE ME A BOOST UP, JIMMY!

NOT YOU PEE WEE! YOU CAN WALK!



OH, YEAH! WHY, YOU OVERSTUFFED LIZARD -- I'LL TEAR YOU TO PIECES!

HUMPH! RUFFIAN!



SO--THEY START OFF UP THE MOONBEAM...

YAH --C'MON 'N' FIGHT! WHY DON'CHA?

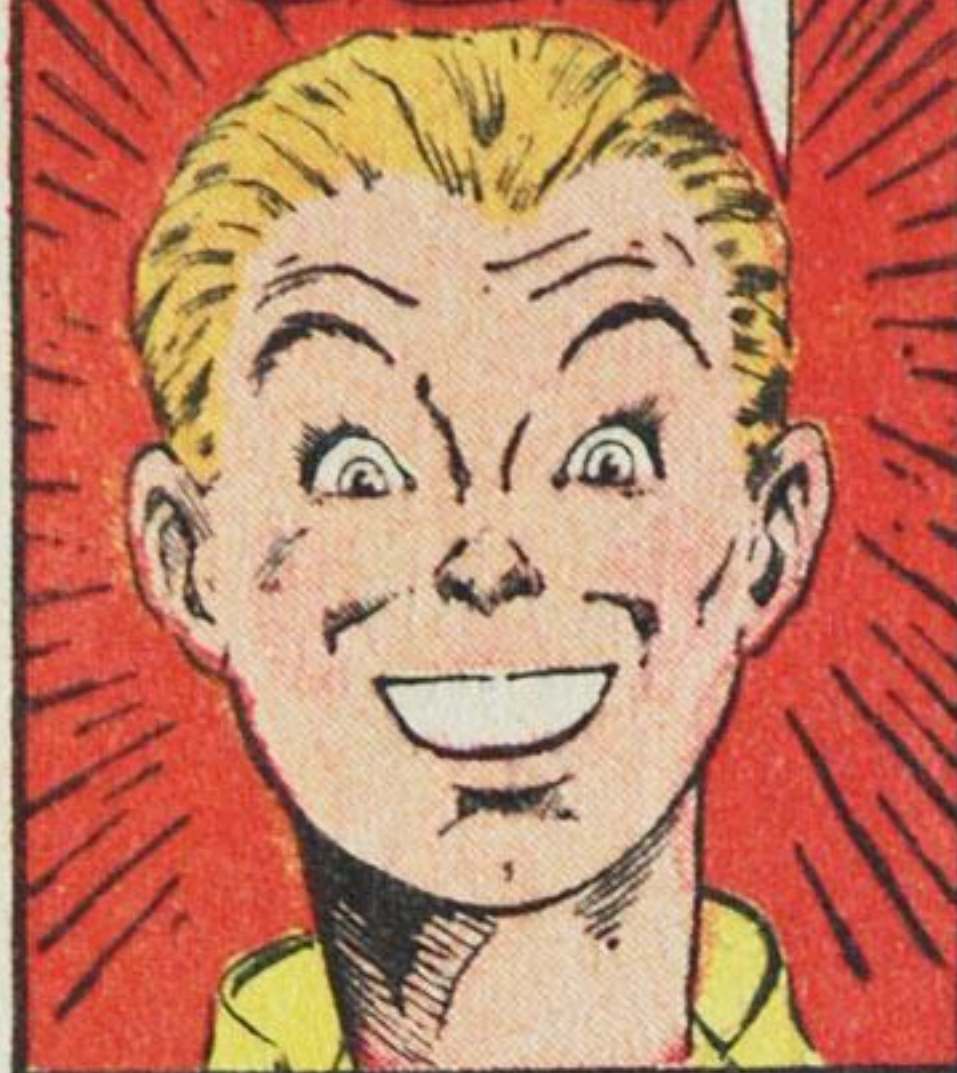
BOY! THIS IS FUN!

TSK-TSK! THAT RABBIT IS UNCOUTH!

WHEN THEY REACH THE CLOUD, JIMMY PAUSES FOR A MOMENT TO GET A HANDFUL OF THE MOON-BEAM TO SAVE FOR A SOUVENIR.



OKAY, FELLAS!
NOW WHERE ARE WE GOING?



WELL, JIMMY, IT'S A VERY UNUSUAL THING WHICH I DISCOVERED!...

I DISCOVERED, YOU MEAN!



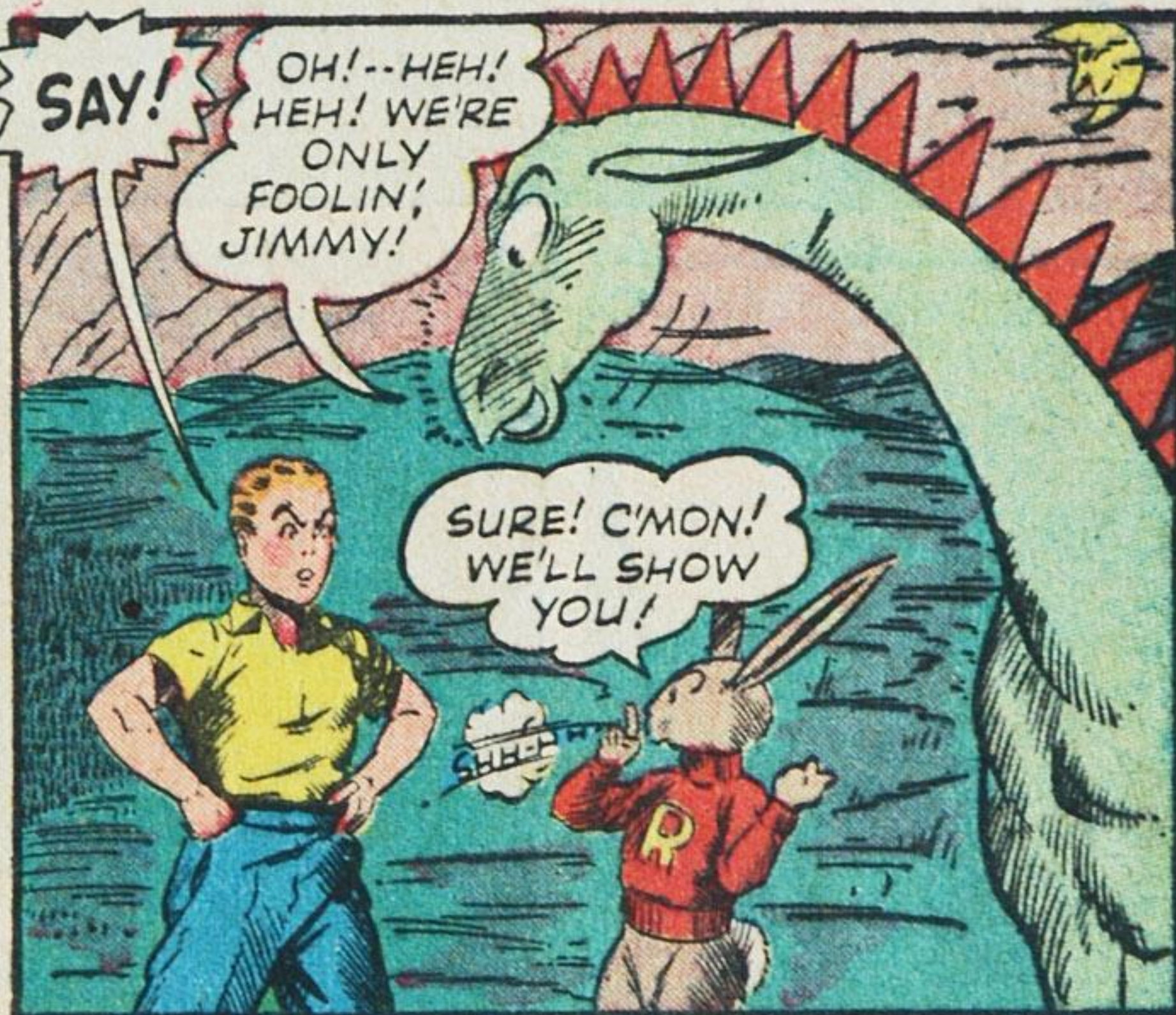
LISTEN--YOU PEANUT!
I'LL SALT YOU GOOD!



SAY!

OH!--HEH!
HEH! WE'RE ONLY FOOLIN', JIMMY!

SURE! C'MON!
WE'LL SHOW YOU!



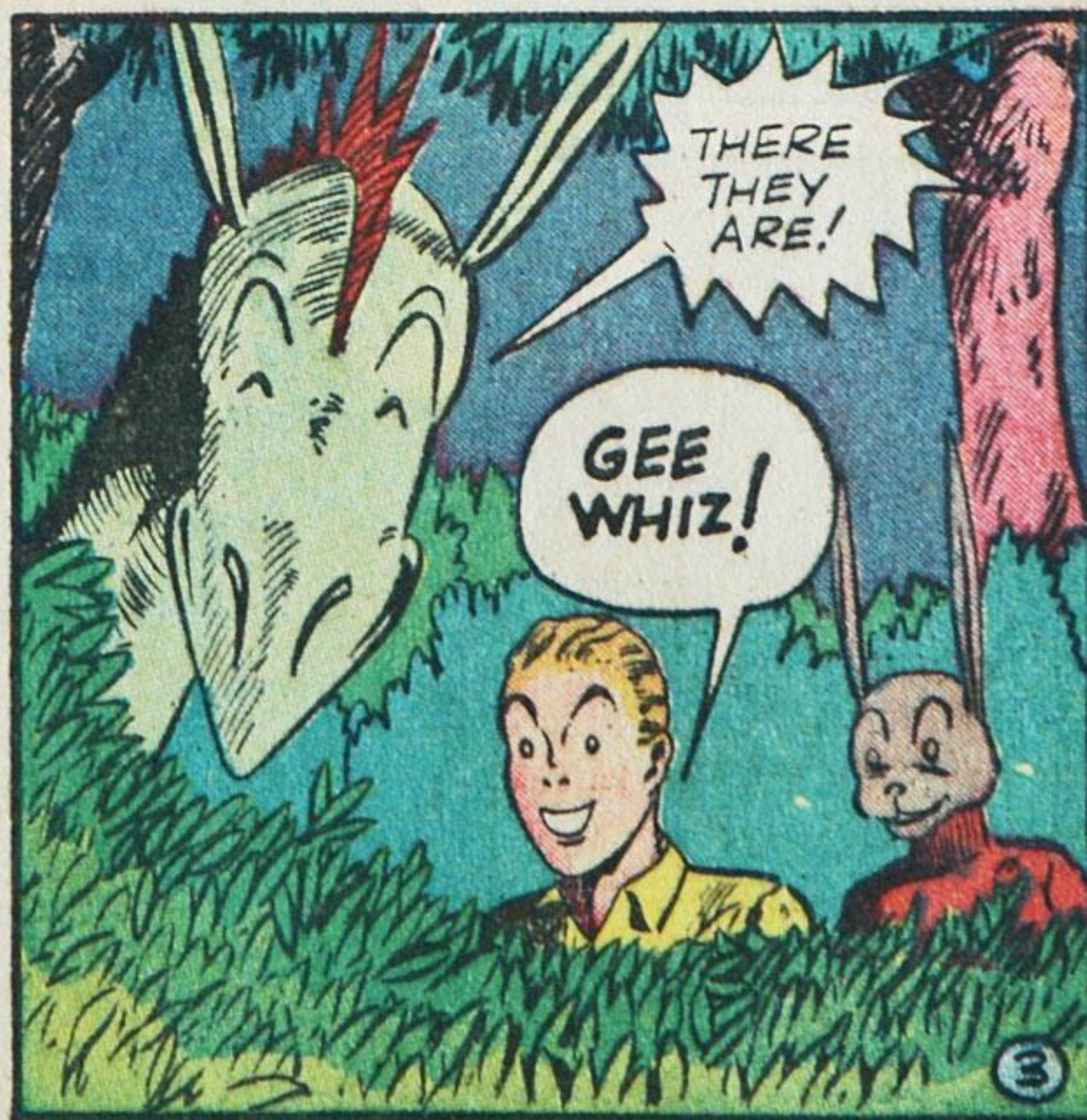
THEY LEAD JIMMY THROUGH A DARK FOREST ---

NOW, BE VERY QUIET!



THERE THEY ARE!

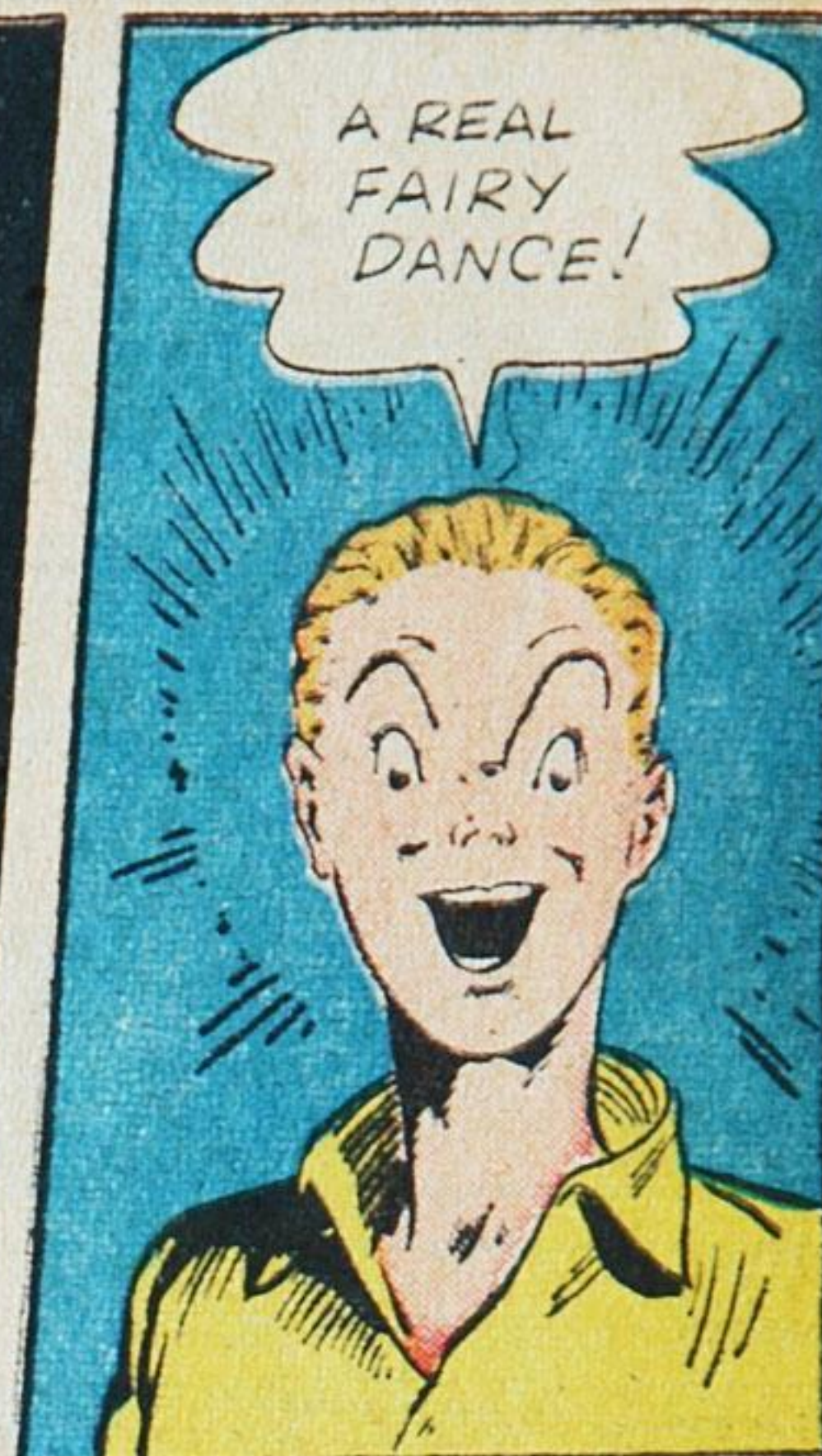
GEE WHIZ!



THERE, IN A CLEARING, A NUMBER OF
TINY PEOPLE ARE DANCING IN A RING...



A REAL
FAIRY
DANCE!



IN HIS EXCITEMENT,
JIMMY STEPS
ON A TWIG...



BE
QUIET!



NOW-- SEE WHAT
YOU DID? YOU
FRIGHTENED THEM
ALL AWAY!

I'LL GET
THEM BACK!

HOW
?



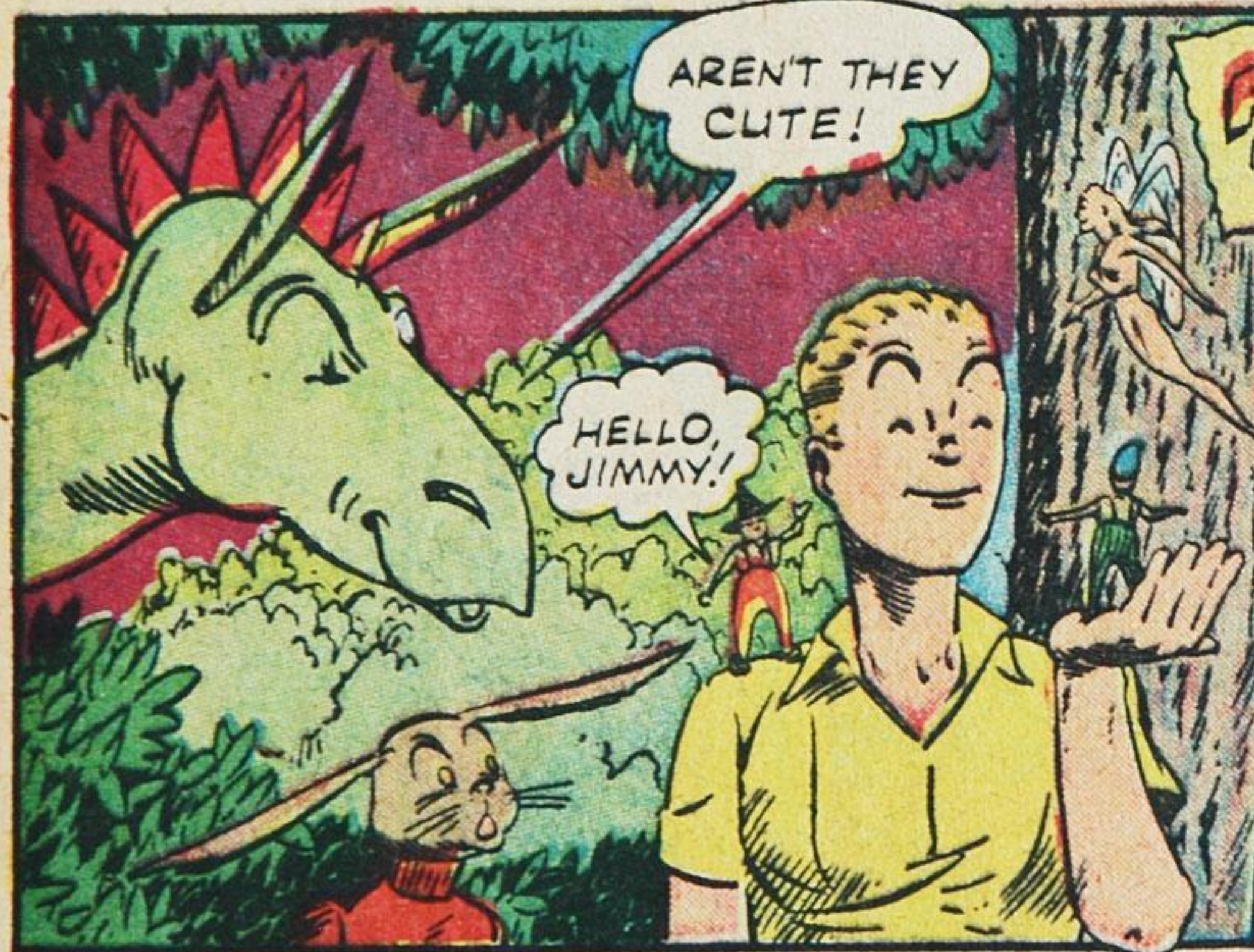
I'LL JUST
CALL THEM
--WATCH!

YOO HOO!
COME ON
OUT-- WE
WON'T
HURT
YOU!

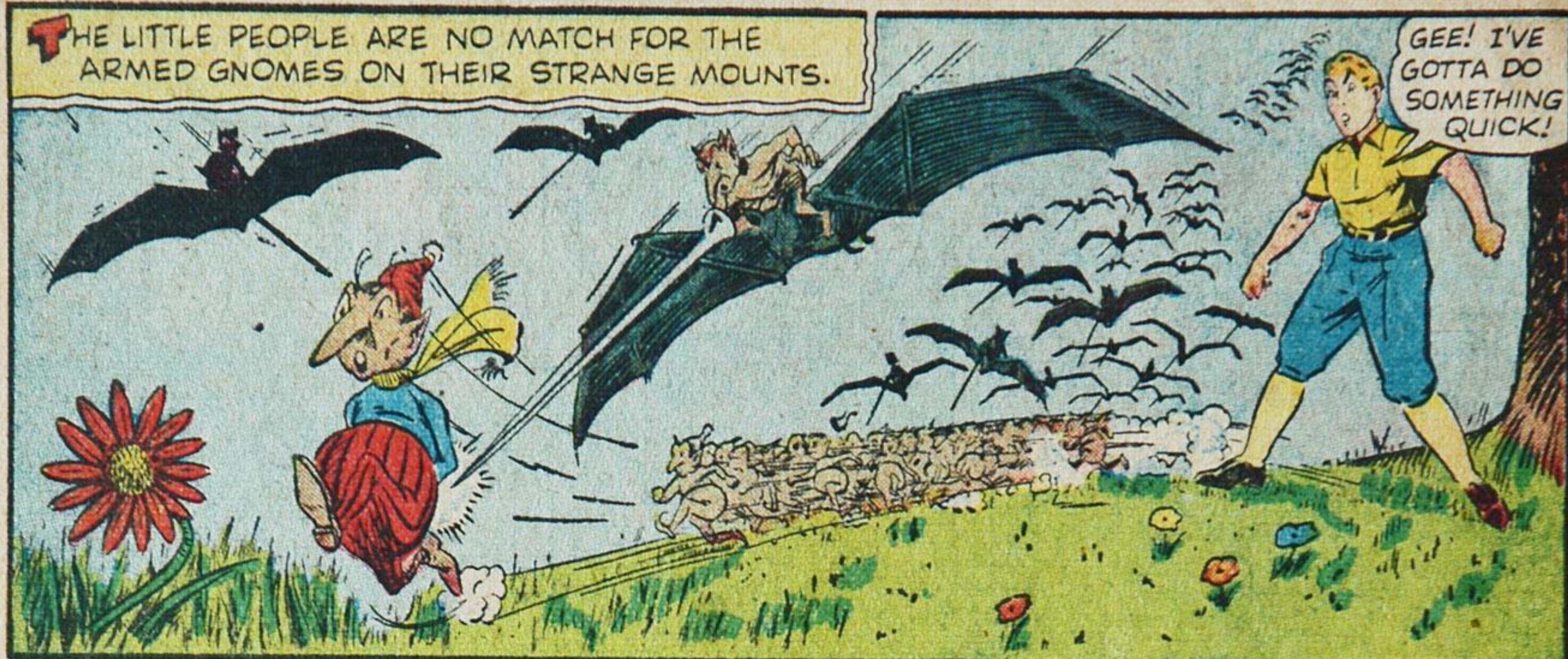


HOW DO WE **KNOW**
YOU WON'T? WHO
ARE YOU,
ANYWAY?





THE LITTLE PEOPLE ARE NO MATCH FOR THE ARMED GNOMES ON THEIR STRANGE MOUNTS.



GEE! I'VE GOTTA DO SOMETHING QUICK!

BATS CAN'T SEE IN THE LIGHT-- IF ONLY I COULD--
--WAIT A MINUTE!
I'VE GOT IT!

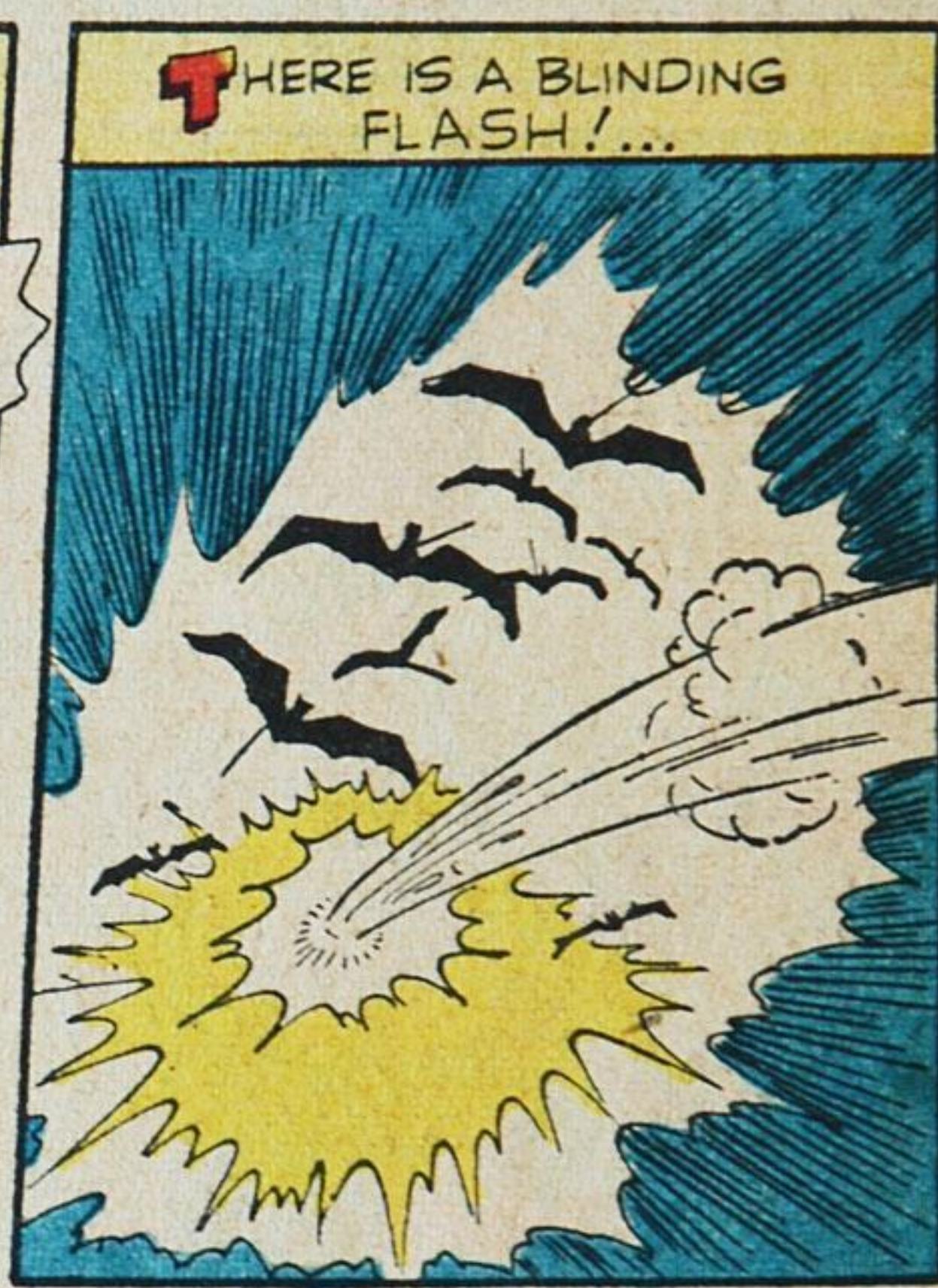


REACHING IN HIS POCKET, JIMMY DRAWS FORTH THE BALL OF MOONBEAMS AND HURLS IT!

TAKE THIS, YOU BATS!



THERE IS A BLINDING FLASH!...



...AND ALL THE BATS ARE GONE, EXCEPT ONE WHICH FLIES AT JIMMY ---



--- GROWING LARGER AND **LARGER!**



--- BUT JIMMY SUDDENLY WAKES UP IN HIS OWN BED JUST AS A BAT FLIES OUT OF THE WINDOW.



HAS JIMMY ONLY BEEN DREAMING? MORE... IN THE NEXT **MARVEL** COMICS!

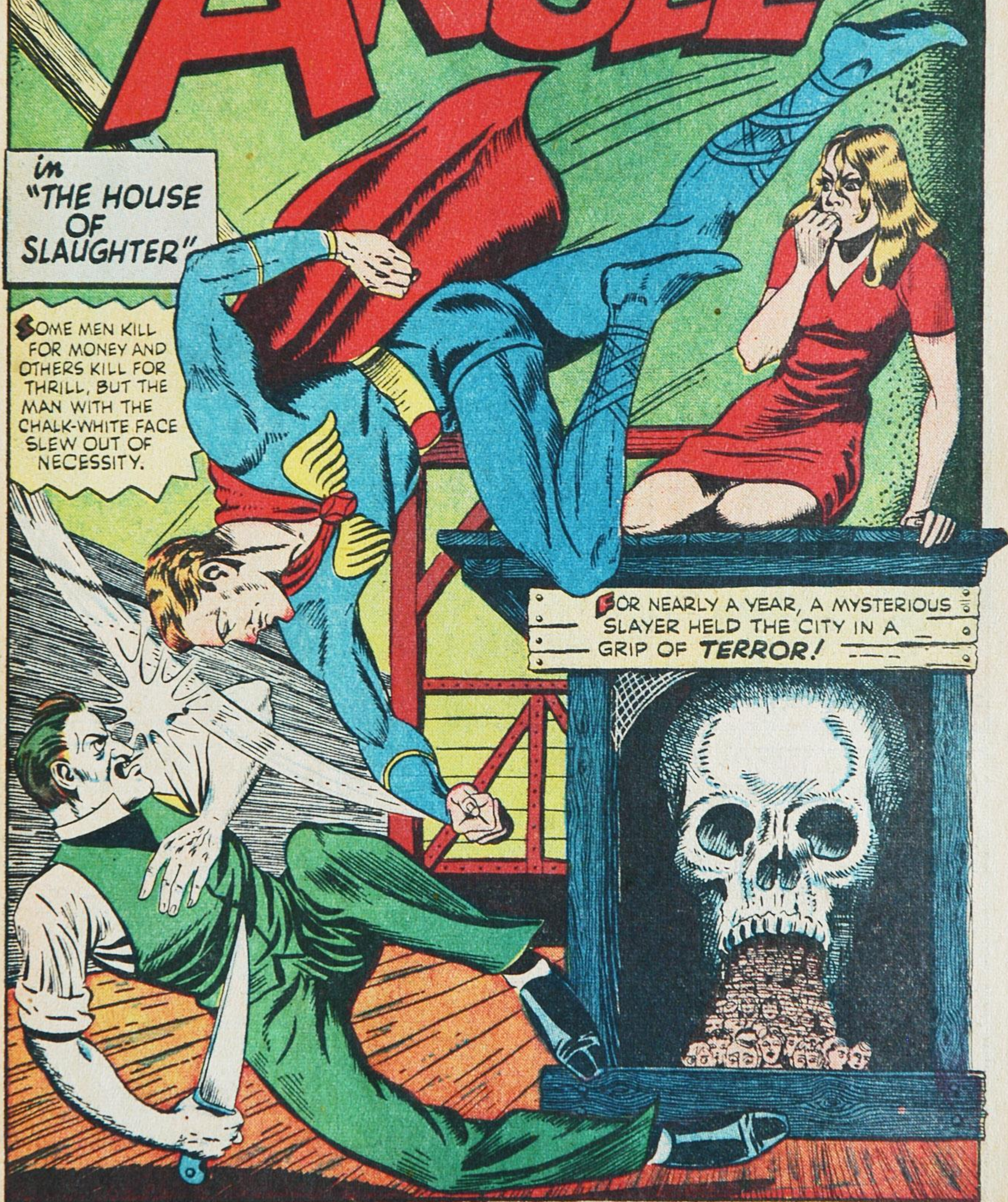
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. 1940
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THE ANGEL

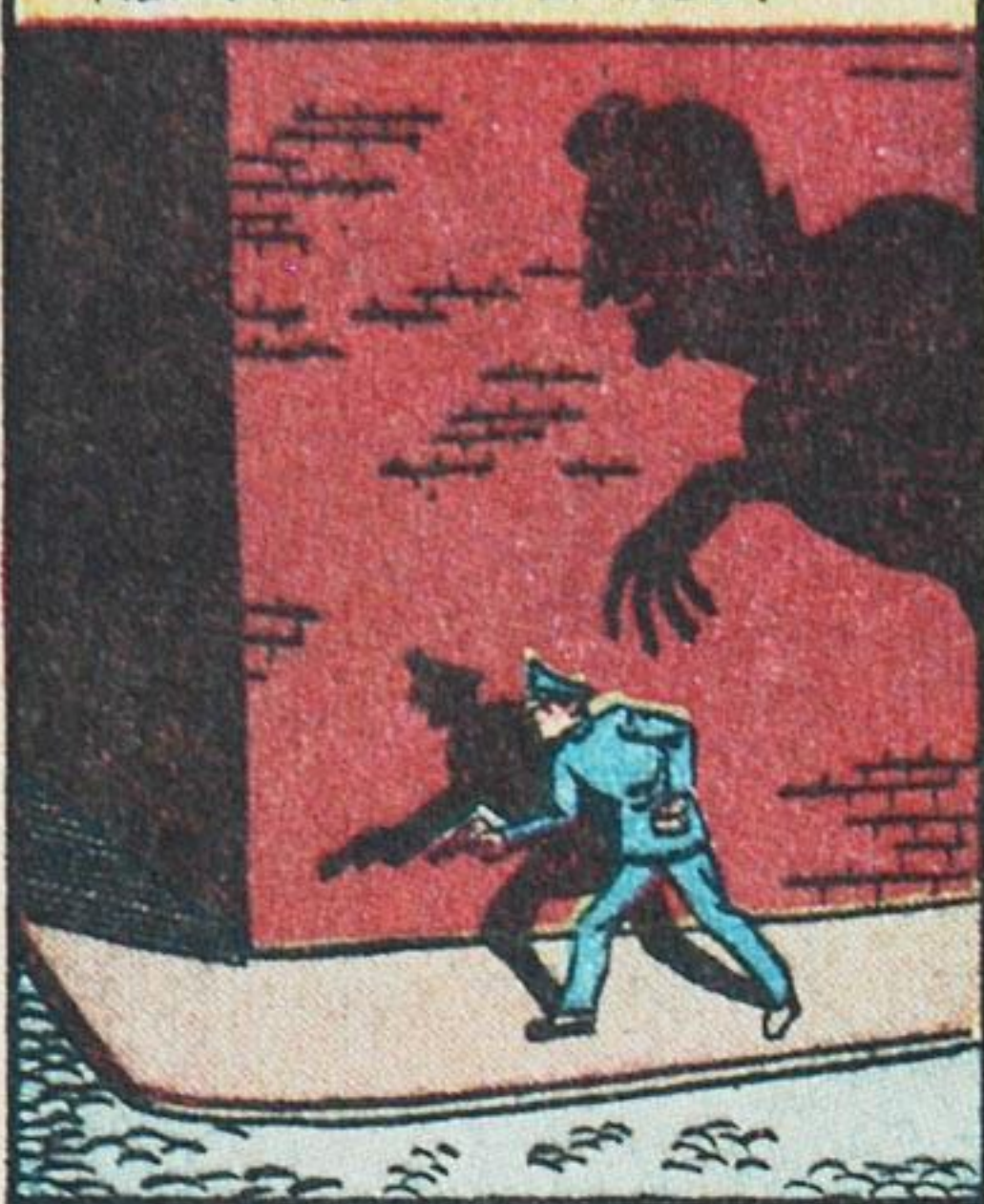
in
"THE HOUSE
OF
SLAUGHTER"

SOME MEN KILL
FOR MONEY AND
OTHERS KILL FOR
THRILL, BUT THE
MAN WITH THE
CHALK-WHITE FACE
SLEW OUT OF
NECESSITY.

FOR NEARLY A YEAR, A MYSTERIOUS
SLAYER HELD THE CITY IN A
GRIP OF **TERROR!**



A GREAT POLICE ROUND-UP WAS ORDERED, BUT THE CUNNING SLAYER HAS REMAINED AT LARGE!



THE **ANGEL** JOINS THE HUNT!

SOUNDS LIKE A WOMAN! --BET SHE'S BEING ATTACKED BY THAT KILLER! WE'LL SEE!

HELP! EEEE-EE



OH-H-H! STOP! STOP!

AS SOON AS YOU'RE UNCONSCIOUS, MY DEAR!

THE DIRTY RAT! LET'S SEE HOW HE FIGHTS A MAN!..



MAYBE THIS'LL PUT SOME COLOR IN YOUR CHEEKS, CHALK-FACE!



YOU WON'T BE LONG NOW!

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!



TAKE A NAP! --AND COUNT YOURSELF LUCKY YOU DIDN'T GET WORSE!



--LOOK'S LIKE YOUR RESCUER NEEDS HELP! HEH! COME, MY BEAUTY!



THE **ANGEL** REGAINS HIS SENSES!

MY HEAD! HEY! WHERE DID CHALK-FACE GO?





PROBABLY
TURNED THE
CORNER!
-- HOPE I
CATCH UP
WITH
HIM!



THE **ANGEL** SPOTS
A SMALL TRUCK.

HEY! SEE ANYTHING OF
A MAN CARRYING
A GIRL?

NO!



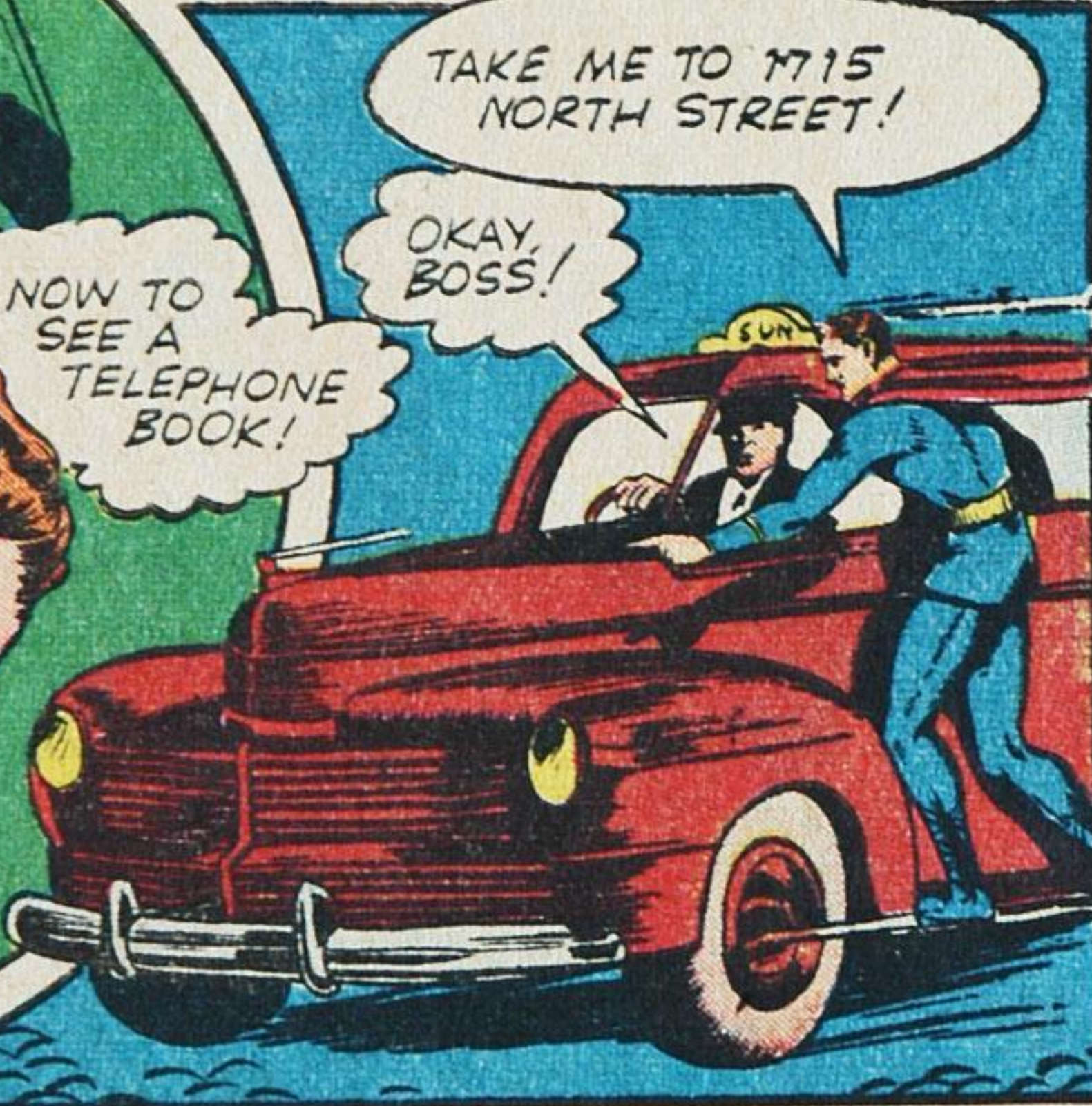
HUNTING HIGH AND LOW
FOR THE MAN WITH THE
CHALK-WHITE FACE ...

I'VE
SEARCHED
EVERY HOUSE
IN THE BLOCK
BUT HE GOT
AWAY--
SAY-Y-Y...



MAYBE HE
WAS THE DRIVER
OF THAT TRUCK!
LUCKY I RECALL
THE FIRM --
REISEL!

NOW TO
SEE A
TELEPHONE
BOOK!



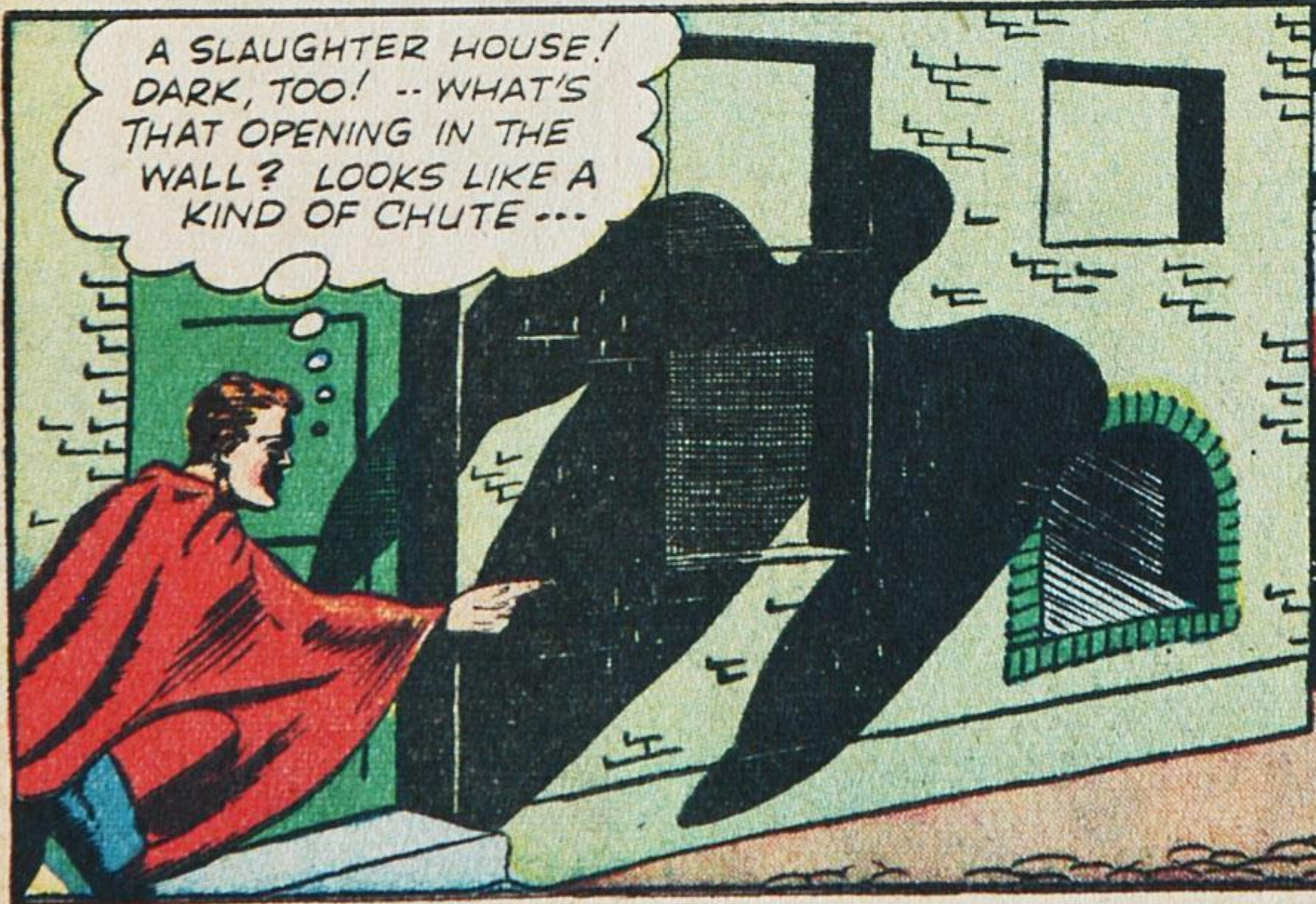
TAKE ME TO 1715
NORTH STREET!

OKAY,
BOSS!

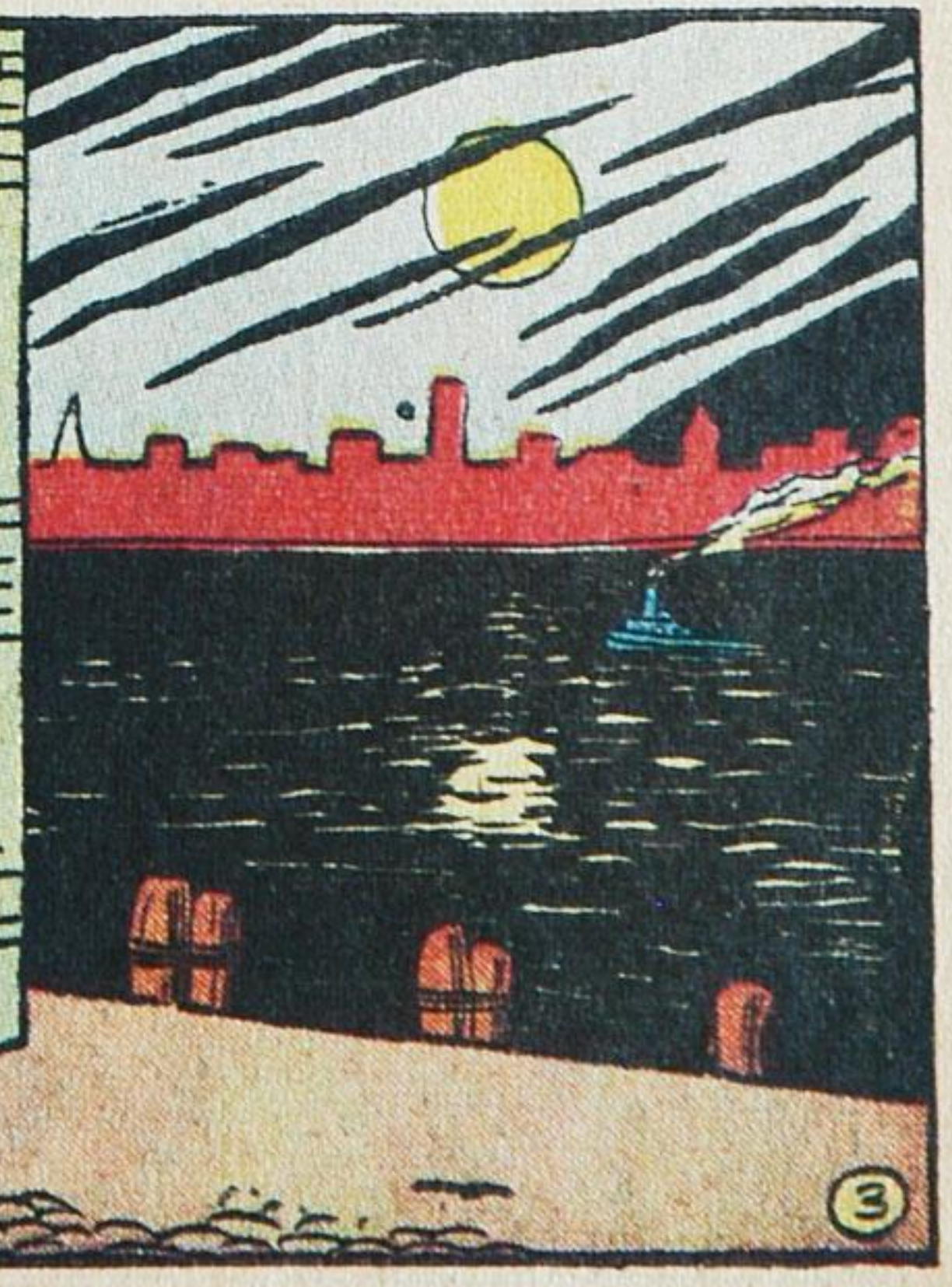


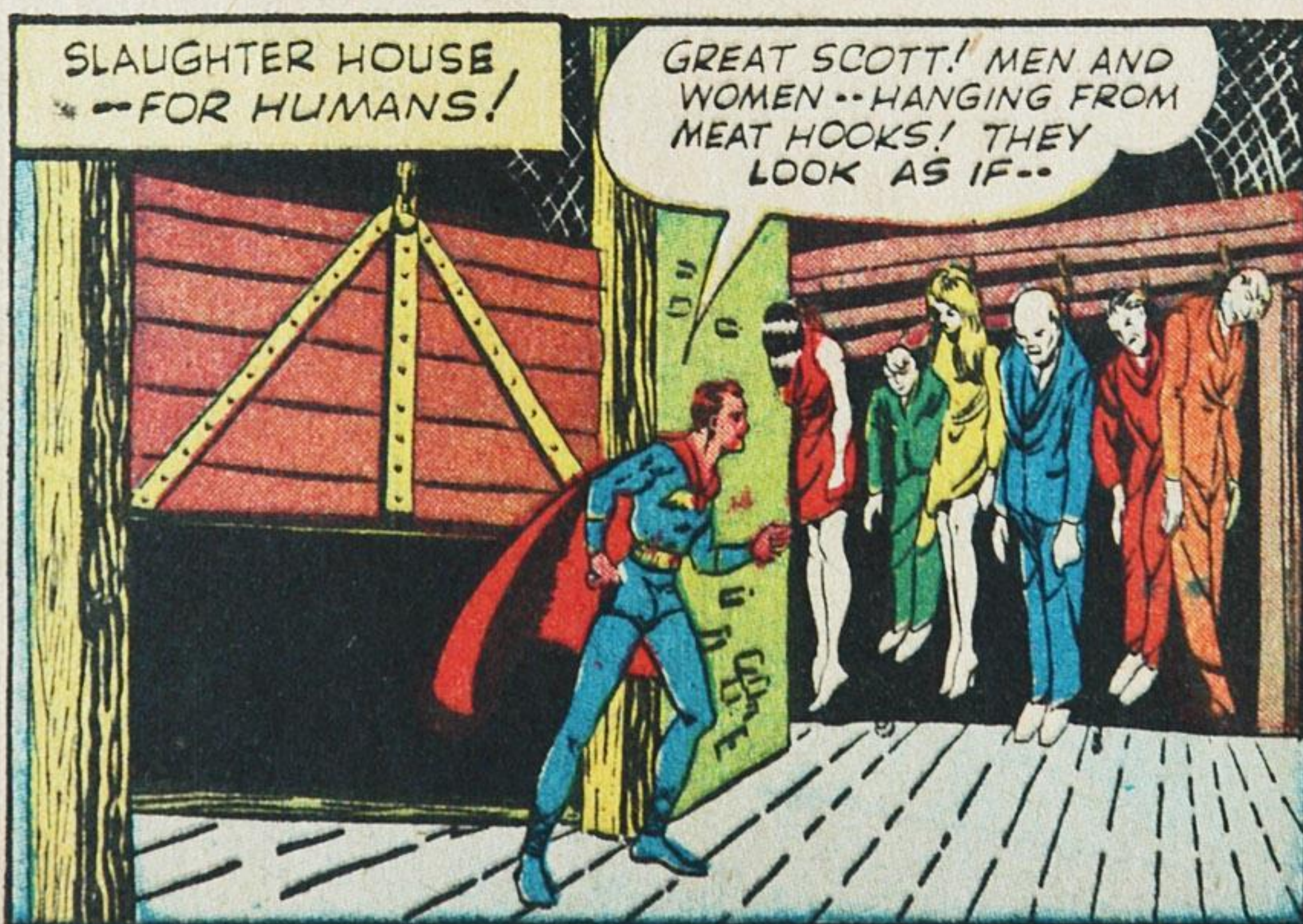
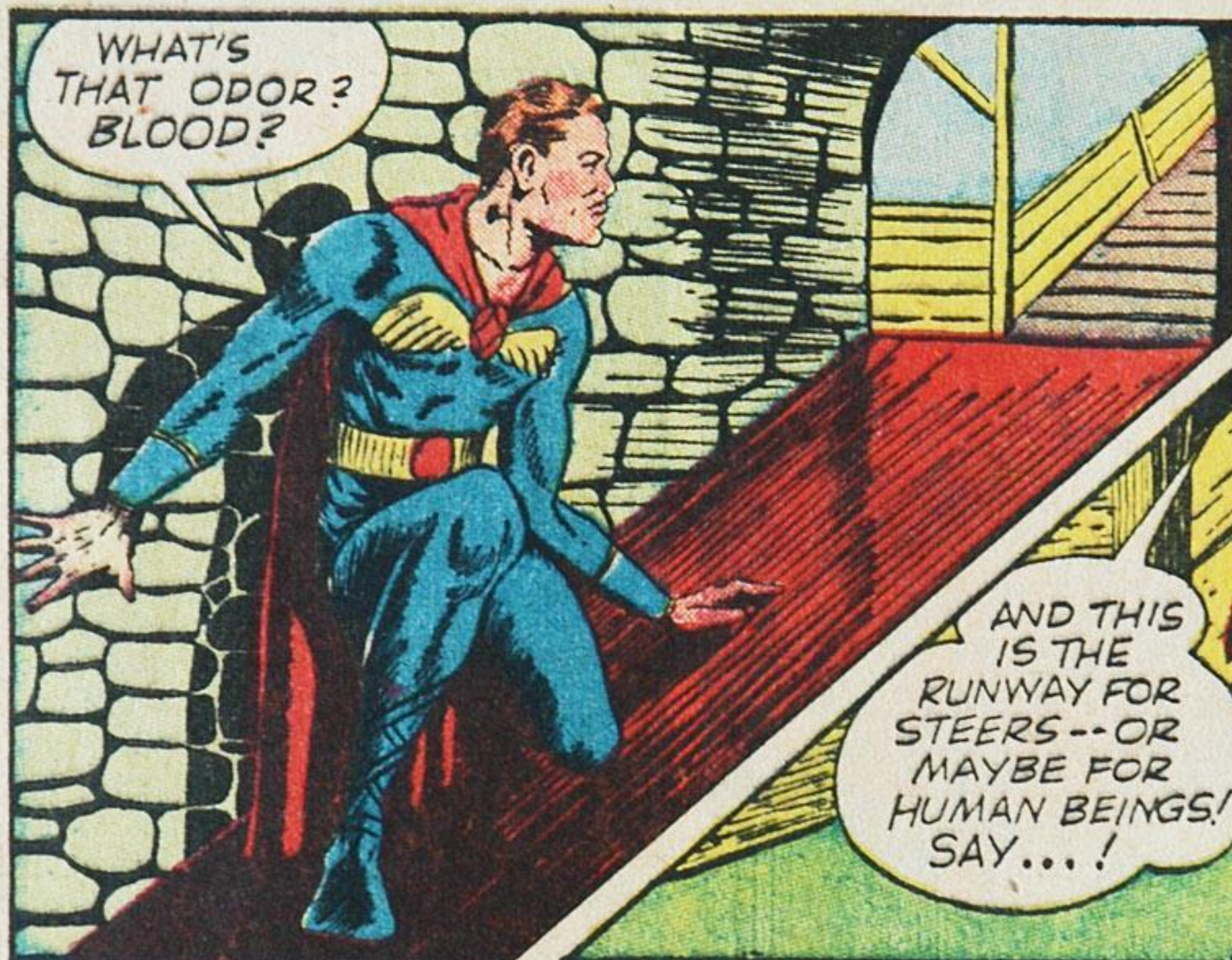
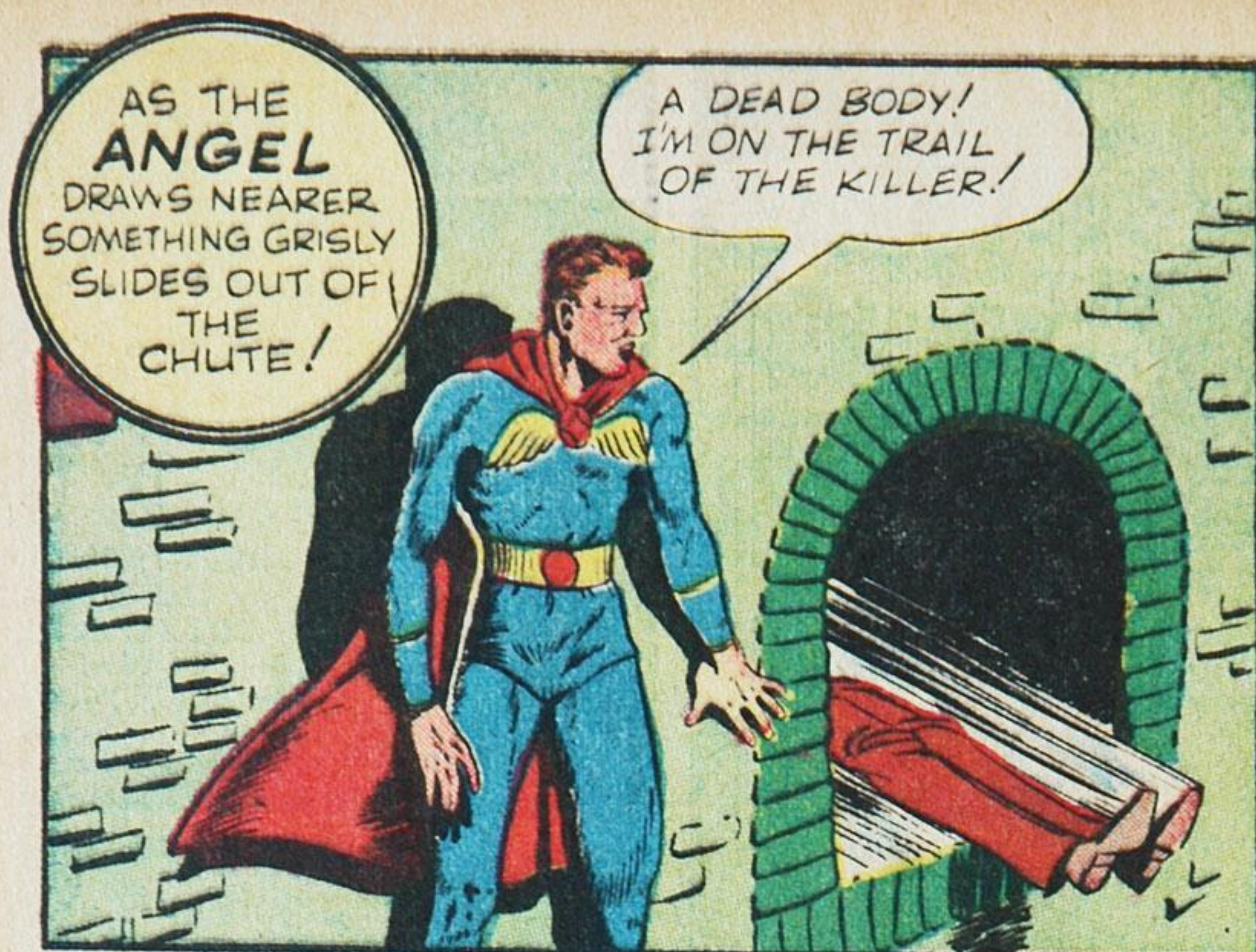
NORTH STREET

THE PLACE
SEEMS TO BE
NEAR THE
RIVER!



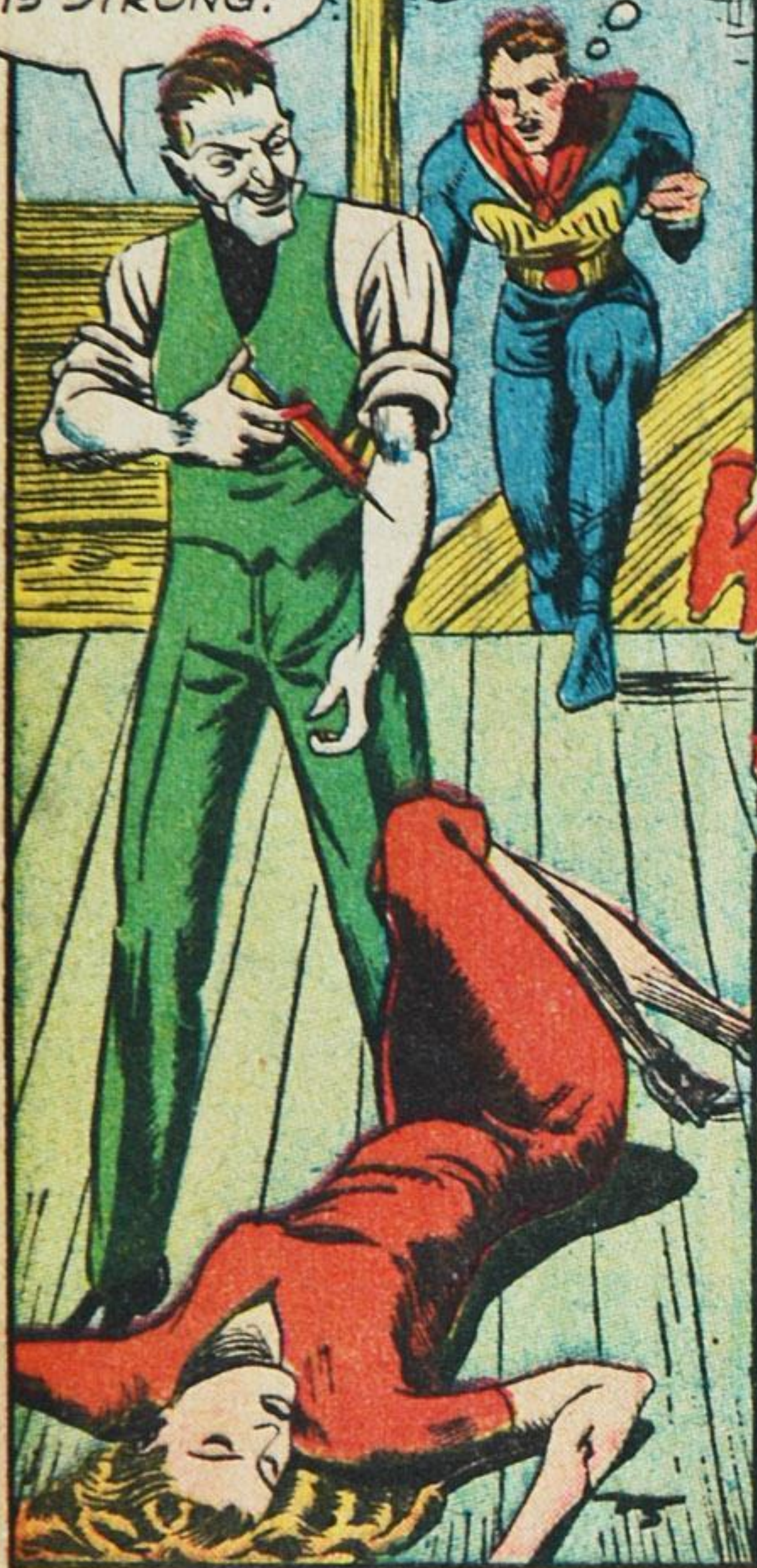
A SLAUGHTER HOUSE!
DARK, TOO! -- WHAT'S
THAT OPENING IN THE
WALL? LOOKS LIKE A
KIND OF CHUTE ---





MOVING NOISELESSLY, THE **ANGEL** COMES UPON HIS QUARRY ...

WHAT THE --!
--LOOKS AS IF HE'S
GIVING HIMSELF
A BLOOD
TRANSFUSION!
I HOPE
HER BLOOD
IS STRONG!



AS THE GIRL'S BLOOD
RACES THROUGH HIS
VEINS, TWO SPOTS
OF COLOR APPEAR
IN HIS FACE ...

AH! HOW GOOD
I FEEL! -- POWER
SURGING
THROUGH
ME!

**WOW
WOW**



NO!
BUT I DOUBT
IF YOU CAN
GIVE ME
ANOTHER!

TRY SOME OF THAT POWER
ON ME -- IF YOU CAN!

OH! IT'S YOU!
ONE CRACK ON THE
HEAD WASN'T
ENOUGH,
EH?



HOW ARE YOU
ON HIGH DIVING,
DRACULA?



STOP!
EE-YI-EE!

THAT OUGHT
TO MAKE HIM
STAY PUT FOR
A WHILE!



SAY!
THAT
GIRL'S
BLEEDING!



THERE!
THIS TOURNIQUET
SHOULD STOP
THE BLEEDING!



WHILE THE **ANGEL** ATTENDS TO
THE INJURED GIRL, THE KILLER
REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS.

IF THIS
SLEDGE-HAMMER
CAN KILL A STEER,
IT OUGHT TO
KILL **HIM**!



FOOTFALLS WARN THE
ANGEL OF THE
SLAYER'S APPROACH.

--DON'T KNOW
WHEN YOU'VE
HAD ENOUGH,
EH?

WHEN I FINISH YOU
THERE'LL BE NOTHING
LEFT OF YOU BUT
BLOOD -- **BLOOD!**

AS THE **ANGEL** FLINGS
HIMSELF DOWNWARD, THE
SLEDGE-HAMMER HITS
HIM A SMASHING BLOW.

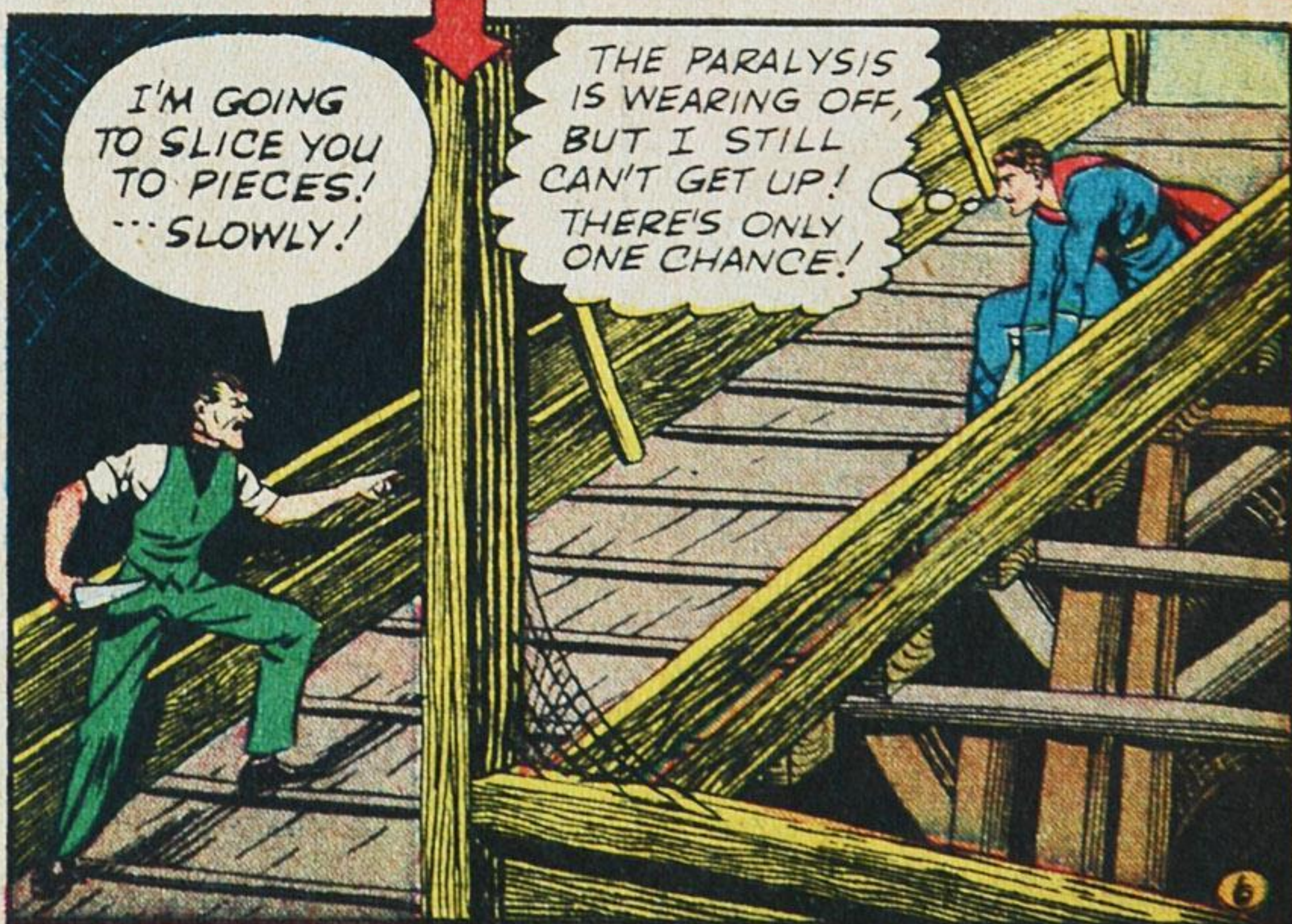
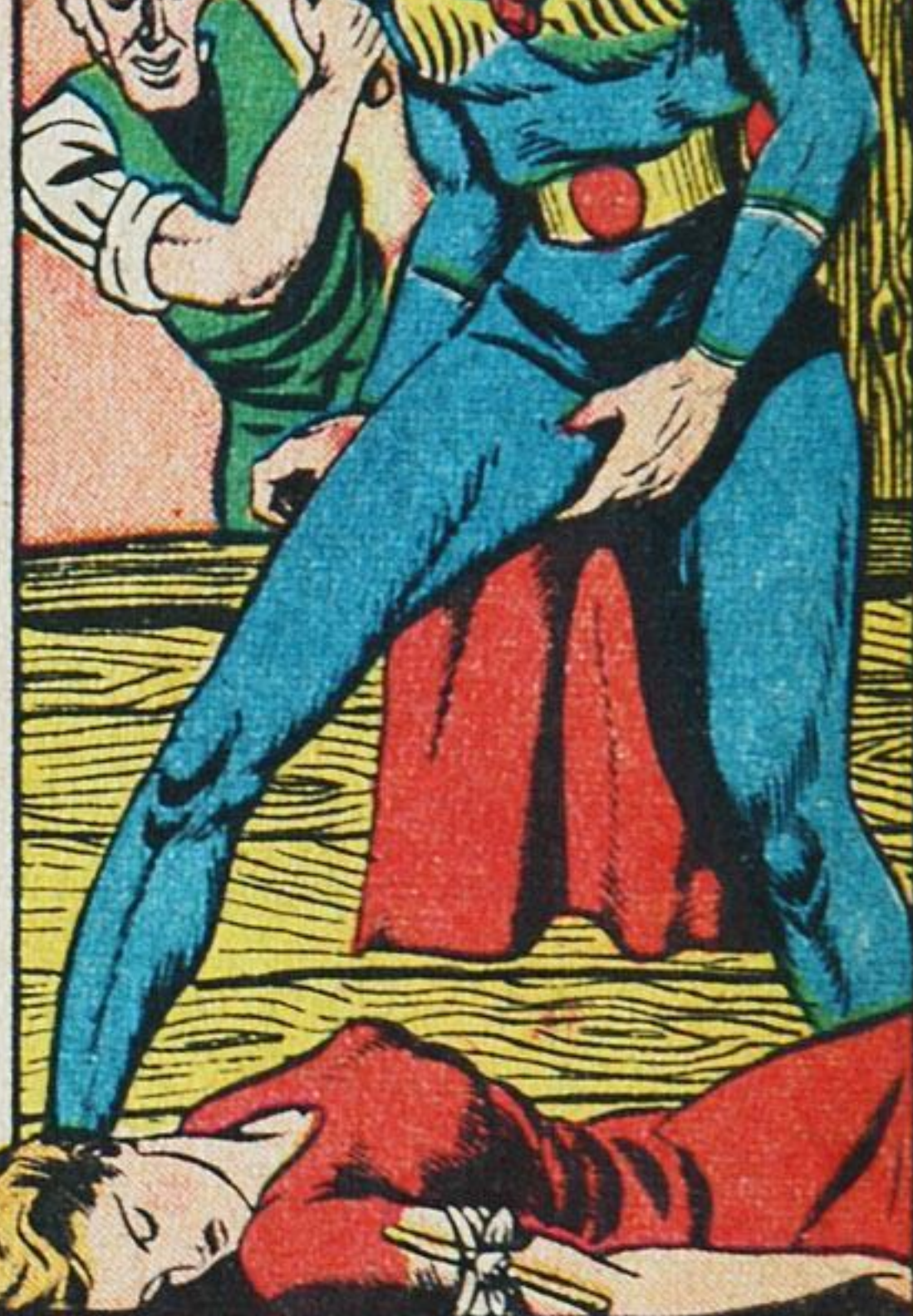


HERE I
COME---
YEOW!

THERE
YOU
GO!

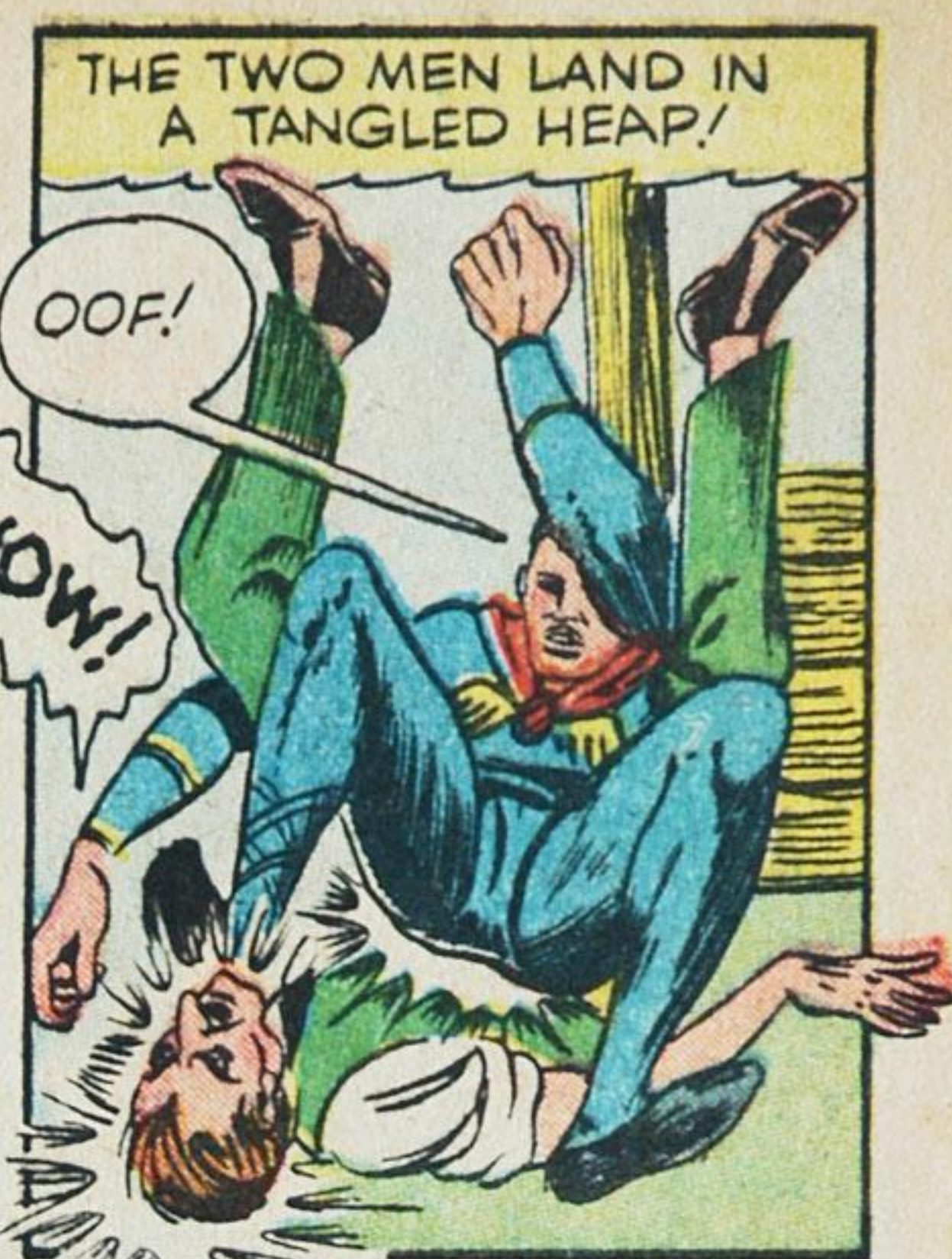


MY THIGH!
--PARALYZED!
I CAN'T
MOVE!



I'M GOING
TO SLICE YOU
TO PIECES!
... SLOWLY!

THE PARALYSIS
IS WEARING OFF,
BUT I STILL
CAN'T GET UP!
THERE'S ONLY
ONE CHANCE!



!! THE DISEASE CONSUMED MY RED BLOOD CORPUSCLES!!

...BUT MY CONDITION BECAME WORSE...

...FINALLY THE SENTENCE OF DEATH WAS PASSED ON ME...



THIS OUGHT TO GIVE HIM A LIFT-- A FULL QUART!

WE'VE BEEN GIVING HIM THREE QUARTS A DAY, DOCTOR!

IF IT KEEPS UP, WE'LL NEED AN ARMY TO SUPPLY HIM!



SORRY, REISEL-- BUT WE CAN'T DEplete THE CITY'S BLOOD SUPPLY TO SAVE ONE MAN.

GUESS I MIGHT AS WELL ORDER A COFFIN.

...BUT A WAY OUT CAME TO ME WHEN I LEFT THE HOSPITAL...

I KNOW HOW I CAN GET THE BLOOD! -- STEAL IT! KILL TO STEAL IT!



REISEL FINISHES HIS STORY.

... I BOUGHT THIS PLACE AS A FRONT -- TO HIDE ANY EXCESS BLOOD! -- AND EMBARKED ON A WAVE OF MURDER.

WELL, I'LL SAVE ONE OF YOUR VICTIMS, ANYWAY!



YOU'RE GOING TO RETURN THAT BLOOD YOU STOLE FROM HER!

NO! NO! I'LL DIE! I'LL DIE!

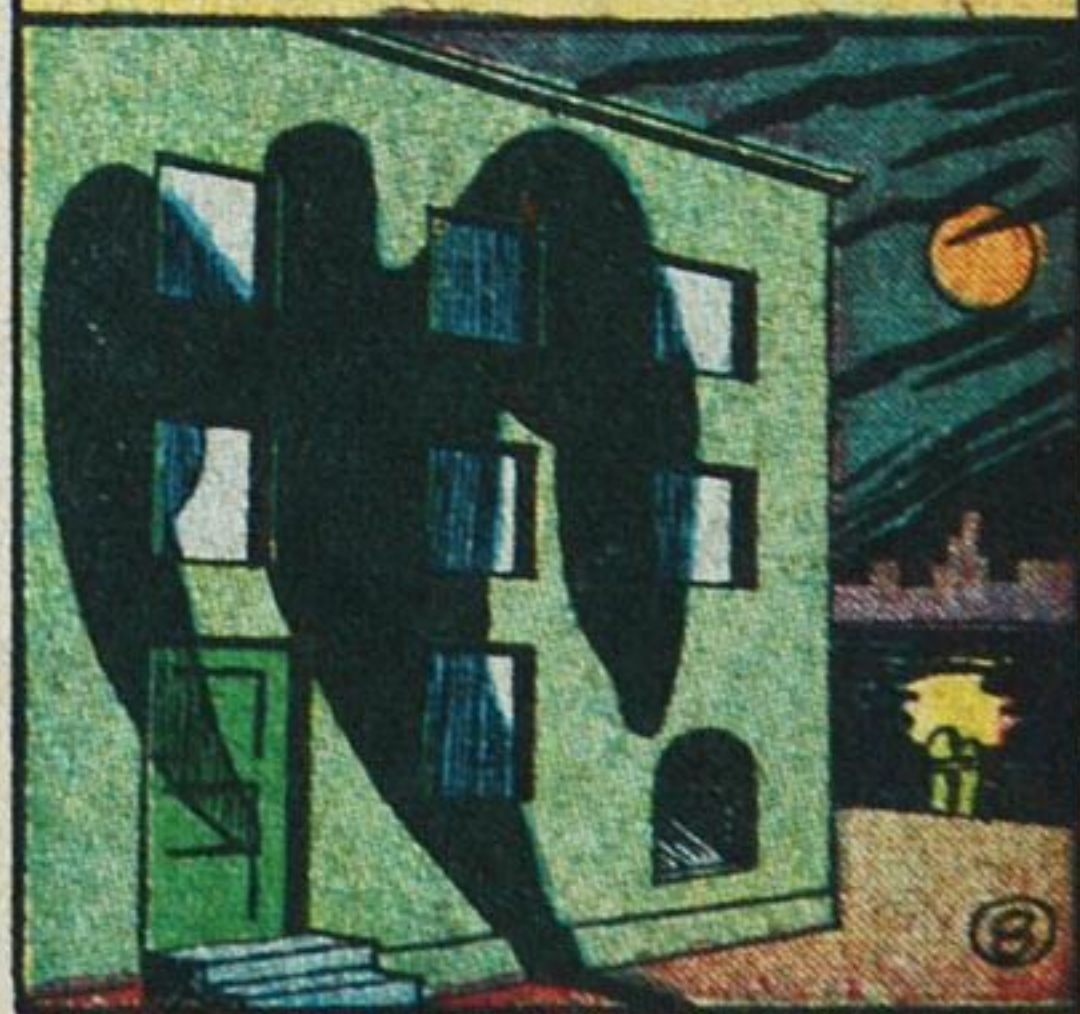
THE **ANGEL** FORCES REISEL TO RETURN THE BLOOD -- THEN -----

THANK YOU! W-WHAT HAPPENED TO THAT AWFUL MAN?

HE'S LYING THERE -- DEAD! IT WAS EITHER HE OR YOU!



AND SO THE **ANGEL** MAKES HIS DEPARTURE -- BEHIND A SHADOW AND A SOLVED MURDER MYSTERY.



ANOTHER SPINE-CHILLING EPISODE OF **THE ANGEL VS. CRIME** APPEARS IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF **MARVEL COMICS!**

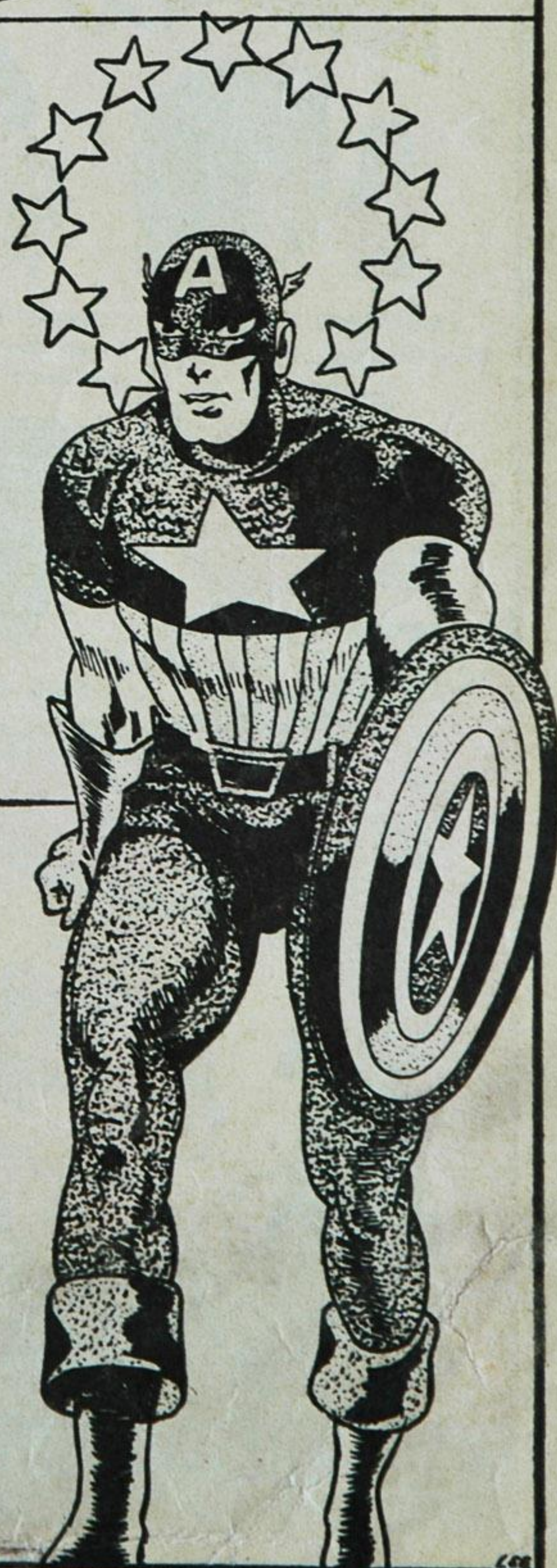
**ALL
AMERICA**

thrills

**TO THE
AMAZING
ADVENTURES
OF LIBERTY'S
GREATEST
DEFENDER**

**CAPTAIN
AMERICA**

Every month



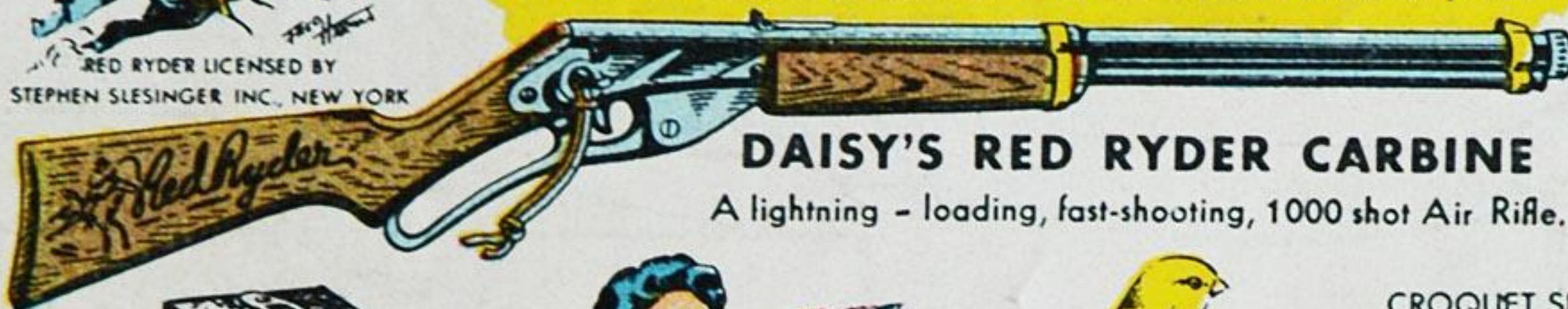
PRIZES FOR ALL!

Any prize shown in this circle, and dozens of others in our **FREE PRIZE BOOK**, is **GIVEN** to you for selling only one 40-pack order of American Vegetable and Flower Seeds at 10c per large pack. Everybody wants American Seeds—they are fresh and ready to grow. You'll sell them quickly and get your prize at once. Send the coupon now for **FREE SINGING LARIAT**, Seeds and Free Prize Book showing over sixty prizes like Toilet Set, Roller Skates, Radio, etc.

SEND NO MONEY—WE TRUST YOU
AMERICAN SEED CO., INC., Dept. 802, Lancaster, Pa.



RED RYDER LICENSED BY
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DAISY'S RED RYDER CARBINE

A lightning-loading, fast-shooting, 1000 shot Air Rifle.

Sell only one order and get a beautiful Girls or Women's **WRIST WATCH**, with cord bracelet. Boys' and Men's styles also.



EASTMAN CAMERA

Given for selling only one order.



Pepperell "Warm weave" part-wool blanket. Warm, soft and fleecy!



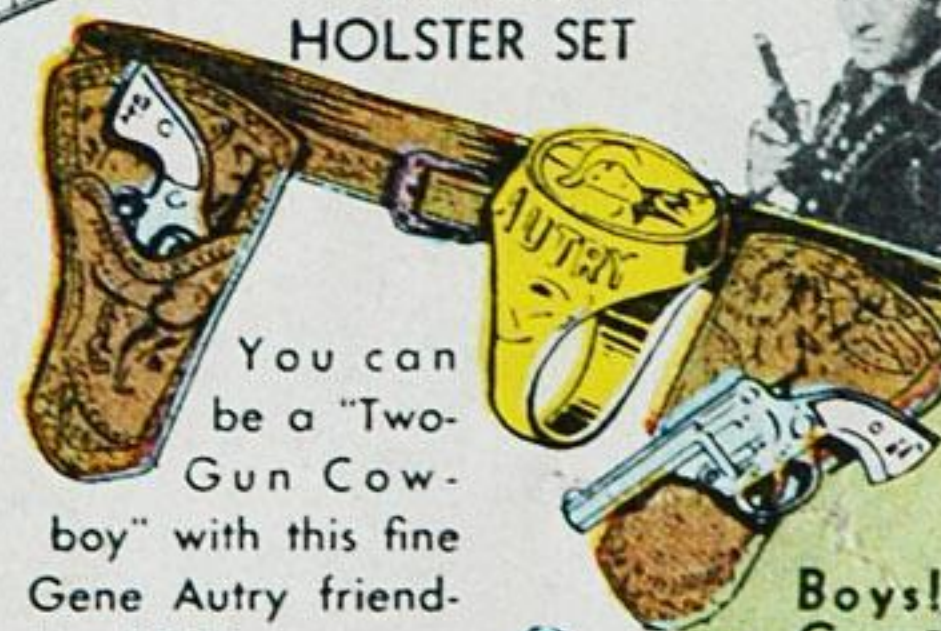
LIVE CANARY

given for selling only one order. Safe delivery guaranteed.

CROQUET SET
 Complete set given for selling one order.



GENE AUTRY TWO-GUN HOLSTER SET



You can be a "Two-Gun Cowboy" with this fine set. Gene Autry friendship ring **FREE**.

Boys! Girls! Get a **STREAM-LINED BIKE**.



Complete Basketball Set.

For boys and girls.



Electric Baseball Game. Hours of fun for all the family—the game you'll never tire of playing.



GENE AUTRY GUITAR

Full size, full tone, decorated with western scene and Gene Autry's signature.

EXTRA VALUE PRIZES

Given for selling extra orders as explained in **BIG PRIZE BOOK**.

SEND COUPON TODAY



FREE! A GENUINE SINGING LARIAT GIVEN FREE FOR MAILING THE COUPON TODAY! ACT AT ONCE

AMERICAN SEED CO., INC., DEPT. 802, LANCASTER, PA.
 Please send my **FREE SINGING LARIAT**, the **BIG GIFT BOOK**, and 40 packs of Vegetable and Flower Seeds. I will resell them at 10c each, send you the money promptly, and get my prize.

My choice of Prize is _____

Name _____

R.F.D. Box or Street No. _____

City _____ State _____

MARVEL

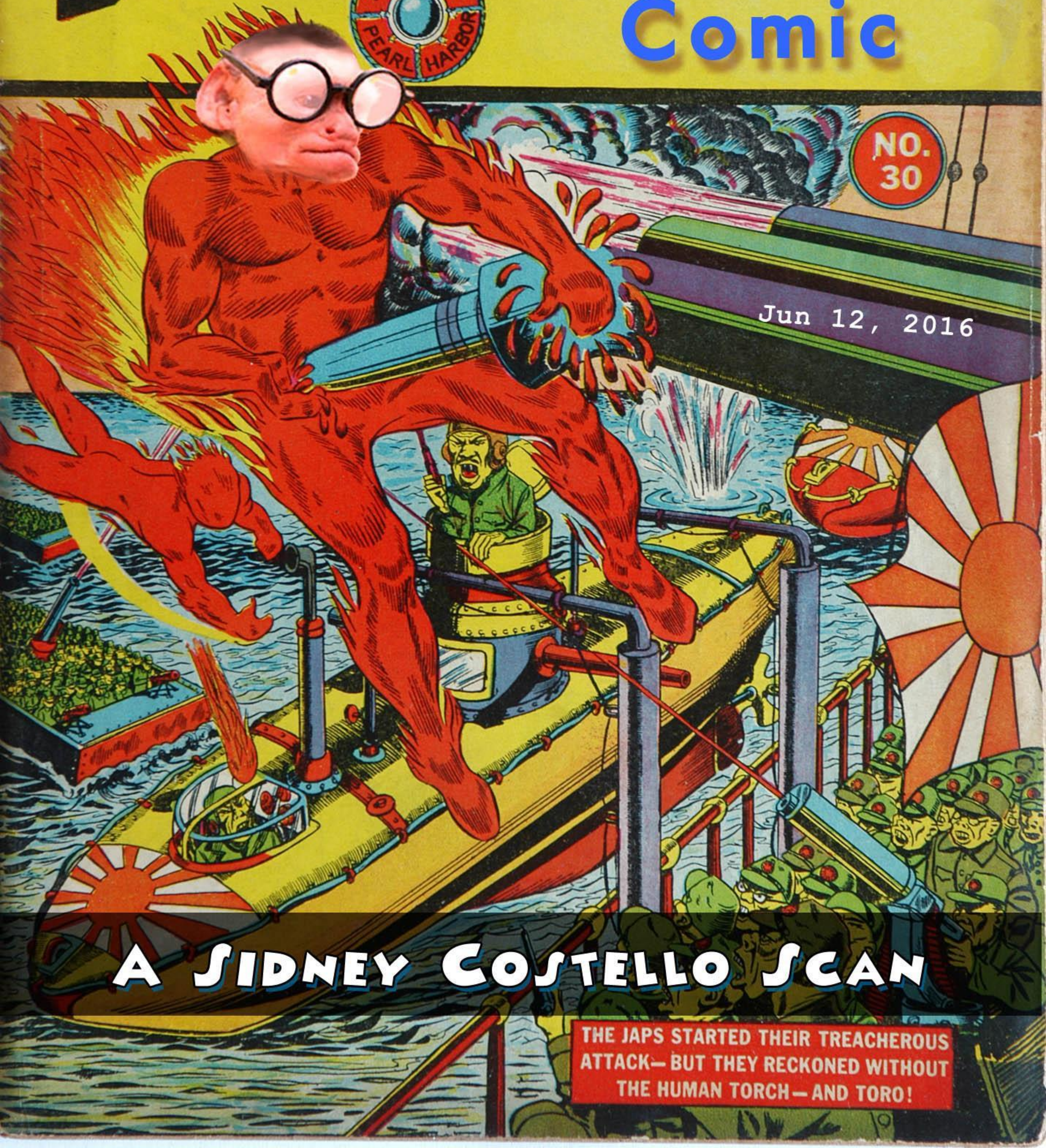
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A SIDNEY COSTELLO SCAN

THE JAPS STARTED THEIR TREACHEROUS
ATTACK— BUT THEY RECKONED WITHOUT
THE HUMAN TORCH— AND TORO!